

THE

ALDINE EDITION

SHAKESPEARE  
VOLI.

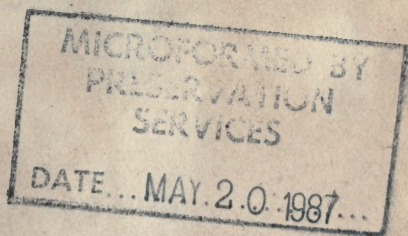
SINGER

19 vers

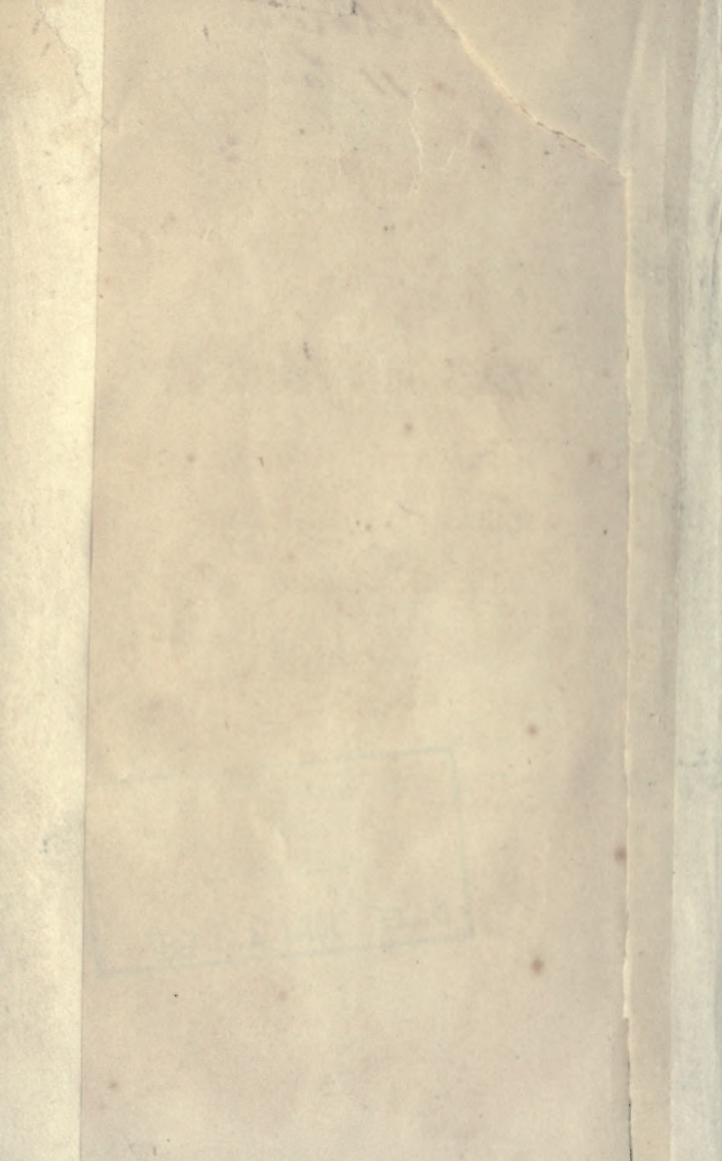
(357).

(51)

J. A. Brown  
11 January 1845









THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F.S.A.

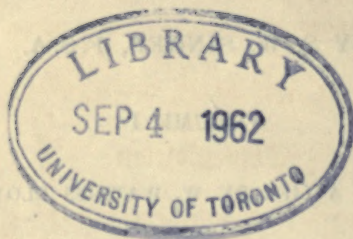
VOLUME I

WITH A LIFE BY W. WATKISS LLOYD



LONDON  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN

1875



808273

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIEND

FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ.

WHOSE PROFOUND ANTIQUARIAN LEARNING SO

HAPPILY ILLUSTRATED THESE DRAMAS,

*This Edition*

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR.





TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIEND

FRANCIS DOUGLASS, ESQ.

WHOSE PROFOUND AND UNCOMMON KNOWLEDGE

WAS EVER ILLUSTRATED BY HIS TALKS

THIS EDITION

IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR.





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE . . . . .	ix
TEMPEST . . . . .	1
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . .	93
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .	183
MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .	297



13571



CONTENTS

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BRYAN	1
TWO DECADES OF LONDON	10
THE LIFE OF ALFRED	15
THE LIFE OF ALFRED	20







## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BY W. W. LLOYD.

**T**HE scantiness of the notices that have come down to us of the life of William Shakespeare is perhaps as disappointing to a rational and grateful interest as to trivial curiosity. The personal details of a great man, whether apart from or compared with his works, are often inquired after by the ambitious and emulative, who would study the sources of his aids and obstructions, the process of his self-education, and his bearing, as either defeated or successful. Historically, the same details furnish many an elucidation of the mutual reactions of the individual and the general mind,—of the development of art and the epochs of civilization. The mental theorist also views them from a point of his own, and thinks he is guided, it may be, to the flaw in the so-called philosophy of Bacon by the story of his moral lapse, or finds the great originalities of *Paradise Lost* embodied in the life of Milton. To the gossip, of course, every detail is welcome that he can attach to a name that always will attract a listener. Whence, then, the scantiness complained of? Something may be due to accidents of times and persons that will occasionally countervail all general tendencies; to the supervention of the civil war; the puritanical suppression of the old drama, and its altered character on revival; but I know not whether more is not to be ascribed to a nobler cause

characteristic of the subject. It is a mistake to disallow our possession, in the case of Shakespeare, of the leading traits that are of most importance in a biography; and if matters subordinate have not been preserved, it was, I suspect, because such matters had no more than their true importance to admiring, affectionate, and revering contemporaries. The generation most solicitous for the minutiae of biography will not be the one that enters most fully into the spirit of the poet. The memory of the man, to those who knew him, was a living feeling, like the appreciation of his works, and they have expressed the characteristics of both in language as simple and concise as forcible, and it is little indeed that we can add to the main result by either antiquarian collection or analytical criticism; and as regards the relation of the character of the man to the sentiment of his works, it seems to have been a feeling of their perfect harmony that made his friends and fellows speak of the preservation of his plays as identical with the eternal memory of his personal sensibilities and proper worth. For the rest,—the incomparable genius of the man would alone account for his surmounting difficulties, however great,—though, as in the case of other great successes, fortune and opportunity did give sympathetic aid. Something of this sympathy, also, there was in the epoch both of political movement and of dramatic, but after all we must admit that such influence is manifestly but ancillary to the self-sustained endowment of the poet, when we find that it is all but lost upon feeblcr contemporaries.

From this point of view, then, I should be well contented not to diverge, and to ask no more for a biography of Shakespeare than is furnished by the expressions and allusions of those who were his immediate associates and contemporaries: these are facts that are not only the most interesting but among the most authentic, and it is only when we descend to matters that in comparison are of minor grade, that we get entangled among the dishonesties of forged traditions and of documents that are more difficult to deal with when merely impugned than when

manifestly falsified or fabricated. This mischief dates very early in these investigations, and it is an unhappy result of some detections that more are expected, and that a place of standing cannot be in justice or prudence refused to accusations that otherwise would be pushed aside as mere rancorous rivalry.

Leaving aside—whether for oblivion or further question—these tainted witnesses, we may pay rather more attention to the vague traditions that need not be suspected of much other corruption than accrues unconsciously, that can be traced as current approximately in time and locality, and that belong to a class which cannot be altogether wanting—the alterations of facts that tradition finds easier than original invention. What authentic particulars beyond these have rewarded the patient research of antiquaries are for the most part dry and disjointed facts, fruitful in conjectures which can be sought elsewhere, less fruitful of trustworthy deduction; taken, however, altogether, they do make up a certain sequence of connected facts in that lower or outer life of the man and the Englishman of the sixteenth century, and do occasionally reflect a ray upon the more valuable records of his true existence as a poet and a humanist, enfranchised—sovereign, for all time.

Shakespeare died in 1616: Sir William Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, 1656, connects his name with a monumental date or two; and Fuller, with a quibble or two, in his *Worthies*, published 1662. In this latter year died Judith Quiney, the daughter of Shakespeare's youth, having survived the Commonwealth. In the same year John Ward, A. M. became vicar of Stratford, and his *Diary*, in MS. in the library of the Medical Society of London, which commences earlier, and extends to 1679, has this notice:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all: he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of £1000 a year, as I have heard."



In 1675, Ed. Phillips, the nephew of Milton, published his *Theatrum Poetarum*, prepared before Milton's death, and reflecting many of his opinions: he bestows a few lines on Shakespeare, but of eulogy and criticism, not biography:—

“ William Shakespeare, the glory of the English stage, whose nativity at Stratford upon Avon is the highest honour that town can boast of: from an actor of tragedies and comedies he became a maker, and such a maker, that though some others may, perhaps, pretend to a more exact decorum and economy, especially in tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance: and in all his writings hath an unvulgar style, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramaticks.”

About 1680, is to be dated the first antiquarian notice of Shakespeare's life, and here are the contents of the indiscriminate dragnet of Aubrey, from his “*Minutes of Lives*,” addressed to Anthony à Wood.

“ Mr. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick; his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this town that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural wit, his acquaintance and cotanean, but died young. This William being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now B. Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make essays at dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit.

“ The humour of . . . . the constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks, which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable in 1642, when I first came to Oxon. I think it was *Midsummer night* that he happened to lie there. Mr. Jos. How is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily, wherever they came. One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford super Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried; he makes there this extemporary epitaph:—

Ten in the hundred the devil allows,  
 But Combes will have twelve, he swears and vows;  
 If any one asks who lies in this tomb,  
 Hoh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John O'Combe!

He was wont to go to his native country once a year. I think I have been told that he left 2 or 300 *li.* per annum, there or thereabout to a sister. I have heard Sir Wm. D'avenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best comedian we have now) say, that he had a most prodigious wit (v. his epitaph in Dugdale's Warw.), and did admire his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers. He (Ben Jonson's Underwood) was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life; said Ben Jonson, 'I wish he had blotted out a thousand.' His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*: now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood.

"Though, as Ben Jonson says of him, that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country. From Mr. . . . . Beeston."

It would be well if longer biographies contained as large a proportion that may not be gainsaid: Aubrey cites "some of the neighbours" as his most direct informants, and evidently exercised neither industry nor criticism in his inquiry; but later investigation must approve his information at least to this, not inconsiderable extent:—

"Shakespeare was born at Stratford, his father ranked with the tradesmen of the town, and his own prospects were therefore not more elevated. Genius for poetry, however, and at least a passion for acting, carried him, vivacious and perhaps unsettled, to the stage. He arrived in London quite a young man, and was not unsuccessful as an actor, but at once commenced writing plays, and, making great advances beyond existing dramas, became very popular. He was of comely person, social temperament, lively and engaging in wit and manners,—very observant of mankind, and sometimes not indisposed to transfer an original from nature to the stage direct; the companion of Ben Jonson and contemporary of John Combe, a man of capital at Stratford. He preserved his attachment to his native town to the

last, and left considerable property, which, however, passed into the female line. He wrote with fluency, and eschewed laborious correction. He had sufficient knowledge of Latin to give countenance to at least the report, that in youth he had been a schoolmaster in the country."

Aubrey's informant, Mr. Beeston, quoted for the last fact, if so it were, was probably Christopher Beeston, who was a theatrical apprentice to Augustine Phillips in Shakespeare's company, and continued on the stage till the civil wars. (See Collier's *Lives of Actors*.)

In 1690, or thereabouts, an Archdeacon of Lichfield was found, Mr. Richard Davies, whose manuscripts, in college keeping, furnish this memorandum.—"Shakespeare.—He was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Luey, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement: But his revenge was so great, that he is his justice Clodpate; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three *looses* rampant for his arms."

Even this garbage contains something that may not be cast aside, and is the earliest authentic hint preserved of the satirical reference of Justice Shallow to Sir Thos. Lucy, whatever was the provocation.

On April 10, 1693, a Mr. Dowdall addressed a small treatise in the form of a letter to Mr. Edward Southwell, describing several places in Warwickshire, among them Stratford, where he culls the inscriptions on Shakespeare's monument, and adds this note ("Halliwell's *Life*," p. 87):—

"Near the wall where his monument is erected lieth a plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph, made by himself a little before his death:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear

To dig the dust enclosed here!

Blest be the man that spares these stones,

And curst be he that moves my bones.

The clerk that shewed me this church is above eighty years old; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to Lon-



don, and there was received into the playhouse as a servitor, and by this means had an opportunity to be what he afterwards proved. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished: not one, for fear of the curse abovesaid, dare touch his gravestone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him."

There is little doubt that from this old clerk, directly or indirectly, came Aubrey's assertion that the poet's father was a butcher; and thus we should have not two witnesses to the point, but one speaking by two mouth-pieces. Something more than the clerk's word would be required for proof of the authorship of the quoted epitaph, or even that it covered Shakespeare's grave. That he was the best of his family, as measured by the standard that clerks use because others do, will be found a probable, indeed established fact: beyond this, it is possible that some truth may be preserved in the term he gives to Shakespeare's first position in the company. Augustine Phillips, who, in 1605, left Shakespeare 30s. in gold, as his "fellow," left legacies of money, musical instruments, and apparel to his apprentice, his late apprentice, and to Christopher Beeston, "his servant," who, as we have seen, became an actor, and also master of the king's and queen's young company in 1637. Phillips, however, was a musician as well as a comedian, and it may have been in the first capacity that he took apprentices or servants; and as it is uncertain whether anyone ever entered on the stage as a comedian's apprentice, it is scarcely worth conjecturing that the clerk had heard that Shakespeare did so.

At last, in 1707, almost a century after the poet's death, appeared his *Life*, by Rowe, prefixed to an edition of his works, and repeated, somewhat abridged, in 1714; he concludes it with a eulogy on the Shakespearian performances of Betterton, who retired from the stage in 1700, at the age of sixty-five, and cites him in these terms as his authority for the biography:—

"I must own a particular obligation to him for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this *Life*, which I have here transmitted to the public; his veneration for the memory of

Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration."

Accordingly, it proves that this Life contains details that were manifestly derived from the Stratford register, as well as others that could only, at the time, have been learnt from tradition, though documentary evidence has since confirmed several of them. It is not known at what date Betterton visited the place, but it was probably when he was a younger man than when he left the stage. What is there that is uncontested? Rowman the actor, whose wife had been under the guardianship of Betterton after 1692, is said by Oldys to have been unwilling to allow that his associate had ever made such a journey; with the result of it before us, we can only interpret this hint as a doubt whether it were made so absolutely on purpose, as Rowe complementarily affirms, and as it were illiberal not to concede.

Traditions are traceable to this source that Rowe did not insert in the Life, probably because he disbelieved them; one is, that Shakespeare began life by holding horses at the door of the playhouse, and advanced by hiring boys to hold them "under his inspection." "In time," it is added, "Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's boys." Such a practice certainly existed, and there is nothing incredible about the currency of such an appellation for the boys—the predecessors of the clamorous crowd that now, on the same ground in Playhouse-yard, "the open space to turn carriages in," attend and contend for the early copies of the "Times" Newspaper. Granting or assuming this, which would easily be remembered to Betterton's time, we can only say further, that the explanation that is given is not the most likely one, but the one most likely to have been imagined or inferred. This story was related by Pope as communicated to him by Rowe,—for another he referred to Betterton, who, however, is pro-

bably guiltless of anything worse than relating a fiction illustrative of the profanity and gracelessness of D'avenant, to whose scandalous conceit Pope himself ascribed it. "If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern at Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. Jno. D'avenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company : " and so the story proceeds to a warning by a townsman to their son, Will. D'avenant, that the boy, in calling Shakespeare godfather, should have a care not to take God's name in vain.

The jest may or may not have been a stock one,—that it is found published in 1630, without names of persons, proves nothing ; but without condemning Shakespeare on this and other such corrupt evidence, we may reserve for consideration how far a festive nature and temperament may have left a reputation behind him in London that, at least, was not inconsistent with the calumny.

Another anecdote on the authority of D'avenant, and another from the Bowman already mentioned, and with these the direct stream of personal tradition of any claim to authenticity is drawn dry. This is from the papers of Oldys—"Old Mr. Bowman, the player, reported from Sir William Bishop that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract or spitefully refused to part with some land for a valuable consideration adjoining to Shakespeare's, in or near that town." Sir William had opportunities of knowing much, for his father was born at Bridgetown, near Stratford, and died in 1673, at the age of eighty-eight, and there is some shadow of confirmation for his report.

At the conclusion of the advertisement to Lintot's edition of the Poems, in 1709, it is said :—"That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First,

was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare, which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir Wm. D'avenant, as a credible person now living can testify." This unnamed witness was Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, according to the note of Oldys.

Occasion will constantly occur, as our summary proceeds, to discuss the traditions recorded by Rowe; as these came down to him from D'avenant and the enquiries of Betterton, they are divided between the local source in Warwickshire and the memoirs that might be gleaned from the reassembled and reorganized companies of players,—in every case, therefore, they are worth attention, and while we put together the multifarious collections of later biographers, we must not be unjust to the first.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, then, was born at Stratford on Avon, in Warwickshire, in 1564, the sixth year of Elizabeth; his baptism is recorded on the 26th of April; but his precise birthday cannot be certainly determined; there is a glimmer of tradition, however, that his anniversary was the day of his death; this is recorded on his monument as the 23rd of April. It is quite consistent with the custom of the time that the child should have been carried to the font at three days old, and for the sake of unity in grateful associations, it seems agreed to assume this date—if not more probable than another, it is at least as much so.

The name of Shakespeare was and is widely diffused in Warwickshire and adjoining counties, and occurs in records with indication of every variety of station, gentleman, prioress, butcher, or shoemaker; but it is only by a link of conjecture that we can trace the line of the poet up to his grandfather. Of his father, John Shakespeare, we first catch sight as resident in Henley Street, Stratford, in 1552, when he incurred a fine there for a *sterquinarium* before his dwelling. In 1556, he was on a jury of court leet at Stratford; was sued before John



Burbage, bailiff of the town, for £8, as a glover; sues another to recover barley, and acquired two copyhold tenements, with appurtenances,—one of them, in Henley Street, almost as good as freehold. It was either in this year or the next that he was elected upon the corporation, which consisted according to the charter, dated only in 1553, of fourteen aldermen and fourteen burgesses. He duly advanced through the successive offices and dignities of ale-taster, affeeror, constable, chamberlain, was elected an alderman in 1565, when his son William was in his second year, and bore charges in equal proportion with his fellows; in 1568 he became high bailiff of the town, and by virtue and for the duration of his office a justice of the peace, and thereafter was usually styled in the town registers Master John Shakespeare; he was head alderman for the ensuing year. One entry occurs of a payment to him by the corporation for timber; and in 1597, when the poet was fifteen, his father is styled in a deed Johannes Shakespeare “yeoman.”

Thus we may safely say, that at the time of the birth of William Shakespeare, and at least for some years afterwards, his father was a substantial burgess of Stratford, taking rank with the best-considered men of the town,—grocers, haberdashers, and butchers though they might be. His transactions indicate common dependence upon trade and agriculture, the town and the farm; just that position, in fact, that has sufficient general agreement with the better account of Rowe, probably obtained through his descendants, that he had considerable dealings in wool, and with the less flattering version of the old parish clerk, that he was a butcher—as most yeomen and farmers, to say nothing of country gentlemen, occasionally are.

That John Shakespeare's family are mentioned in the town records as gentlemen, as implied by Rowe, does not now appear, and, indeed, he himself is the first who appears in them. Neither can implicit reliance be placed upon an extract from the Heralds' Office, which avers that in the year that he was bailiff he obtained a grant

of arms. I do not, however, entirely disbelieve it, though it may have been forged by the Heralds for an intelligible purpose. John Shakespeare seems to have ceased to be a glover some time previously, (for the trade only occurs once attached to his name,) and at this time to have been in prosperous circumstances; his wife, it is certain, was descended from a very ancient family, and the ambition, if not the sentiment of grade, which certainly animated his son, may have induced him to avail himself of an opportunity to secure a title to gentry.

There is clearly not sufficient evidence to found a decision, but enough is known to show that there was every opportunity for Shakespeare to be stimulated by a motive powerful with certain natures, the consciousness of title by descent and connection, to a higher rank than the gifts of fortune have confirmed.

John Shakespeare married in 1557, which may account for his neglectful attendance as ale-taster, by which he incurred fine. His wife was Mary Arden, youngest daughter of Robert Arden, or Arderne, of Wilmecote, in the neighbouring parish of Aston Cantlowe, who has no better title in law papers than *agricola*, or husbandman, and evidently from the inventory of his house at death had the occupation of a yeoman, but nevertheless was not only of good descent, but possessed considerable landed property. Robert Arden was owner of houses and land at Snitterfield, about three miles from Stratford—his wife's jointure was here, and in 1550 had a Richard Shakespeare tenant of part of this property. As John Shakespeare had a brother Henry, and a Henry Shakespeare lived and died at Snitterfield, it is not unlikely, though not proved, that they were sons of the tenant of Robert Arden, and in any case the intercourse of the families is explained. Mary Arden and Alicia, the only unmarried sisters out of seven, were executors of their father's will, at his death at the end of 1556. Mary Arden inherited £6 13s. 4d. (ten nobles) in money, and a small estate in fee, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, called Asbyes, consisting of a messuage, fifty acres of

arable land, six of meadow and pasture, with right of common, and in addition she had an interest in property in Snitterfield. If she was of age when she was left executrix, this would bring her to seventy-two when she died. Reckoning in like manner, from the first mention of John Shakespeare as a householder, he would be twenty-five when he married, and seventy-two at death. Their youngest child was born in 1580, when William Shakespeare, their eldest son, was sixteen; and this settles, approximately, all that is of interest, the relative ages of parents and child; the general probability being in favour of a lower age for Mary Shakespeare than forty-five at birth of last child.

The family of the Ardens had possessions adjoining the forest of Arden, or Arderne, and their pedigree is traced by Dugdale, without interruption, to Edward the Confessor. In later times, a Walter Arden married a daughter of John Hampden of Bucks, and was brother to Sir John Arden, Squire to the body of Henry VII., and grandfather to a Robert Arden, groom of the chamber to the same monarch, and from this junior branch, within the moderate limits of family tradition, was deducible the line of the mother of Shakespeare.

An Arden, a cousin of Mary Shakespeare, some degrees removed, was Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1568, the same year in which her husband reached the height of municipal honour as Bailiff. One of her sisters was married to an Edward Lambert, of Barton on the Heath, of whom we shall hear again.

It seems not improbable that the occupations of John Shakespeare were modified by the portion of land that he received with his wife, and in 1570 he rents a meadow (Ingon) of fourteen acres, at a rent implying that there was a good house upon it. His connection with the town, however, still continued; it was during his term as Chief Alderman, 1571-2, that Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote, close to Stratford, of which town he was the most powerful and important neighbour. The corporation were at moderate charges

“for the Queen’s provision;” here probably she heard the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1575, Warwickshire was in excitement with the bustle and magnificence of her entertainment at Kenilworth. In this year, when William Shakespeare was eleven years old, his father bought two houses in Henley Street for £40; this is the last trace of his comparative prosperity; notes that ensue, scanty and scattered, are uniformly of a less cheerful cast, until better days came back by the successes of his son. The cause of his difficulties is not discoverable, but the hints of his proceedings suggest that it was rather from excessive than deficient activity; true, he could not, or did not write, but signed manfully with a mark; so, however, did most of his colleagues on the corporation, who would naturally be the busiest and most thriving men of the town. Some tradition of these embarrassments reached Rowe, but in ascribing them to a numerous family, his informant seems to have erred by misreading the register, and giving to the father of the poet the family of a namesake, a shoemaker. His last child, Edmund, was born when William was sixteen, making the fifth living, Gilbert being fourteen years old, Joan eleven, and Richard six. A sister Anne, however, had died the previous year, aged eight. Two daughters died in infancy, before the birth of William. Commentators have remarked, that at the funeral of Anne, 8*d.* was paid for bell and pall, an expense that was not generally incurred, and as difficulties were already accruing, it may be that they were aggravated, if not brought on by imprudences of ambition — but we have said we will eschew conjecture.

While half the aldermen could not write, and perhaps not read, there were others who could read Latin and write it too, as their preserved letters avouch. From the time of Edward IV. (1482) the Guild of the Holy Cross of Stratford had held lands on condition of maintaining a priest competent to teach grammar, that is Greek and Latin, freely to all scholars of the town. After the disso-



lution of the fraternity, a charter of Edward VI. established the free school of the town, and here no doubt, as in others of like origin, Latin at least was taught more or less efficiently—it might be even very efficiently. The present grammar-school is an ancient room over the old town-hall, adjoining the chapel of the guild; but it appears, from a change that was made in 1505, that the school had previously been held in the chapel itself. The structure belongs, for the most part, to the reign of Henry VII., and the interior was anciently adorned with paintings of the traditional history of the Holy Cross, and others, which were discovered beneath encrusted whitewash in 1804; the first obliterating coat was given in the birth-year of Shakespeare, when the Corporation expended 2s. for “defacing ymage in Chappell.”

Rowe asserts that Shakespeare’s father bred him for some time at a free school, but was forced by narrow circumstances, and want of his assistance at home, to withdraw him prematurely. This agrees in both points with what we know of his father’s circumstances; as to the degree of efficiency the pupil carried away, the line of Ben Jonson, “and though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,” implies that he had learned, if not even the rudiments of Greek, something more than the rudiments of Latin. My own impression from his works is, that he probably had no acquaintance with Greek literature whatever, and comparatively little with Latin—none at all, it may be, beyond one or two school-text books, but that his knowledge of the language, of the vocabulary and the accidence, was originally sufficient, however it may have rusted from counter attractions determining him to other reading.

Illustration in abundance has been obtained of the numerous opportunities which surrounded the youth of Shakespeare for the development of a taste for the drama, dramatic poetry and the stage. The town accounts of the time show usually several, sometimes many payments yearly to different companies of players, who are distinguished as the Earl of Leicester’s players, the Earl of

Worcester's players, and so forth, according to the nobleman whose protection they enjoyed, and whose servants they styled themselves. It is remarkable, that the first of these entries occurs in the year of John Shakespeare's magistracy, as if he had set the example from peculiar liking and interest in playing, though for the rest it was the ordinary custom of the time for players visiting a town to accredit themselves in the first instance to the Mayor or High Bailiff, and exhibit for the first time in the town-hall, under his patronage. Ten or eleven different companies are noted within a few years, and many of them over and over again; and there can be no doubt from what is known of the history of the stage, that the performances even of the same company were most various in style and constantly diversified by novelty.

Between the dates of Shakespeare's birth and majority we find notices of acted plays that range through every variety of Moral and Miracle play, plays from English and Ancient history, mythological, romantic, and what may be called fantastic subjects. Blank verse, prose, rhyme, extemporised dialogue, dumb show and, to a certain extent, spectacle, were interchanged and combined with every degree of extravagance and simplicity. At the same time the custom of the presentation of plays by the Inns of Court, public schools, choristers and universities, brought into exercise the invention of a different class of minds, which would have a stimulant reaction the rather that their productions were frequently presented to the same audience, to royalty, nobility, and the court. The interest of the audiences was not unfrequently stimulated by very direct treatment of matters polemical as well as political, a tendency that from time to time was sharply checked; at other times a source of amusement was sought in personal satire, especially it would seem in London, where the players and the corporation were at constant feud,—the mayor and aldermen apparently being butts as highly valued at that time as they have been so often since.

Against these enemies, and against others who were embittered by the nascent asceticism that was at last to be triumphant in Puritanism, the players were protected by the favour and personal tastes of the sovereign and the ingenious, ardent and vivacious aristocracy that at that time animated the English court. In Shakespeare's tenth year (1574) the Earl of Leicester obtained a patent for James Burbage and four others, authorizing them "to use, exercise and occupy the art and faculty of playing tragedies, comedies, &c. as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them," and this was to apply "as well within our city of London and liberties of the same, as throughout our realm of England." As if this were scarcely enough, within three months after a letter from the Privy Council enjoined the Lord Mayor to "admit the comedy players within the city of London, and to be otherwise favourably used." The response to this seems to have been an act of the Common Council the next year, assuming the right of licensing theatrical exhibitions within the city, and making the condition of a license the contribution of half receipts to charitable purposes. Thus beset, James Burbage availed himself of the immunity from civic authority of the precinct of the suppressed religious houses of Dominicans, the Black Friars, and purchased and converted certain rooms abutting there on the very city wall, into a common playhouse, and in spite of hostile petition made good his ground, and established the stage which was to be that of Shakespeare.

In the meantime affairs at Stratford,—the private affairs of the family of Shakespeare,—were taking that turn to which tradition ascribed, probably with some truth as its basis, his adoption of the profession of the stage. The proofs of his father's narrowing circumstances follow on continuously from the year that William Shakespeare was thirteen, till he was twenty-three; ten years' experience of a straitened home, at the opening of life,—insufficient, however, to subdue the buoyancy of his

spirits, to depress either his ardour or his energies. The details may be concisely told.

In 1577, John Shakespeare is for the first time found irregular in his attendance as Alderman ; the next year he is excused half charge for the furniture of pikemen and bill men, and entirely excused from the weekly payment of his brother Aldermen of 4*d.* towards the relief of the poor, rendered necessary by one of the occasional visits of the plague. In 1579, the sum due from him towards purchase of armour and weapons is returned, "unpaid and unaccounted for." He and his wife sell her share of property at Snitterfield for £4,—he is styled "yeoman" in the deed, and marks with a cross instead of the cipher resembling a capital A that he formerly used : they also mortgage the estate of Asbyes for £40 to Edmund Lambert, brother-in-law of Mary Shakespeare.

In 1580, the list of debts appended to the will of Roger Sadler, baker, shows John Shakespeare as owing him £5, for which he appears to have had credit only on the guarantee of Edmund Lambert and another. This was in or before January ; in May of the same year John Shakespeare has a son baptized Edmund, probably after his uncle by marriage, whose assistance therefore was accepted and considered to be offered, in good part and good faith. According to the terms of the deed, the mortgage of Asbyes was to be a sale, unless the money were repaid by the feast of St. Michael the Archangel in this the ensuing year (29th September). They seem to have counted upon being able to effect this by the falling in of Mary Shakespeare's reversionary interest in Snitterfield property, by the anticipated death of Mary Arden, her step-mother. This death did not occur till December, and they had then sold the interest, still reversionary only, to R. Webbe, for £40 ; and this sum, according at least to their own averment in later proceedings, they duly tendered in redemption of Lambert's mortgage. Lambert declined to accept the money in that sense, unless other sums due to him were acquitted at the same time, and thus he retained the property until



proceedings in Chancery were instituted at a later date, with what effect is not known. These proceedings, from their date, were no doubt undertaken with the advice of William Shakespeare, and as they correspond in time with the production of Henry IV., first part, I have no doubt that Edmund Lambert, or rather his representative and heir, John Lambert, was the spiteful or fraudulent occupant of land sought by the poet, who according to Sir William Bishop's tradition, was the original of Falstaff.

On the other side of the account there is the qualifying fact, that John Shakespeare never parted with his houses in Henley Street, which descended to his son; and whatever, therefore, may have been his embarrassments, they by no means amounted to destitution. In fact, the records of the bailiff's court, that prove his difficulties in meeting demands upon him, show him by other entries of the same date, suing debtors for monies owing.

In 1586 a crisis came; it was returned to a writ of distrain on the 19th of January, "*quod prædictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest*,"—"that the said John Shakespeare has nothing on which the distrain can be executed." A month later a *capias* was issued, and then another *capias* in March; his municipal standing also declined, and in September this same year the books of the corporation show this entry by the town clerk. "At this hall William Smith and Richard Court are chosen to be Aldermen in the place of John Wheler and John Shaxpere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the Company, and Mr. Shaxpere doth not come to the halls when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long time." For the time present there may have been an obstruction known, but not mentioned, for in the ensuing March, 1587, is recorded a writ of habeas corpus, which seems to imply that John Shakespeare had been in custody, or imprisoned for debt. To finish these notices at once, it may be added, that another *distringas* was issued against him in 1593, evidently no mere matter of form, for in the pre-

vious year his absence from church-attendance is accounted for in a return made by Sir Thomas Lucy of recusants and *others*, as probably owing to fear of process for debt; and it is not till 1595, only two years before his son's purchase of New Place, that he ceases to appear as a party in petty actions, which bear at least the colour of pertinacity.

In 1582 William Shakespeare became a married man, at the age of eighteen years and a half. Rowe's account runs thus:—"Upon his leaving school he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him (the wool-trade seems implied), and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young: his wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." The marriage is not recorded in the Stratford register, and must have been celebrated elsewhere; but a few years since, Rowe's tradition was confirmed by the discovery of a marriage bond at Worcester, the metropolis of the diocese, which was given by Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, of Stratford, in order to obtain license for William Shakespeare to marry Ann Hathaway, maiden, of Stratford, with once asking of the banns. The bond is dated the 28th of November.

It is sufficiently proved that Anne was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, of Shottery, adjoining and in the parish of Stratford, and who is traced in an acquaintance not only with the two sureties, but with John Shakespeare, who was security for him in the poet's birth year.

They sign their names with marks, the whole set of them, and are styled in deeds and instruments, *agricolæ* or husbandmen, like Robert Arden, but they have dwellings of their own, appointed as a yeoman's should be,—that of Richard Hathaway yet stands, though now divided into cottages, and is occupied by a descendant,—and have goods, and cattle and land too, to divide by will among their children. Richard Hathaway died in September, 1581, the year before the marriage: his will

mentions other children, but not Anne; as her identity seems indisputable, it is possible that she was passed over as not unprovided for, and thus came not quite portionless to her husband.

Anne Hathaway, by the evidence of her epitaph, was between seven and eight years older than her youthful bridegroom; their first child, Susannah, was baptized at Stratford, 26th of May, 1583; the obvious inference from comparison of dates is confirmed by the shortened banns and the celebration of the marriage elsewhere than at Stratford. The conclusion has been variously but vigorously fenced with by biographers. One (Mr. Halliwell) says vaguely, "the espousals of the lovers were celebrated in the summer—(to wit, 28th of November), 1582," and others are prompt to magnify the virtue and dignity of an assumed "troth-plight." That Shakespeare himself repudiates the apology, by the expressions he assigns to Prospero monitory to the betrothed Ferdinand, and to Claudio in his assertion of his own respect for himself and his betrothed, dispenses with the necessity for considering it. The presumption as the evidence stands is not to be escaped from, and it is more to the honour of Shakespeare to note his timely reparation, and how superior he was to the egotism of allowing his own lapse, if such there were, to pervert his moral judgment in his writings, than to falsify biography, not to say morals, for a false apology.

To be swayed or surprised by passion in youth, and even later, has ever been the besetting liability of the poet, and without allowing much value to scandalous tradition I cannot but recognize in some of the sonnets a personal recognition of weakness, and also the weakness itself struggling with the admission, and almost becoming—never quite becoming, strong enough to brave it:—

"Love is too young to know what conscience is:  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?"

On the 2nd of February, 1584-5, were baptized at Stratford, Hamnet and Judith, twin children of William

and Anne Shakespeare; they were no doubt christened after Hamnet Sadler, baker by trade, and Judith his wife, a firm friend of the poet till death, and remembered by him in his will. These were the last children that were born from the marriage, and the fact has been absurdly wrested to support a futile theory, that it was not a happy one. In the same sense stress has been laid on the poet's repeated allusion to the disadvantage of seniority for a wife: the fact of repetition certainly gives an impression that Shakespeare had the maxim at heart, but it argues at the same time that he had it not painfully so. I would not say that in writing it down he had not some feeling of self-accusation, but this is more than balanced by a grateful admission of admirable permanence in feminine attachment.

" Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart;  
For boy however we do praise ourselves  
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won  
Than women's are.—  
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

The traditions are too steady and consistent of Shakespeare's regular visits and constant attachment to Stratford all through his life, for us to believe that he found there lying in wait for him either disgrace abroad or conjugal discomfort in his home.

A tradition seems to have reached Oldys, that Anne Hathaway was beautiful; the epitaph placed on her grave by her daughter bespeaks that she was the object of filial affection,—and from this point of view some value may be attached to the gossip of the old parish clerk, who, gossip as he might be, probably chimed in with the general tone of tradition of a united domestic hearth, in reporting that the wife and the daughter earnestly desired to share Shakespeare's grave. It was the great service of Mr. Knight, to point out that after his death his widow, from the nature of his property, would be



amply provided for by dower, through the known and usual operation of the English law : this simple indication happily sweeps away as nonsense a web of ill-contrived comment on her position in his will.

Before Shakespeare then reached his twenty-first year in 1585 he had a wife and three children to provide for, and may readily have betaken himself to the most promising means, his father's doubtful occupation, or, as one tradition would have it, to that of a schoolmaster. From the familiarity with legal technicalities displayed in his writings, and his fondness for, I had almost said addiction to, metaphors from legal instruments and proceedings, an opinion has gained ground that he was for a time in a lawyer's office, and I must say, I think there is more in it than can be accounted for by an alternative supposition : this is, that the habit may have been acquired from listening to the legal talk and terms that were rife around him through the multifarious processes in which his father was a party, and the frequent and complicated changes in the disposition of his real property and that of his wife.

Positive record of Shakespeare's course we have none, from that of the baptism of his twins till seven years later, when, at the age of twenty-eight, he is distinctly alluded to by Greene as a dramatist, fertile and flourishing, in London. Great political events had agitated the interval : the Queen of Scots was executed in 1587, and the next year the enthusiasm and confidence of the nation was raised to the highest pitch by the defeat of the Armada. The annals of the drama, for the same year, record the death of Tarlton, a comedian, who was himself a national drama ; and in the current years a settled and decided character had been given to the productions of the stage by the best works of Lyly, Marlowe, and Greene, who were at the height of their powers and reputation. Beside them Shakespeare had taken his place by 1592, a formidable and advancing rival ; but how, and why, and when he first joined the players is only matter of doubtful tradition.

The terms of Greene imply that the success of Shake-

speare was brilliant and decided, and had given him a position in marked contrast to his commencement. Greene was at the premature end of a short, disappointed, and dissipated life, and dying in September, 1592, a work was shortly after published in his name by Henry Chettle, also a dramatist, entitled, "A Groatworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance," and inscribed "To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their wits in making plays." In the course of it he urges three friends, it is thought Marlowe, Nash, and Peele, to give up writing for the players:—

"Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you like me sought those hurts to cleave: those puppets, I mean, who speak from our mouths, those Anticks garb'd in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they have all been beholding: is it not like that you, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified in our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to beshout out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakespeare in a country. Oh that I might intreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellencies, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse; yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters, for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms."

The parodied name of the combined actor and author would be decisive, without the parody of a line from the Third Part of Henry VI., one of the pieces produced by Shakespeare by the process of adaptation which also seems to be cavilled at.

Chettle, who published the tract, defended himself in another from the charge of having been the writer of it. In "Kind-Heart's Dream," published a few months later, he also adverts to the offence that it had given to two persons, one apparently Marlowe, on whom it had fixed the vulgar, and at that time perilous stigma of atheism, and the other Shakespeare.

"About three months since died Mr. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands: among others his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter, written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known; and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted; and with one of them, I care not if I never be: the other, whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead); that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he with some displeasure writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

The comparison of the original tract proves that it is only from looseness of wording that the apology seems to indicate that the offended play-wrights were both of the number the letter was specially addressed to. The reference to the standing the poet had obtained with "divers of worship" is fully borne out by the terms in which, within a year, he dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton.

The poet exclusively, complains bitterly of the advantage of a rival who was an actor also, and as productive and energetic as he was versatile in either faculty; and this combination of qualities seems, indeed, to have been a leading cause of Shakespeare's material success. There is an indication in *Hamlet* that appears much to the point. The prince was to write a scene for insertion in a stock piece of the players, and after its desired and marked effect, he exclaims in an excitement, perhaps chiefly of literary success—"Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk

with me), with two Provençal roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players? Horatio. Half a share. Hamlet. A whole one, I." Even so it was when Shakespeare's own fortunes were none of the kindest, that he donned the buskin and cothurn, and with flowing pen and fancy free supplied corrections and completions, and then novelties of his own; and aided by vigilance, activity, and the talent for business, of which there is abundant proof, secured the way to more than independence; and yet with such a liberality of spirit, that he kept steadily in view, against many drawbacks, that dignity of social rank, which Greene had possessed but forfeited, and more than this, attracted the attachment and affectionate esteem of the finer spirits who were capable of such sentiments.

It is on our appreciation of the distinction already attained by Shakespeare, as expressed in this notice, and of the length of career which it implies within the limits of the preceding seven years, that must depend whether we are prepared to apply to him another allusion, that, if brought home, is, at least as regards his literary history, of still greater interest. A single year, a single half year, may make vast difference in the history of Shakespeare and the stage at this point: but evidence is so lamentably deficient, that we must be content with generalities.

Greene took his degree of M. A. in Shakespeare's nineteenth year; and, as on his own evidence he left the University young, he cannot have been very much his senior. Marlowe took the same degree when Shakespeare was twenty-three, in 1587, and his remarkable and celebrated play of Tamburlaine is mentioned the next year. Shakespeare's renown when he was taxed as an upstart, was at least not anterior to that of Marlowe in 1588, and yet it was confirmed before 1592. This cannot have been upon the strength of one or two plays only; and if not, we must conclude that, besides the alterations of Henry VI. and others that may have been less extensively touched by him,



some of the earlier comedies must also have been brought out ; and of these there is not one that would not fully suffice both a poetic and dramatic reputation. Now it is quite certain, as we shall see, that at least sixteen of Shakespeare's plays were in existence before 1598, the list including all the secondary plays and many of his masterpieces ; and simple counting back upon our fingers may convince us that his commencement as a dramatist could not have been later, and might have been somewhat earlier, than 1589. It would seem, then, that Shakespeare's authorship can scarcely be considered to have commenced later than that of Marlowe, though it may have been only after lapse of a year or two that his gentle and more tempered vein even in the fury of a passion, carried off the approval of the more numerous hearers, as well as of the select and the refined.

If we could rely upon a document recently produced, which exhibits Shakespeare as a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1589, more might be said, but its authenticity is impugned, and it must be put aside as at least unavailable. The same year furnishes a sarcastic allusion by Nash to an author of a play of Hamlet in these terms :—

“ It is a common practise now a days among a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have need ; yet English Seneca, read by candlelight, yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth ; and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfuls of tragical speeches.”

This is certainly very much in the tone and style of Greene's invective, and the agreement confirms Knight's conjecture, that Nash, and not Lodge, was the youthful satirist the dying collegian addressed, as a quondam associate and ally. Nash is indignant at the success of a dramatist who meddles with art, who does not shun even classical subjects, though unqualified by university education, and helps himself out of Seneca's tragedies in an

English translation,—so little Latin is he master of,—a mere interloper from his original and deserted profession of the law. *Noverint* is the technical beginning of a bond. The satire, such as it is, evidently touches Shakespeare in several points, and the mention of Hamlet seems to prove that it was intended for him. The quarto Hamlet may easily be a badly reported copy of one of his earliest plays; and defective as it is, who shall say that the quoted phrase was not there originally; there is quite enough in Titus Andronicus to account for the reference to Seneca's Thyestes; and if Nash supposed Shakespeare had been a lawyer's clerk, it is no more than has been inferred by others in later times, on grounds, as we have seen, of high probability. The other report that has come down to us, that he had been a schoolmaster, loses in probability from not having provoked a cavil on this occasion. Of course an angry satirist does not sift even rumours, much less evidence; but there is a correspondence between the pique of Greene and that of Nash that would convince me that the object of it was the same, though Hamlet had not been mentioned. Nash, no doubt, in denouncing "a sort of shifting companions," may have taken a characteristic from more than one, but he certainly individualizes at last.

I am strongly confirmed in my opinion that the sneer of Nash at Hamlets and handfuls of tragical speeches, was indeed a glance at Shakespeare and an early form of his great tragedy, by what appears like a manifest counterthrust in the rewritten and perfected play of a later year. Nobody supposes now that the recitations of the players in the later Hamlet either were intended to be or are ridiculous or bombastical,—how it is that they are not has been well explained by Schlegel; they are acting acted, imitation upon a ground of imitation, and only to be detached and distinguished from it by heightened colours and strengthened outlines, that would be

inadmissible in the primary imitation. There is a second factitious medium interposed between them and the spectator, by which extravagance is toned into a relative sobriety; while, but for this extravagance, sobriety would have been flattened into tameness. Thus these speeches became the most remarkable exemplification of the critical precepts of the Prince which touched the contemporary drama so closely, by giving rein to the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, yet so smoothed and tempered at its very height, as to be in the directest contrast to speeches that could be only opportunities for a "robustious periwig-pated fellow to tear a passion to tatters, to very rags." If this be so, it is certainly remarkable that it was from a play of Nash that Shakespeare took the theme for his introduced tragical speeches, and so rewrote them that it was impossible for an audience familiar with the model not to draw a comparison between the rude and the ideal, and by the appreciation of true tragic height, have a quickened sense for the detection of fustian, bombast, and rant, some sparks of poetry notwithstanding. The following, a speech from Dido, Queen of Carthage, written by Nash, in conjunction with Marlowe, I extract to illustrate and justify my inference: Pyrrhus has been described as striking off the hands of Priam at the sack of Troy:—

"At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,  
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,  
A little while prolonged her husband's life.  
At last the soldiers pull'd her by the heels,  
And swung her howling in the empty air,  
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:  
Whereat he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,  
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,  
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;  
Which he disdainingly, whisked his sword about,  
And with the wind thereof the king falls down:  
Then from the navel to the throat at once  
He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp  
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend his brow,  
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act."

We may now return upon a topic designedly pretermitted, and spend a paragraph or two on the traditions that relate to Shakespeare's departure from Stratford.

There is no evidence to prove that he may not have come to London in the latter half of 1584, at the age of twenty, instead of eighteen, as reported by tradition. In 1587, the players of the Earl of Leicester, the company of James Burbage, to which he is found attached, was one of five to whom payments were made for performances by the Stratford corporation. They had frequently visited the town before, and this may easily have been the opportunity that decided the poet to attach himself to the profession, and seek for fortune and advancement where he could at the same time indulge and exercise the impulse of his genius. The connection of the Earl of Leicester with Kenilworth, and the frequency of names and combinations of names agreeing with those of his players, in Warwickshire and even at Stratford and the neighbourhood, render it not unlikely that the company was closely connected with this county, which had a renown for shows and mysteries, from the celebrated displays and festivities of Coventry. Richard Burbage, the son of James, and the future friend and fellow of Shakespeare, must have been very nearly of his age; he became the chief of the original actors in his friend's plays, and the reputation that he gained proves that he must have been a genius of the very highest histrionic stamp. Nature, in giving to the world the genius of Shakespeare precisely at the time that the stage had become settled and organized, precisely at the interval between the equally inimical predominances of Catholicism and of Puritanism, and when political quarrels had not yet gained such head as to cause the destruction of courts, that were indispensable for the protection and encouragement of refined, intellectual, and costly arts,—Nature did not grudge, besides, conducting to the very conjuncture of all these favouring circumstances, in exactest coincidence of time and place, the very man to give a living voice and motion to the dumb and still imaginations of his



creative mind. The effect is the same whether Richard Burbage and Shakespeare encountered first at Stratford or at London; if it were at Stratford it is manifest that we are on the trace of an influence competent to have decided his course—whatever others failing this may have supplied its place. Among these would have been the crisis in his father's affairs; tradition says that another was an embroilment with Sir Thomas Lucy, through a deerstealing frolic, reprehensible enough, no doubt, for the father of a family, young as he might be, but still not impossible. The whole story may possibly be false; but it must still be noted that the tale has details that fit in remarkably with facts about this very date.

Rowe's account is to the effect that for a certain time after his marriage he continued at Stratford in a settled occupation, which he may have known from tradition or gathered by inference from the registry of his children.

"In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him out of his country and that way of living he had taken up. . . . He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deerstealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

The tradition was current in the neighbourhood of Stratford about 1700, and the ballad was said to have been stuck upon the knight's park gate; and what purported to be the first verse of it came down through this channel to Oldys and Capell.

"A parlamente member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scarecrowe, at London an asse,  
If lowsie is Lucy, as some folk miscall it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it:  
    He thinks himself great,  
    Yet an asse in his state,  
We allow by his eares but with asses to mate.

If Lucy is lowsie, as some folk miscall it,  
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

It is certain that Shakespeare had some pique against Sir Thomas Lucy, and indulged it by satirizing him as Justice Shallow, whose heraldic cognizance of a dozen white luces, or, as Sir Hugh Evans calls them, louses, is a perversion of the old coat of the knight,—three luces, that is, full grown pikes, haurient. This is in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but in the earlier *Second Part of Henry IV.* we find the allusion more covertly, when Falstaff says of his scarecrow host, "if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him." Again as Sir Thomas married into a Gloucestershire family, it is probable enough that some of his cousins supplied hints for his brethren of the peace, Silence and Slender, who, like Shallow, are of that county. Something was to be gained by the locality, or Falstaff would not have been carried from London to York by a route through Gloucestershire, nor Cotswold have been brought within an easy distance of Master Ford at Windsor. The allusion to the deerstealing frolic of Falstaff, I confess, seems somewhat strained and gratuitous, if it does not cover a reminiscence,—and there is altogether something very suspicious in the evident zest with which Shakespeare seizes a chance of ridiculing a constable or a magistrate, from Dogberry to a Roman tribune. I recognize in this something of the vindictive feeling of one who has been in custody, well merited or not, and cannot restrain spleen thereafter against even the most harmless or most useful functionary of watch and ward. Then, again, the terms of the ballad—though it may have spurious origin, and the anecdote still be true—are oddly enough in agreement with a fact of the assumed date that would not be known to a later forger, for Sir Thomas Lucy was a parliament member in the very years in question, and his limited legislative activities were divided between fur-

thering the relaxations of discipline favoured by puritanical preachers, and strengthening the securities for preservation of grain and game. Charlecote was not at the time a park in the statutable sense, but as Sir Thomas Lucy had venison to give away at a later date, it is not unlikely that the fact that his enclosures had not the special preservation of the statute, helped the temptation of depredators. Stealing deer and stealing rabbits are classed together, with other youthful irregularities of the time, as not very heinous outbreaks; and as Rowe connects the flight of the poet not with the prosecution for the trespass, but with anger at the libel, I have sometimes thought that the first may have occurred when he was a mere stripling, and have had a stripling's punishment; and that the irritating retaliation may have been nothing less than the suggestion to player associates to exhibit the starch justice upon a stage in his own town, and that this may have been the form of first publication of the offensive verses.

It is impossible to sift truth from evidence essentially inconclusive; when the most probable inference is determined, we have still to remember that the true is often the least probable, on general considerations. The enquiry can only end with a statement of an impression,—my own is much to the effect that I have shadowed forth above,—though I am conscious of another very plausible hypothesis. It is, that the pique of Shakespeare was of much later origin, and connected with opposition made to his acquisition from the heralds of authorized arms and title of gentry, prolific gossip having all the responsibility of turning the details of his satire into a biographical anecdote.

Among the sonnets occur one or two that partly ascribe the adoption of a player's life to necessities of fortune, but partly, at least by implication, to that well-known influence in youth, called being stage-struck: so at least I understand the following:—

“ O for my sake do you with Fortune chide  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds

That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works with, like the dyer's hand:  
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;  
 Whilst like a willing patient I will drink  
 Potions of eysell 'gainst my strong infection:  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction.  
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me."

Shakespeare, who was a lover, and a successful one at eighteen, had written verses we may be sure before he was twenty-three, probably had completed his two poems of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, published long after; if therefore he really became an actor in 1587, which seems most probable, but is not therefore necessarily to be admitted,—he was prepared at once to make his powers available dramatically. The traditions of the town, both through Rowe and the old clerk, agree that his first position in the company was very subordinate, but that his progress was rapid. Genius of the highest order often emerges from obscurity by a single performance, and it is well to correct our judgment of what Shakespeare may have done by the age of twenty-five, when Nash's sarcasm was promulgated, by recollecting the early and rapid manifestation and development of the kindred genius of Raphael or Mozart.

It is cheerless work to have to deal at the turning point of a biography, with mere probabilities and possibilities, but after this review of them, we may be better able to form an opinion on one in especial that is too interesting for any purist in evidence to hustle aside. It appears to have been in 1590 at the earliest, that Edmund Spenser in his "*Tears of the Muses*," alluded to a dramatic poet in terms that are admirably characteristic both of the disposition and art of Shakespeare, that certainly were unjustifiable if intended for any other, and that have a spirit and force of appreciation that belong alone to masterstrokes struck after no mere imagination but from



recent contemplation of the life, the warrants of a pre-existing original and type.

Spenser's poem consists of the lamentation of all the Muses in order, over the general degeneracy of the times as esteeming or as furnishing themes for poetry, and over poetry itself. Melpomene mourns somewhat vaguely and a little inconsistently over Tragedy :—

“ So all with rueful spectacle is fill'd,  
Fit for Megæra or Persephone;  
But I that in true tragedies am skill'd,  
The flower of wit, find nought to busy me;  
Therefore I mourn and pitifully moan  
Because that mourning matter I have none.”

It is with the wail of Thalia, however, that we are concerned, the very eye and focus of the entire poem and—I cannot less—I transcribe it all.

*Thalia.*

“ Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,  
That wont with comic sock to beautify  
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure  
The listener's eyes and ears with melody,  
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,  
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone, and all that goodly glee  
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,  
Is laid abed and nowhere now to see;  
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits  
With hollow brows and griesly countenance,  
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him besides sits ugly Barbarism,  
And brutish Ignorance ycrept of late  
Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm,  
Where being bred he light and heaven doth hate  
They in the minds of men now tyrannize  
And the fair scene with rudeness now disguise.

All places they with folly have possest,  
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;  
But me have banished with all the rest  
That whilom wont to wait upon my train.  
Fine Counterfesance and unhurtful Sport,  
Delight and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comick stage  
With season'd wit and goodly pleasance graced,

By which man's life in his likest image  
 Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;  
 And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame  
 Are now despised and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature's self had made

To mock herself and truth to imitate,  
 With kindly counter under mimic shade,

Our pleasant Willy, Ah! is dead of late;  
 With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
 Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility

And scorning Folly with contempt is crept,  
 Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry

Without regard or due decorum kept;  
 Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
 And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit from whose pen

Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,  
 Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,

Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw  
 Doth rather choose to sit in silent cell,  
 Than so himself to mockery to sell.

So am I made the servant of the many,

And laughing-stock of all that list to scorn;  
 Not honour'd nor cared for of any,

But loathed of losels as a thing forlorn:  
 Therefore I mourn and sorrow with the rest,  
 Until my cause of sorrow be redress'd.

Therewith she loudly did lament and shrike,

Pouring forth streams of tears abundantly,  
 And all her sisters with compassion like,

The breaches of her singults did supply.  
 So rested she, and then the next in rue  
 Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue."

Dryden, according to Rowe, always considered that these verses were intended to apply to Shakespeare, and no other application has yet been brought forward with an argument that seems worth confuting. They are first known in print little more than a year before Greene gave unequivocal testimony to the dramatic success of Shakespeare, and three or four after the probable date of his admission into Burbage's company; one year after the obscure sarcasm of Nash, which rather owes than gives them illustration of purpose. The praise of

sweetness marks the quality by which Shakespeare advanced dramatic verse beyond the harshness, tedious monotony or uncertainty of his predecessors and his competitors, and that which is most frequently adverted to in contemporary praise; the epithet gentle again became almost appropriated to him both personally and poetically, though it is one too current with Spenser to be much insisted on, had he not repeated it a few years later, 1594, in lines to which we cannot deny an application to Shakespeare, after accepting the earlier. The epithet is the more remarkable here as praise is directed to qualities of severer nerve:—

“ And there though last not least is *Ætion*;  
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,  
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts’ invention,  
Doth, like himself, heroically sound.”

There is an incongruity in Spenser’s dedication of verses with such a dismal and discontented theme, as his tears of the Muses, to Lady Strange. The histrionic patronage of her lord was extended as far as a company of tumblers, professors of “activities,”—and this, methinks, was in the mind of Shakespeare, (little reason as he had to complain himself,) when to the suggestion of amusement from—

“ The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of Learning late deceased in beggary.”

he makes Theseus rejoin:—

“ That is some satire keen and critical  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.”

Mr. Knight has well set forth the peculiarities in the condition of the stage, about 1590, that gave point to the denouncements of Spenser. Fierce polemics were raging between the church and the sectaries or at least the sectarian tendency, and the players who had interests as well as sympathies concerned, fanned the flames. In consequence, in 1589, Lord Burleigh not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. The war of pamphlets concerning the consti-

tution and discipline of the church at this time is known as the Martin Marprelate controversy, and among the chief writers on the side of the attack were more than one who commanded the double utterance of both printing press and public stage.

"There was not only one Martin Marprelate," says Izaak Walton, "but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed,—books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disclaimed them an answer. And yet those were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen."

John Lyly, whose prose play of *Alexander and Campaspe* was printed and acted in Shakespeare's twentieth year, was forward in the fray, with a pamphlet, pleasantly entitled "*Pap with a Hatchet*;" and Gabriel Harvey, an intimate friend of Spenser and also embroiled in a personal controversy with Nash, confronted the now plain spoken Euphuist, and, in a pamphlet dated from Trinity Hall, furnishes illustration of the atmosphere of heat and fury amidst which Shakespeare lived and wrought and still remained—

"That same gentle shepherd, from whose tongue  
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow'd."

Nash had written, "*Methought Vetus Comædia* began to prick him at London in the right vein, when he brought forth Divinity with a scratched face, holding of her heart, as if she were sick, because Martin would have forced her; but missing of his purpose, he left the print of his nails upon her cheeks, and poisoned her with a vomit, which he ministered unto her to make her cast up her dignities." By *Vetus Comædia*, Nash of course alludes to the Old Comedy of Athens, with its bold treatment of matters of state and individual character, whether by way of personation or personification. When this license was checked, the new comedy of Menander arose, and the succession of the drama of Shakespeare to a like condition of the stage is but part of a general parallel between the development of the art in England and in Greece. Lyly may be quoted to the same effect:—"Would these come-



*dies* might be allowed to be played that are penned, and then I am sure he [Martin Marprelate] would be *deciphered*, and so perhaps *discouraged*."

To these attacks and menaces Gabriel Harvey gives a straight blow in return :—

"I am threatened with a Babel and Martin menaced with a comedy—a fit motion for a jester and a player, to try what may be done by employment of his faculty. Babels and Comedies are parlous fellows to *decipher* and *discourage* men (that is the point) with their witty flouts and learned jerks, enough to lash any man out of countenance. Nay, if you shake the painted scabbard at me, I have done; and all you that tender the preservation of your good names were best to please Pap-hatchet and fee Euphues betimes, for fear lest he be moved, or some of his apes hired, to make a play of you, and then is your credit quite undone for ever and ever. Such is the public reputation of their plays. He must be needs *discouraged* whom they *decipher*. Better anger an hundred other than two such that have the stage at commandment, and can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure."—"The stately tragedy scorneth the trifling comedy, and the trifling comedy flouteth the new ruffianism."

Of the proceedings of Lord Burleigh's commission—the Master of the Revels, with a divine selected by the Primate, and a "sufficient person, learned and of judgment," by the Lord Mayor,—no record remains. They had in charge to obtain from the players "their books, and thereupon to strike out or reform such part or matters as they shall find unfit or indecent to be handled in plays, both of divinity and state," and it appears probable that authority showed itself sufficiently in earnest to repress the chief abuse easily, and then fell gently asleep again.

The offensive and often scurrilous polemics of the stage about this time,—still I have no doubt often very witty and amusing,—which fully account for the picture of it given by Spenser, by no means exclusively engrossed it. Within the same few years its poetical character had changed, to some extent sympathetically, and tragic verse escaped from rhyme to riot in extravagances which were in quite as marked a contrast to the tone of Shakespeare's verse and the spirit of his ideal art, and, I think, denounced as equally repugnant to the taste of Spenser.

However extensive may have been the employment of blank verse on the stage previously, it appears to have been first established as the proper vehicle of tragedy through the effect which was given to it by Christopher Marlowe. The absence of documentary evidence forbids us to say positively that it may not have been effectively employed still earlier by Shakespeare; but still it would remain that the very extravagances with which Marlowe connected it associated it with his name. It is not safe to infer dates from mere indications of skilfulness and style; the blank verse of Marlowe is harmonized with a much happier variety of pause than that of any other of his competitors but Shakespeare; but this may have been because he was superior in genius, not later in time. Even he cannot be placed in comparison with Shakespeare for a moment, in the power of vivifying and sustaining a rhythmical period of any length without monotony or jar, much less an entire scene of numerous interchanges. In this respect, the praise of sweetness belongs as little to him as to the others; and that of tempered gentleness must assuredly be quite set aside. His Tamburlaine, as we have seen, was alluded to in 1588, and may have been known the previous year, when he graduated M. A. and, no doubt, left the university. In the Prologue he professes,—

“ From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,  
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine  
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms;”

a promise he redeems in this wise,—

“ Where'er I come the fatal sisters sweat  
And grisly death, by running to and fro  
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;  
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,  
Since I arrived with my triumphant host,  
Have swelling clouds drawn from wide-gasping wounds,  
Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers;  
A meteor that might terrify the earth  
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.”

This is evidently the vein that is referred to in an

angry allusion to stage blank verse by Nash in his epistle prefixed to his friend Greene's *Menaphon*, in 1587, though he lived to be at least accessory to it in his co-authorship with Marlowe. He ridicules "the servile imitation of vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poet's immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly Bull by the dew-lap." He satirizes their "drumming decasyllibon," and says they "think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." The last terms, it will be observed, are the same that Greene made use of some five years later, in his splenetic denouncement of Shakespeare, seizing in his anger the readiest weapon, and imputing, where it was least in place, the fault that elsewhere was all but universal. The last plaint of Polyhymnia, in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, I cannot but think has reference to this double revolution of metre and of taste:—

"A doleful case desires a doleful song,  
Without vain arts or curious complements,  
And squalid fortune into baseness flung,  
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments;  
Then fittest are these ragged rhymes for me,  
To tell my sorrows that exceeding be.

"For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,  
With which I wont the winged words to tie,  
And make a tuneful diapase of pleasures,  
Now being let to run at liberty  
By those which have no skill to rule them right,  
Have now quite lost their natural delight.

"Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously,  
With horrid sound, though having little sense,  
They think to be chief praise of poetry,  
And thereby wanting due intelligence,  
Have marred the face of goodly Poesie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie."

On the whole, the dramatic ideal of Spenser, no dramatist himself, was assuredly realized by Shakespeare alone, and it is most likely was penned after the realization, for

which a single one of his original dramas would suffice for so fine a poetical appreciation.

In 1593, the year after Greene's death, Christopher Marlowe came to a violent end, struck through the eye into the brain with his own dagger, in an unhappy brawl, which the enemies of his sentiments and profession have no doubt made the worst of. In the same year the theatres in London were closed, by order of Privy Council, as a precaution against the spread of the plague; a little previously, the prohibition of plays on Sundays had been confirmed in an order, which also restricted performances on a Thursday, which the Bearwards, suffering by competition of wit, claimed as appropriated to bear-baiting by ancient custom.

In this year Shakespeare published his *Venus and Adonis*, prefixing the following dedication to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, a young nobleman of twenty, or nine years the poet's junior;

"Right Honourable,

"I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

"Your honour's in all duty,

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

The rapidity with which the poem was reprinted proves its instant popularity, and this was long sustained; at the present time, I apprehend, it is but little read, and perhaps still less admired; and the same may be said of the *Rape of Lucrece*, published in the ensuing year, and dedicated to the same nobleman. Probably, however, no powers but those of Shakespeare could have produced them in their only too indiscriminate and exhausting concentration of intellect, imagination, and fancy. It is



likely they were written in early days at Stratford ; and in their minute finishing of external and internal delineation they appear like the early conscientious copies of natural detail, that genius subjects itself to as discipline before it obtains the rights and the mastery of its creative power.

The second dedication has lost much of the formal ceremoniousness of the first—is expressed in terms indeed, which, considering the time, imply almost the familiarity of private friendship and personal attachment, perhaps obligation.

“ The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

“ Your lordship’s in all duty,

“ WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.”

With every disposition to be squeamish in such matters, we cannot but see that even the first dedication is independence itself, as compared with the terms addressed by Nash to the same patron about the same period :—“ Incomprehensible is the height of your spirit, both in heroic resolution and matters of conceit ; unreprievably perisheth that book whatsoever to waste paper, which on the diamond rock of your judgment disasterly chanceth to be shipwrecked.” Florio’s dedication of his “ World of Words” to the Earl, in 1598, is remarkably parallel to Shakespeare’s—to the same effect it may be, only less delicately worded :—“ In truth, I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of my best knowledge but of all ; yea, of more than I can or know to your bounteous lordship, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years ; to whom I owe and vow the years I have to live. But as to me, and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honour hath infused light and life.” Nash calls him “ a dear lover and cherisher as well of the

lovers of poets as of poets themselves." There is, therefore, no doubt that the tradition was true, in the main, that came down to Rowe through D'avenant, "that my Lord Southampton at one time gave Shakespeare a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he had heard he had a mind to." Tradition is not to be trusted for figures,—the value of money at that time was four or five times the present,—but however large the sum may have been, the wonder, without precedent as without imitation, is not that a nobleman should have parted with it so freely, but that he should have had such an opportunity of bestowing it worthily, and availed himself of it. It will be time enough to consider the propriety of the acceptance of the gift when we know time, amount, and circumstances; in the meantime we may rest confident in all that is known of the poet, giving no colour of suspicion that his self-respect was jeopardized. His largest purchases were made some years later; and it is more agreeable as well as consistent to date the incident some years later, than to connect it with the building of the Globe Theatre at this date by Richard Burbage, for anything that appears, from his own resources.

The Globe was commenced at Bankside in December, 1593, a wooden structure, on an octagonal plan. To judge from the drawings of these old theatres that remain, the internal galleries were protected by a roof, of which the eaves sloped outwards only, while the central pit or yard was hypæthral, or open to the sky, and the portion of the plan that was occupied by the stage and tiring rooms was covered, and surmounted by apartments for dwelling or storage of properties and wardrobe. It was probably much larger than the Blackfriars theatre formed out of converted rooms, but, of course, was only suitable for summer, and for performances by daylight; whereas at the private theatres the daylight itself seems often to have been excluded; though not always, as mention occurs of the darkening of private theatres by clapping to the windows, when a scene of night or

dismalness was to be acted. The foppish custom of privileged spectators sitting on the stage on stools, with pages attendant, was a source of standing annoyance to the general audience, but stood its ground in an age of personal display against outcry, satire, and expense.

The curtains in front of the stage ran upon a rod, and opened in the centre, and the stage itself seems to have had an enclosure of arras, answering the purpose of our side scenes, and towards the back where they were called traverses, they could be drawn and undrawn as required. In the centre of the stage, at the back, was a secondary stage, which may have been more or less permanent, and was of frequent employment in aid of the bold treatment by the dramatists of space generally as well as time. The break of level was assumed to account for any distance of perspective, and thus a double action might proceed in the same scene as independently as the several actions disposed at different heights, but of like scale, are depicted in a mediæval painting or on a panel of the gates of Ghiberti. Thus the ghosts might turn from Richard to Richmond, shown as sleeping in separate camps, or a double dialogue might proceed within a room and without.

In the way of scenery, the utmost that was attempted or cared for seems to have been to put such fixed properties on and about the stage as would suggest the scene required. Tombs, rocks, hell-mouths, steeples, beacons, and trees are found in lists of properties, and also cities and battlements. The accounts of the Revels show that for plays before the court there were devices for counterfeiting thunder and lightning, for exhibiting the sun breaking through a cloud, burning mountains, a battlement of canvas; and payment was made for painting "seven cities, one country house, one battlement, a mount, and two great cloths." Graves and trap-doors, ascents and descents from heaven were also provided for. The stage is constantly spoken of as strewn with rushes—the custom even of palace-chambers,—on occasion, by excess of refinement, it was matted. In

Shakespeare's company several actors of eminence played on different instruments, and the band of eight or ten performers is supposed to have sat in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box.

The audience was not satisfied with costume at so cheap a rate as with scenery; personal bedizenment was the rule of the court and the weakness of the time, and the stage could not lag far behind the coxcombs who sate on stools about the front of it. Mythological personages were fitted out with some degree of appropriateness: as to the foreign and remotely historical, it would not be easy to say at what point the line was even usually drawn. It seems probable that something at least was done to show a difference from contemporary habits, and this is all the compromise that is necessary where the drama itself is the main interest.

Female parts were always sustained by males.

The names of the principal actors in Shakespeare's plays are printed at the beginning of the first edition of 1623, but with no statement of their several parts. Whatever excellence there may have been among the rest, it is only of two, Richard Burbage, chief in tragedy, and William Kemp in comedy, that enough seems to have been said to constitute special renown. This may lead us to think that the faintness of the tradition of Shakespeare's own powers as an actor is not inconsistent with his considerable merit. Rowe's inference from all he could gather was, that he was not distinguished as an extraordinary actor. "His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and, though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet." A late tradition, reported by Capell and Oldys, imports that he played old Adam in *As You Like It*; and another, that he personated a king before Queen Elizabeth, who essayed to disturb his majesty by a mischievous recog-



nition. Davies, his contemporary, in his "Scourge of Folly," has these verses:—

"TO OUR ENGLISH TERENCE, MR. WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Had'st thou not played some kingly parts in sport,  
Thou hadst bin a companion for a king,  
And been a king among the meaner sort.  
Some others rail; but rail as they think fit,  
Thou hast no railing but a reigning wit:  
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reap,  
So to increase their stock which they do keep."

Besides allusions that are obscure, but perhaps not impossible to clear up, this notice corresponds with the tradition last cited, if it did not originate it, that Shakespeare not unfrequently took the kingly part,—a part, it must be said, which, as a rule, does not make large demands on histrionic talent; in general stateliness or earnestness the part of the Ghost in Hamlet has also a certain agreement with that of old Adam, which would lead us to think that the histrionic vein of the poet was not the light and voluble or the vehemently impassioned, though probably more exalted than the dull and level line of the "heavy fathers" of the modern classification.

The Shakespearian characters that Burbage is known to have represented are, Shylock, Richard III., Prince Henry, Romeo, Henry V., Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Pericles, Coriolanus; like Garrick and Kean he was below the middle height, and is thus characterized by Richard Flecknoe in a description of "an excellent actor," which he afterwards versified and applied directly to Burbage:—

"He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his clothes as he never (not so much as in the 'tiring house') assumed himself again, until the play was done. . . . He had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words with speaking, and speech with action, his auditors being never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry than when he held his peace: yet even then he was an excellent actor still, never failing in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the height, &c."

Will Kemp was considered not an unworthy successor of Tarlton, whose extemporising powers he emulated by those additions to his parts that Shakespeare denounces in Hamlet with so little mercy. The secret of his popularity does not appear in his original Merriments that have come down, but this is the fate of extemporisers; his contemporaries relished him highly, and have left many allusions to his wit and whim, both off the stage and on it. We have to thank the carelessness of old copyists or printers, who sometimes put the actor's name for that of his part, for knowing that he was the original Dogberry of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*.

We have the statement of Malone, a credible witness, that in "some tract," of which he had forgotten to preserve the title, John Heminge, one of the original editors of the plays, was said to have been the original performer of Falstaff.

The leading members of the company so far as their wills have been traced, appear to have acquired considerable property; they are for the most part family men and householders, and take and rather rejoice in the style of gentlemen, and do not forget to leave tokens of attachment to their surviving fellows, whose kindly memory they evidently count upon and prize.

The Globe theatre, by its construction, was unadapted for performances in winter, the capaciousness attained probably not admitting of its being readily covered in; at this season, therefore, the performances were transferred to the Blackfriars theatre, the adapted structure of James Burbage; and we may accept it as a proof of the success of the first speculation, that within three years, in 1596, the company are found entering upon the enlargement of this house also, and there was at least a report that they had purchased a portion of the residence of Sir William More in aid of their plan. It is from a letter of Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, and their own patron and neighbour, who was anxious to take the premises in question, that the scheme is dated in January, 1595-6.

The old opposition revived in full force, and some inhabitants of the precinct seizing the moment apparently when the building was dismantled, if not razed, petitioned the council to forbid its reconstruction altogether. This produced the following counter petition, and the result was, that by the 3rd of May, the Council had decided to give leave "to make good the decay of the said house, but not to make the same larger than in former time hath been." The restriction might be variously interpreted, and let us hope that architect's ingenuity effectively evaded it.

"To the Right Honourable the Lords of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Heminge, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Sly, Nicholas Tooley and others, servants to the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty:

"Sheweth most humbly, that your petitioners are owners and players of the private house or theatre in the precinct or liberty of the Blackfriars, which hath been for many years used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, comedies, histories, interludes and plays. That the same, by reason of its having been so long built hath fallen into great decay, and that besides, the reparation thereof, it has been found necessary to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto. That to this end your petitioners have all and each of them put down sums of money according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quality of stage players: but that certain persons, (some of them of honour,) inhabitants of the said precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars, have, as your petitioners are informed, besought your honourable Lordships not to permit the said private house any longer to remain open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injury of your petitioners, who have no other means whereby to maintain their wives and families but by the exercise of their quality, as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your petitioners are able to play at their new-built house on the Bankside, called the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars, and if your honourable Lordships give consent unto that which is prayed against your petitioners, they will not only while the winter endures lose the means whereby they now support themselves and their families, but be unable to practise themselves in any plays or interludes when called upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Majesty and her honourable

court as they have been heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your petitioners therefore is, that your honourable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun, and as your petitioners have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honourable Lordships will not inhibit them from acting in their above named private house, in the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars, and your petitioners as in duty most bounden will ever pray for the increasing honour and happiness of your honourable Lordships."

The four years 1596-99, furnish a fuller cluster of facts for the biography of the poet than occurs in any other part of his career, and this is the more satisfactory as he had then attained the acme both of his genius and his fortune,—an acme, however, not preceding decline, for he sustained the elevation to the last.

As regards the annals of his art, it is in 1597-8 that Francis Meres furnishes the celebrated notice of his works and reputation, so often referred to, in his "*Palladis Tamia*," "*Wit's Treasury*" being the second part of "*Wit's Commonwealth*."

"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, &c.

"As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for tragedy and comedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labours Lost*, his *Love's Labours Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speak with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English."

An Epigram by Weever, published in 1599, must have been written about the same time,—it runs thus,—not throughout very intelligibly.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

"Honey-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue  
I swore Apollo got them and none other;  
Their rosy-tainted features clothed in tissue



Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother.  
 Rose-cheekt Adonis with his amber tresses,  
 Fair fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,  
 Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,  
 Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her;  
 Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not;  
 Their sugar'd tongues and power attractive (qy. power-attractive) beauty  
 Say they are saints, although that saints they show not,  
 For thousand vows (qy. thousands vow) to them subjective duty.  
 They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare, let them:  
 Go, woo thy muse! more nymphish brood beget them."

It is conjectured, I think with probability, that the Love's Labours Won mentioned by Meres, is to be considered as another name for All's Well that Ends Well, as we know that Henry VIII. was acted with the secondary title of All is True. Reckoning the two parts of Henry IV. as two plays, and adding the three parts of Henry VI., two of which at least had been already printed, we have proximate dates for sixteen plays, and to these we may add from internal evidence, as impossible to have been written later, The Taming of the Shrew, and Pericles. The prologue of Henry V. dates it in 1599, and at this point, therefore, we can bring history and biography into immediate contact with the matters of fact they aim to represent.

Richard II., Richard III. and Romeo and Juliet were printed in 1597, and Henry IV., Part I., and Love's Labours Lost the following year. In 1599, Romeo and Juliet was reprinted, corrected and augmented. In 1600, Henry IV., Part II., Titus Andronicus, The Merchant of Venice; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Henry V.; and Much Ado about Nothing; the two latter not in Mere's list.

Most of these editions are sufficient and accurate, and some have distinct signs of having been printed from play-house copies, in accidental substitutions of actors' names, as in the stage direction, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson," a transcript, it may be, of Shakespeare's own handwriting. From this date editions of the new plays become rare, accurate editions

rarer, and the players seem to have had an interest in keeping their copies for their exclusive use, and to have attended to it more carefully. Many of these better editions are without the author's name on the title-page, and thus without the stamp of his sanction.

In 1597, the tendency of the London players to bring matter seditious and scandalous on the stage, was severely checked by menaces of suppression, and it was probably because so little of the threat was performed that Thomas Nash ventured to indulge his special vein in a play called the *Isle of Dogs*, of which no more is known than that in the performance the players, the Lord Admiral's men, added enough to make it still more offensive. Nash was arrested with others and sent to the Fleet, his papers seized, and the piece forbidden. Two houses, the Theatre and the Curtain, in Shoreditch, seem to have been particularly adventurous on this dangerous ground, though all the companies in the numerous London theatres were occasional transgressors. The sharp competition arising from numbers, probably acted as incitement to each to season their entertainments with salt that Shakespeare could afford to dispense with altogether.

The year 1598, which witnessed the extinction of one great light of Elizabethan poetry, Spenser,—the cold obstructor of his mistress's favour, Burleigh, died the same year,—is the date of the earliest play of Ben Jonson, then in his twenty-fourth year, *Every Man in his Humour*. Rowe relates, "that Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature." Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players; it would have been rejected perhaps contemptuously but for Shakespeare, who "cast his eye upon it and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public;" in other words, to cause the first essay to be represented, and to encourage more. This tradition might very easily in-

deed have come down to Rowe through the many intimates of Ben Jonson, and it is confirmed by the notice in Jonson's own edition, that the play was first acted in 1598, and by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, Shakespeare's company, he himself taking one of the principal parts. It is one of many that cannot be positively proved, but can be readily believed; the existence of the tradition is probably proof enough that the act is one that Shakespeare was capable of, nay, that if he did not do precisely this he did some other kindness to Jonson very much like it, however indifferently reported. Jonson had need this year of all the friendship at his call, for in September he had a duel with Gabriel Spencer, a player in Henslowe's company, and slew him, receiving himself a wound in the arm from his adversary's sword, "ten inches longer" than his own.

The ill-starred absence of Essex in Ireland, in 1599, extended from March to September, and it was in the summer comprised in this interval that Henry V. was first brought out at the Globe, and the chorus expressed the national hopes for the success of the popular favourite. Later in the year, after his return and disgrace, we meet in a private letter with an allusion to the occupation of his friend Lord Southampton, the patron also, if not rather, friend of Shakespeare.—"My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland come not to the court (it was then at Nonsuch); the one doth but very seldom. They pass away the time in London, merely in going to plays every day. 11th October, 1599." The two noblemen were connected by marriage with Essex, and were under a cloud with him.

In this year a small collection of poems was published under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim," with William Shakespeare's name on the title-page, though many of them, it may be most, were notoriously by other poets. Heywood, in claiming his own, referred to Shakespeare's displeasure; "but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M.

Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."

We have seen that in the previous year Meres alluded to "sugared sonnets" by Shakespeare circulated among his private friends, and it is probable, that at this date he had already written the series that did not get into print until 1609, when they came out with the "Lover's Complaint." Jaggard's collection includes two, which with slight variations correspond with two in the larger collection, numbered 138 and 144. The first of these is addressed to a mistress by a lover, who speaks of himself as "old," as "past the best." The other alludes to a friend, and also a mistress,—a fair youth, a dark woman, and expresses mistrust of a design of the latter to seduce the friend. These themes recur in the larger collection, of which the origin to this extent is carried up to the year 1599 at latest, and probably to a year before the mention of them by Meres, when Shakespeare was thirty-three. This is not too early for his allusions to age to be applicable to himself, considering that he speaks of the fortieth year as confirmed old age.

The first nineteen sonnets are addressed to a youthful friend, and their common purport is to urge his personal beauty as a motive for him to marry: the argument is pursued in much the same terms which Viola addresses to Olivia, Theseus to Hermia, Parolles to Helena, even we may say, Venus to Adonis,—the provident anticipation of beauteous offspring, to succeed and continue existing but transitory beauty. There is, however, something very remote and constrained in the anxiety of a friend, as it comes forward here, and hence a forced artificiality pervades the verses, ingenious as they are, and the effect is far from congenial. I presume the explanation of this must be, that the tone as well as the form of the sonnet was accepted as conventional; this is pretty clear from comparison of the sonnets of the time: subtlety and ingenuity in varying and wire-drawing a sentiment, and art in completing an idea within the settled limits, in making it quite fill them and but just



fill them, these were achievements of more consequence than the subject itself, and most esteemed when most independent of subject. Sonnet writers for generations had sacrificed primary interest to dexterity in plaiting and twining and interlacing the motives of a very restricted subject, and hence it was natural, indeed was fitting, for him who would write sonnets, to choose a theme that would not suffer by, and would rather assist, such treatment; whether it were worth while attempting such theme or style at all may be a question, but the attempt prescribed the conditions, and whims will have their vent as well as stronger impulses. Felicities of expression, fantasies of imagery, flutter among the lines of the sonnet as various-feathered birds among the tanglement of a summer thicket.

In another series, more or less continuous, but for very disorderly arrangement, this theme is dropt, and the beauty of the youth is celebrated with his moral excellence and the affectionate regard of the poet, and the perishableness of beauty is placed in contrast with the persistence of affection. This series is much more profound and genuine than the former, but still not so much so as to forfeit the charter of sonneteers, which forbids that sentiment should ever extricate itself quite from sentimentality. Neither is sentimentalism wanting, though it stoops its very lowest in the other sonnets that upbraid the friend for robbing him of his mistress, and forgive him in the same breath. Had we a full biography of the poet with all its surroundings, we might explain much that is obscure in these remarkable effusions, but by no process that I can conceive, may we hope to recover from them allusions to facts and gain assistance to illustrate and reanimate the life.

The publication of 1609 was dedicated by the publisher to "Mr. W. H. as the only begetter of the sonnets,"—the cause and occasion of them, we interpret,—with wish for the eternity promised by the poet, an allusion to the eighty-first sonnet. The sonnets 134 and 135 have been understood rather rashly as showing that the friend's

name, like that of the poet, was William. From the general tone of the poems, and from some particular expressions, it has also been assumed that the friend addressed was superior in social rank to the writer.

Who was he? Was he in truth any one, or a mere phantasma of sonneteering brain? Some have conjectured the Earl of Southampton, and taken the initials in reverse order for Henry Wriothesley; more consistently, at least, it has been held by others, that they indicate William Herbert, who was, it is true, Earl of Pembroke, in 1609, when the collection was published, but not when they were probably written, having only become so in 1601—in 1597 he was only seventeen. The terms in which the dedication of the first folio declares the attachment of this noble pair to the person and poetry of Shakespeare, have been further quoted to show that such familiarity as he assumes, was not improper or impossible. Clarendon speaks of Pembroke as "the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age, of excellent parts and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning and a ready wit to apply it." In elder life he was not exempt from the weaknesses and frailties, that as we have said, beset the sensitive and the sympathetic—here, however, we leave the discussion, convinced that for my own part I am not likely to advance, still less to settle, even the preliminaries of a decision.

Turning back for the notes of domestic and personal incidents during these last four or five years, we soon come upon a series of indications of the poet's worldly prosperity, and of his disposition to make his native place the scene of his enjoyment of it. Here not only still lived his father and mother, but his own wife and family, and here, in August, 1596, his only son Hamnet, in his eleventh year, died and was buried. It is as futile to speculate as to sentimentalize on a loss of which we only know the fact. It may have been sudden, may have been expected, a blow or a blessing, variously mingled as are the elements of good and evil. Who without proof

at hand shall speak of their proportions in a special case ? Still, we may say thus much ; Shakespeare's disposition of his property by his will proves that he had a feeling for transmitting the bulk of his acquisitions in a mass,—of founding a family in the sense of providing, by strict entail, that the chief of his descendants should be always able to maintain the standing of gentleman that he himself had won, or as he might be disposed to say—recovered. In this very year of 1596, is found a draft of arms—the sanction of gentry, which had been applied for at the herald's office, probably somewhat earlier, in the name of his father, but doubtless on the motion of his now wealthy and distinguished son. The hope and joy of male succession is naturally bound up with these feelings, and the loss of it causes them a pang that is severe even when from the suffering of tenderer affections it is entirely secondary. A domestic affliction is constantly the turning point in the busiest and most eager lives ; there is proof enough that however severe the stroke may have been, it did not paralyze the energies or the imagination of Shakespeare, but I am not certain that we may not trace its effect on some of his views, and some of his habits, from the changes he makes at this time in his property. In the Easter term of the following year he bought a dwelling-house, one of the best at Stratford, known as New Place, where he settled his family and at last died himself, and in succeeding years we find him bent on transferring his gains from London to Warwickshire, still guided in his investments by a certain regard for advancement or establishment in standing, as dependent on their form.

New Place is described in an instrument of the purchase as consisting of one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances ; the site is the angle of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, immediately adjoining the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, (qy. Holy Cross,) the purchase money was £60, to be reckoned as equal to about five times that sum at present.

In the same year his father sold a small portion of the

premises in Henley Street—of which it appears by the deed he was still in occupation, for £2, probably a matter of accommodation to the neighbour who bought it: he is styled *yeoman* in the deed,—the grant of arms and gentry applied for not being yet completed. The original draft of this sets forth what was of course supplied by the applicants and willingly received by the heralds at hands that came with money in them:—

“That the parents and late antecessors of John Shakespeare, were, for their valiant and faithful service, advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince, King Henry the Seventh, of famous memory, sithence which time they have continued at those parts in good reputation and credit, and that the said John having married Mary, daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote, in the said county, gent. &c. &c.”

From a MS. in Heralds' College, “the answer of Garter and Clarencieux Kings of Arms, to a libellous scroll against certain arms supposed to be wrongfully given,” it seems that the arms given to Shakespeare were objected to as being in effect those of another family, and also on the ground that John Shakespeare was not entitled to arms by position or estate. The antiquaries do not seem to have considered whose bearings were so similar as to be interfered with; for the rest of the charge the heralds make note—“This John hath a patierne thereof under Clarence Cookes hand in paper, xx years past.—A justice of peace, was bailiff, officer, and chief of the town of Stratford upon Avon 15 or 16 years past.—That he hath lands and tenements of good wealth and substance, £500.—That he married a daughter and heir of Arden, a gent. of worship.”

The heralds evidently desired only to be protected by a plausibility; and for the rest, the rule was admitted that those who were not in trade, and could afford arms, should have them. Mary Arden's parents and antecessors were accepted as those of her husband; the son's estate was ascribed to the father, a magistracy by office was passed off as a magistracy by commission, Robert Arden *agricola* becomes a gentleman of worship in virtue of his family name, and, last of all, Clarence Cooke, who



is safe, dead and gone, is made responsible for a grant of arms that appears nowhere in his records, and, indeed, is not referred to in the first draft of 1596. The objectors got nothing by their jealousy. I have noted a conjecture elsewhere, that it was through favouring them that Sir Thomas Lucy provoked Shakespeare to bring his own old coat into contempt. However this may be, in 1599 we have another draft, which incorporates all the pleas of defence, and positively outsteps the original, by purporting to be a confirmation of the ancient coat of arms granted by Clarencieux Cooke when John Shakespeare was high bailiff—a palpable invention since 1596, and also permitting him to impale the ancient arms of Arden; and when the business was finished, Shakespeare may have allowed himself a hearty laugh at the process of becoming a gentleman born, and having been so “any time within these two hours.”

In the meantime, in 1597, he appears to have looked forward to the possibility of recovering his mother's estate of Asbyes from the family of the Lamberts, whose somewhat equivocal acquisition of it we have already alluded to. The records of the suit, of which the conclusion is unknown, is at least so far in favour of the Shakespeares, that their plea is much more circumstantial than the defendant's, and that John Lambert of Barton on the Heath does not pretend to say that they ever had full value for it, though he suggests that an improved value from conclusion of a lease, is the motive and temptation of their proceedings. Whether the matter was compromised, or how otherwise, is not to be said; and we must not read literally what the plaintiffs put forward of utter deficiency of wealth and influence as compared with their opponent.

The winter of 1597-8 was one of high prices and scarcity, which pressed more hardly upon Stratford from some disastrous fires that occurred there. A return of stocks of corn and malt in the town shows that Shakespeare's family was well cared for, their note being ten quarters. His father's name does not appear in the list,

but it might be hasty to assume that the two homes were now united at New Place. At the date of the return, February 4, Shakespeare himself was in London. This, with much else curious and interesting, we learn from a letter of Alderman Sturley—the correspondent is not named, but is apparently Richard Quiney.

"Most loving and beloved in the Lord, in plain English, we remember you in the Lord and ourselves unto you; I pray God send you comfortably home. This is one special remembrance from your father's motion; it seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakspeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard land or other at Shottery, or near about us; he thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithes. By the instructions you can give him thereof, and by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at, and not impossible to hit. It obtained would advance him indeed, and would do us much good. Hoc movere et quantum in te est permovere ne negligas hoc enim et sibi et nobis maximi erit momenti: Illic labor hoc opus esset eximie et glorie et laudis sibi.

"You understand, brother, that our neighbours are grown with the wants they feel through the dearthness of corn (we hear is beyond any all other countries that I can hear of, dear and ever dear) malcontent; they have assembled together in a great number, and travelled to Sir Thos. Lucy on Friday last, to complain of our maltster; on Sunday to Sir Fulk Greville and Sir John Conway. I should have said, on Wednesday to Sir Ed. Grevill first. There is a meeting here expected to-morrow. The Lord knoweth to what end it will sort! Thos. West, returned from the two knights of the woodland, came home so full, that he said to Mr. Bailey that night, he hoped within a week to lead of them in a halter, meaning the maltsters; and I hope, said John Grannama, if God send my Lord of Essex down shortly, to see them hanged on gibbets at their own doors."

And this, with other news, as of the great bell broken and the bridge pavement mended, was no doubt retailed with other hints and suggestions to our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, who, as events prove, would consider it all very much to his proceeding purpose.

At the end of 1598, Richard Quiney was in London, housed at the Bell Inn, in Carter Lane, on business of the Stratford Corporation, endeavouring to obtain some easement of public burdens, to alleviate the effects of the recent conflagrations. In a hasty interval he addressed

this letter to Shakespeare, which is still preserved, with address and signature and seal:—

“ Loving countryman, I am bold of you, as of a friend craving your help with xxx li. upon Mr. Bushell’s and my security, or Mr. Mytten’s with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London as yet, and I have especial cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London, I thank God, and much quiet my mind, which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court, in hope of answer for the dispatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord willing; and now but persuade yourself so, as I hope, and you shall not need to fear but with all hearty thankfulness I will hold my time, and content your friend, and if we bargain farther, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care, and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste; the Lord be with you and with us all, Amen!

“ From the Bell, in Carter Lane, the 25 October, 1598.

“ Yours in all kindness,

“ RIC. QUINEY.”

“ To my loving good friend and countryman  
Mr. Willm. Shackespere deliver these.”

It seems to have been on the same day, and after receiving a not unfavourable answer to the above, that Quiney wrote home a letter, to which we have the reply from Abraham Sturley; it is highly characteristic, and in style and tenor reminds not a little of Shallow’s intermingling quotations from the Psalmist and current prices of live stock. Here, however, can only be found room for the commencement:—

“ Nov. 4, 1598. All health, happiness of suit, and welfare be multiplied unto you and your labours in God our father by Christ our Lord.

“ Your letter of the 25th Oct. came to my hands the last of the same at night, per Greenway, which imported a stay of suits by Sir Edward Greville’s advice, until, &c. and that only you should follow on for tax and sub. presently, and also your travail and hindrance of answer therein by your long travail and th’ affairs of the court; and that our countryman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us money, which I will like of, as I shall hear when and where and how; and I pray let not go that occasion if it may sort to any indifferent condition.”

The scanty incidents that can be gleaned for Shakespeare’s biography in the three last years of Elizabeth—

those of the disgrace, outbreak, trial, and execution of Essex, and the imprisonment of his friend Lord Southampton—are speedily chronicled.

In 1600, the Stratford register gives the birth of William Hart, son of Shakespeare's sister Joan and her husband William Hart, latter: in July of the same year died the Sir Thomas Lucy of Shakespeare's youth and manhood, transmitting his dignities to his son. On the 8th of September, 1601, is recorded the burial of John Shakespeare, leaving a widow, who survived him seven years to a day. In May, 1602, Gilbert Shakespeare completed for his brother William, then absent from Stratford, an important purchase from William and John Combe, of 107 acres of arable land; in September of the same year he acquired a house or cottage in Dead Lane, opposite New Place; and lastly, purchased a messuage, with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for £60. In this year died his correspondent Richard Quiney. On the 17th of December, 1602, the corporation ordered, "that there shall be no plays or interludes played in the chamber, the gildhall, nor in any part of the house or court from henceforward, upon pain that whosoever of the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses of this borough shall give leave or licence thereunto shall forfeit for every offence x s." It is pleasant to find that the order failed of its effect for ten years, when, in 1612, the penalty was raised to £10. "The inconvenience of plays being seriously considered of, with the unlawfulness, and how contrary the sufferance of them is against the orders heretofore made, and against the examples of other well governed cities and boroughs, &c. &c." Such is the unsympathetic greeting that the dramatic poet of all time was likely to find when he turned again to settle in his own country and among his own kindred; and who shall blame him if he made it an object to take his place among persons of a rank rather better in other respects besides occupation, than the former corporate companions of his father—according to Rowe, and to indications in his will, among "the gentlemen of the neighbourhood."



In 1600, Henry IV. Part II., Henry V., Titus Andronicus, and Much Ado About Nothing were printed, and As You Like It was entered in the Stationers' books. In 1602 the Merry Wives of Windsor is found in print; and the Diary of a Barrister records a performance of Twelfth Night, or What You Will, on the 2nd of February, in Middle Temple Hall. If we may trust the genuineness of an interlined memorandum in the Ellesmere papers, Othello was played on the 6th of August this year, for the solace of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, in the last visit she ever paid to one of her nobility, and within six months of her death, at Harefield Place, the seat of Lord Keeper Egerton.

On March 23, 1602-3, Queen Elizabeth died; with her died many a fantastic folly, but also a sympathy with the better spirit of the nation that was wanting on the English throne for many a long year after. The arts, however, had still a respite; and general tradition, and the warrant of Ben Jonson, assure us that James was no unworthy successor of Elizabeth, at least as an appreciator of the Shakespearian drama.

“ Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James.”

On the allusion to the Queen in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and on her suggestion of the love misadventures in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I have commented in the *Essays* on those plays. Chettle, in his “*England's Mourning Garment*,” 1603, complains of Shakespeare, with other poets, neglecting to elegeize her memory:—

“ Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear  
To mourn her death that graced his desert,  
And to his lays opened her royal ear.  
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin death.”

In the terms employed by Chettle, there is a suggestion that he at least recognized as Shakespeare's—the honied

streams of the lamentation of Spenser's Gentle Shepherd in a similar stanza, p. xlix.

The players stood well for the new reign: James's taste for the drama had already declared itself in Scotland: as early as 1589, we find an English company, called "Her Majesties Players," at the Scottish court, but this title was given to more than one company, and I do not find proof that Shakespeare's, "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," were ever so styled. At a later date, 1599, James is found braving the ministers of Edinburgh by licensing a company of English comedians to play within the burgh, in spite of sermons, and acts of session, and threats of church censure on people resorting to them. In October, 1601, the company called, for the occasion at least, the King's servants, are found at Aberdeen, with special recommendation of his Majesty to the Provost, Bailiff, and Council, and on the strength of it receive thirty marks for their performances; and, by the like recommendation, the freedom of the borough is conferred among others of various degrees, from knight to trumpeter, upon "Laurence Fletcher, comedian to his Majesty." Of the origin and previous history of Laurence Fletcher nothing is known, and nothing, we may safely say, of the company he leads at this time. On the accession of James, however, to the English throne, he returned to England; and in an early patent, which probably his influence obtained, is associated with Shakespeare and his fellows. James's proclamation before entering London denounced the impious profanation of the Sabbath by bearbaiting and common plays, on the 7th of May. On the 9th he authorized the reopening of the theatres, and on the 15th he authorized, by patent, the nine following actors, and others, to perform as his servants as well at the Globe as in any part of his dominions. The enumeration — on the order of which it is useless to speculate — runs thus: Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, and Richard Cowley. The Queen adopted the

Earl of Worcester's players, of whom Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, was one, and the Prince of Wales the company of the Lord Admiral, at the head of which was Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College.

A letter to Alleyn this year, from his wife Joan in London, where he seems to have left her while he took himself away from the danger of the plague, has been quoted by one biographer for a circumstantial mention of Shakespeare, while another gives a representation of the decaying document that admits no space for the only words of interest; here it is, however, as the prior authority gives it, little as it can be considered worth:—

“About a week ago there came a youth, who said he was Mr. Francis Chaloner, who would have borrowed x li. to have bought things for . . . . . and said he was known unto you and Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, who came . . . . . said he knew him not, only he heard of him he was a rogue . . . . . so he was glad we did not lend him the money . . . . . Richard Johnes [went] to seek and enquire after the fellow, and said he had lent him a horse. I fear me he gulled him, though he gulled not us: the youth was a pretty youth, and handsome in apparel; we know not what became of him.”

The date given is October 20, 1603.

“About us the sickness doth cease, and likely more and more, by God's help, to cease: all the companies be come home, and well, for aught we know.”

On the 2nd of December in this year, his Majesty was at Wilton, the seat of the young Earl of Pembroke, and thither John Heminge and the rest of his company were summoned from Mortlake, and for one play received £30, as his Majesty's reward for pains and expenses. At Christmas, Shakespeare's company performed six plays before the King and Prince at Hampton Court, receiving twenty nobles for each performance. As it is known that Shakespeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* in the course of this year at the Globe,—the play was, I must say very excusably, damned,—it is most likely that he took part as an actor in the plays before the court. That he continued on the stage at least till April, 1604, has been inferred, perhaps hastily, from his

name being continued at that date in a list of the "King's Company" in a letter from the Council to the Lord Mayor. The order of the individual names differs from the previous list; but that a general agreement exists will be seen by dividing the sequence into sets which seem to mark the successive degrees of business interest of the actors: Burbage, Fletcher, Shakespeare,—Phillips, Condell, Heminge,—Armyn, Sly, Cowley,—Hostler, Day; the last are new names.

In 1604 occurs the first mention of *Measure for Measure*: it was played before the court, according to the Accounts of the Revels; which also record, in the same year, a play in the banqueting-house at Whitehall, called *The Moor of Venice*; the Sunday following (so much for the royal Sabbatarian proclamation) a play of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the *Essay on Measure for Measure*, I have adverted to its seeming reflection of the royal features. In this year, also, appeared an accurate edition of *Hamlet*, "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was according to the true and perfect copy." How recently the poet may have made the additions that now first got into print is not to be known,—but there is something that tastes of the time, as well in the satire on popular fickleness respecting portraiture of royalty alive or dead, as in that on the companies of children, who have carried it off from adult players, "*Hercules and his load to,*" perhaps an allusion to empty benches at the Globe Theatre, of which the ensign is said to have been *Hercules or Atlas bearing the Globe*; motto, "*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*"

The scanty details of the poet's life for 1604, furnish one more record of him, but it is as engaged in affairs prosaic enough. He had sold malt at Stratford to Philip Rogers, at several times, to the amount of £1 15*s.* 10*d.*, and not being able to get his money, commenced an action, by filing a declaration in the Stratford Court of



Record, which probably answered its purpose without further proceedings.

In July, 1605, Shakespeare completed a purchase of a moiety of a lease, with thirty years yet to run, of the tithes, great and small, of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe: for this it appears in the indenture of conveyance, in which he is styled of Stratford on Avon, Gentleman, he paid down £440. It is the largest of his investments of which we have any trace, and from the terms in which his attention was directed to it some years before by Sturley, it seems by its nature to have carried with it a degree of local importance beyond the mere consideration of amount. It is also the last of his purchases that can be traced, with the exception of a house in Blackfriars, in 1613, for which he paid down only £80, mortgaging the premises for £60, as if his object was some convenience in the possession rather than the investment.

This absence of later investments, and none later are to be inferred from his will, seems also to indicate that one advantage of the lease was, that, being terminable, it yielded a larger proportionate return available as present income. How far the purchase money in these several instances was derived from realization of his shares in the London theatres is not to be known. Augustine Phillips, in leaving him 30s. in gold, in his will, dated May, 1605, still calls him his fellow, or partner, and in his own will he applies the same term to others of the surviving company. He makes no allusion to or disposition of theatrical property in his will; but the possibility is open that this may have been a matter of earlier and separate arrangement; and we know from other sources that the players' establishment was under charges, not merely eleemosynary, for the wives and families of their deceased fellows. If we could use the evidence of the impugned Ellesmere discoveries, Shakespeare still possessed a

value in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1608 almost equal to a fourth of the whole.

The diary of Ward, the vicar, who succeeded the minister deprived at the Restoration, is fair argument, or rather proof, that Shakespeare lived upon a liberal scale that rather invited exaggeration: he says at the rate of £1000 a year, but the value of money had greatly declined since the death of Shakespeare, and traditional figures are always unreliable,—if we understand about the equivalent of £1000 a year, we may be not so far from the truth.

The next personal note we encounter is an important one; on the 6th of June, 1607, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married, at the age of twenty-four, to John Hall, gentleman, a physician settled at Stratford, then in his thirty-second year. The position of Mrs. Hall in her father's will would alone prove that he was well satisfied with the alliance. Dr. Hall's case book, from 1617, still exists in manuscript. A selection from it was published about twenty years after his death, under the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies, or Cures in desperate Diseases," and went through three editions. To the entry of his death in the Stratford register, a note is, unusually, appended,—*Medicus peritissimus*. In this year King Lear was acted. On the 31st of December, 1607, the registry of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the immediate vicinity of the Globe Theatre, shows the burial of Edmund Shakespeare, player,—no doubt this was the poet's brother, only in his twenty-eighth year,—of whom, beyond this note of his profession, the birth and death make up the history. On the 21st of February, 1607-8, Mr. or Dr. Hall baptized a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, the sole issue of the marriage, and the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. On the 9th of September, in the same year, the poet's mother, Mary Shakespeare, was buried, and in October he was sponsor for William Walker, whom he remembered in his will,

as godfathers are bound to do. In this year King Lear was printed three times for the same book-seller. This is also the date of another of the papers from the Ellesmere collection, of such vexatiously equivocal authenticity. It purports to be the players' valuation of their interest in the Blackfriars Theatre, showing the sum they would demand of the Corporation on a negotiation to buy them out. The item of Shakespeare exhibits him as the owner of four out of the twenty shares into which the property was divided, valued at £933 6s. 8d. or seven years' purchase of the yearly value of each share, estimated at £33 6s. 8d.—and in addition, he appears as the owner of the wardrobe and properties of the same theatre, valued at £400.

In 1608, Troilus and Cressida was acted and printed; Pericles printed. At Stratford, the poet, not being able to recover a small debt due to him from one John Addenbrook in March, proceeds in June against Horneby, his bail, with what success is not stated.

The year 1609 furnishes another document in the same uneasy category of suspicion that has troubled us before; this time we have a draft of a warrant of Privy Seal, appointing Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham to preside over—"to provide, bring up, instruct, and exercise" the juvenile company called the Children of her Majesty's Revels: it has a note appended, "stayed," so that in any case the effect was nil. Shakespeare was this year rated to the poor of the Liberty of the Clink, in Southwark, at 6d. per week—possibly for a dwelling-house, possibly for his share in the Globe Theatre.

In 1611, record is found of the performance of The Tempest and of The Winter's Tale, at Whitehall, before the King's Majesty.

In 1612, the corporation of Stratford, to their own loss, not to say disgrace, thought it worth their while to renew the order against dramatic performances in the Guildhall.

At the beginning of 1613, Shakespeare's brother Richard died at Stratford, in his fortieth year. About a month later the purchase of the house in Blackfriars was completed, as already stated,—with what aim or convenience we are not to know. In June occurred the conflagration of the Globe Theatre, which had stood for eighteen years, and was set on fire by wadding from the small cannon fired in a scene of Henry VIII. the first day of its performance as a new play. Some manuscript notes in a copy of Stow's Annals, headed "A note of such passages as have been omitted, and as I have seen since the printing of Stowe's Survey, &c. &c." furnish these memoranda:—"Playhouses. The Globe Playhouse on the Bankside in Southwark was burnt down to the ground in the year 1612 (the year is wrong), and new built up again in the year 1613, at the great charge of King James and many noblemen and others, and now pulled down to the ground by Sir Matthew Brand, on Monday the 15 April, 1644." The mention of the aid given by noblemen suggests that this may have been the occasion of the liberality of Lord Southampton. A tradition, which for my own part I see more reason to credit than distrust, was afloat among the informants of Oldys, that James wrote Shakespeare an amicable letter with his own hand, and that it was long in the possession of Sir William D'avenant. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, is named as the voucher for the knight's possession of it. A fair occasion for an amicable holograph note to a poet is surely not inconceivable, even from a sovereign with an interpretation of his dignity far severer than is chargeable on James I.

We are now approaching the term of what was allowed to the world of the life of Shakespeare, but no sign is discoverable by the biographer of the approaching end. On the 9th of July, Stratford was ravaged by another fire, which is stated in the King's brief, obtained in aid of the sufferers, to have destroyed fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fair houses, together with great store of corn, &c. to



the value of £8000 or upwards. The day after the fire died John Combe, the friend of Shakespeare, of whom and his brother William Combe, high sheriff of his county in this year, he had made one of his larger purchases. The particular intimacy of Shakespeare with Mr. Combe, "noted for his wealth and usury," reached Rowe, so far, perhaps, not inaccurately; but he added also a stupid epitaph, that I have no patience to recopy. Another tradition ascribes to him another satirical, or rather scurrilous epitaph on Thomas Combe, and each story has the formular finish that the offence was mortal, a proved falsity. John Combe in his will, which reads like that of a just and conscientious, if careful man, leaves £5 to Mr. William Shakespeare, who in his own will bequeaths to Mr. Thomas Combe his sword. John Combe's first provision in his will was for a "convenient tombe, of the value of three score pounds," which still remains, with his effigy recumbent, and inscribed with his benefactions—liberal, but well guarded from abuse; and very agreeable it is to have the copied features of a man who was even a familiar of Shakespeare, not to say friend. In life he resided very near New Place; his house being on the site of the ancient monastic college, and in part constructed out of its offices.

The Chamberlain's accounts of Stratford supply us with an odd item for this year—I find no note of exacter date:—

"Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of claret wine, given to a preacher at the New Place. xx d."

The epitaph on Mrs. Hall shows that her disposition was devotional:—

"Witty beyond her sex, but that's not all,  
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;  
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this  
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss."

Devotional, however, was a wide term, and embraces all moods, from horror to beatitude, and no inference lies from the impressions of the feminine household either to the indifference or the settled convictions of the master

of it. That the entertainment of the divine was in part, at least, charged to the town, may imply that his functions and doctrines were in harmony with the straitening tendency of the Corporation at this time—but it is futile to spin conjectures so finely.

The 5th of September in this year is the date of a paper in which Shakespeare is named among others whose interests were likely to be affected by a project for enclosing some of the common lands near the town. On the 28th of October is dated the copy of a legal document, which I do not pretend to interpret, but by which security seems to be assured to William Shakespeare and Thomas Greene, that in the event of the enclosure, any check that could be proved as accruing in consequence to the increase in yearly value of the tithes they had an interest in, should be made good.

Thomas Greene was the clerk of the Corporation, and in November of this year he is on their business in London, where he made this note :—

“1614, Jovis 17, No. My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to enclose no further than to Gospel Bush, and so up straight (leaving out part of the dingles to the field) to the gate in Clepton Hedge, and take in Salesbury's piece, and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.”

About a fortnight later Greene is back at Stratford, where we are obliged to him for this note :—

“23 Dec. A hall: Letters written, one to Mr. Manyring, another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the company's hands to either. I also writ myself to my cousin Shakespeare, the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the enclosure.”

William Combe was a leading promoter of the project of enclosure, which was in the end forbidden by the Privy Council.

How Greene was related to Shakespeare has not been traced, but the fact is of interest, as bearing on the early

legal knowledge and even occupations of the poet, which gain in probability if he had a cousin in the profession.

The Stratford registry has an entry of a "Greene alias Shakespeare," not readily explained.

We are recalled to the fact that Shakespeare was a poet, by a compliment to him in this character by C. B.—it is thought Charles Best—who, in his "Ghost of Richard the Third," printed this year, does homage to Shakespeare and honour to himself by these lines; Richard speaks—

"To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,  
Whose magic raised me from Oblivion's den,  
That writ my story on the Muses hill,  
And with my actions dignified his pen;  
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,  
Whose nectar'd veins are drunk by thirsty men;  
Crown'd be his style with fame, his head with bays,  
And none detract but gratulate his praise."

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair was brought out at the Hope Theatre on the 31st of October, a week or two before Shakespeare's arrival in London: of the course of his own poetic industry we have no record, but it is plausibly inferred that to these latter years belongs the composition of the Roman plays. That, however, he brought no novelty with him to London this Christmas seems likely from the following extract of a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carlton:—

"5 January, 1614-5. They have plays at court every night, both holidays and working days, wherein they show great patience, being for the most part such poor stuff, that instead of delight they send the auditory away with discontent." . . . . "Indeed our poets' brains and inventions are grown very dry, in so much that of five new plays there is not one that pleases, and therefore they are driven to furbish over their old, which stand them in best stead and bring them most profit."

For the next year of Shakespeare's life, 1615, the last but one, not even the indiscriminate industry of Shakespearean biographers can glean a grain of fact.

On the 10th of February, 1615-16, Shakespeare's youngest and only other child and daughter, Judith, at the age of thirty-one, was married to Thomas Quiney, a

few years her junior, vintner and wine-merchant, of Stratford, the son of the poet's correspondent Richard Quiney, who had died in 1602, while bailiff of the town. For Judith Shakespeare, one is naturally surprised to find that, in executing a legal deed, she did not sign her name, like her sister Susanna, but made a mark—in fact, that Shakespeare's daughter, at more than mature age, could not write. Her father's will appears to have been drawn in anticipation of the marriage, and though her elder sister occupies a far more favourable position in it, this seems to a great extent due to the general principle of his arrangements. His provision for her cannot be called illiberal—even without the allowance, that we know not what he may have done anterior to his death, nor whether the daughters and widow may not have had some income accruing from theatrical interest, of which no mention occurs in the will, as not being necessary. His wish and design were to keep the bulk of his property together by as strict an entail as he could execute,—from the pride of founding a family, it may be suggested, sacrificing the many to the one: let us say, rather, from prudent calculation that the welfare of the many of his descendants would be best consulted by securing for the head and chief of them a firm standing in the social grade to which he had attained;—a consideration the force of which many who know England and English prepossessions will neither challenge nor gainsay.

The will gives to Judith £100 in discharge of her marriage portion, and another £50 in return for her renunciation to her sister of her estate and right in certain copyhold property, and another £150 is settled upon her for her life and her children, making together £300, the equivalent of nearly five times the sum,—say £1400 at the present time. To this is added the bequest of his broad silver gilt bowl, specially reserved from the rest of his plate, which he leaves to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall.

There can be no reasonable doubt that it was in the same sense as a special remembrance and a material



token valuable by association, that he left to his wife—fully provided for otherwise, as we have seen—his second best bed, with the furniture. How it happened that it was the second best bed, and not the best, that his wife would particularly value, who shall say,—but that so it was may be assumed with confidence; possibly the best bed may have been, as so often was the case, the state bed of the reserved and visitors' room.

To his sister Joan, besides a possible reversion, he left £20, all his wearing apparel, available in a family of three sons, and for her life the house and garden that she occupied at the nominal rent of 12*d.* To her three sons he left £5 apiece. To William Walker, his godson, now in his eighth year, 20*s.* in gold.

He left his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe; to Thomas Russel, Esq. and Francis Collins, of Warwick, Gent., his executors, he left to the first £5, to the second £13 6*s.* 8*d.* (= twenty nobles). John Combe had left the same Francis Collins £10, and a like sum to his son Jno. Collins as godson.

He left rings of 26*s.* 8*d.* (= 2 nobles) each, to Hamnet (spelt Hamlett in will) Sadler, his ancient friend, to William Reynolds, gent.—probably the relative of John Combe mentioned in his will,—to Anthony Nash, gent. of Welcombe, the father of Thomas Nash, who afterwards married Elizabeth Hall, and to Mr. John Nash, probably brother of Anthony, and to his fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell.

To the poor of Stratford he left £10.

All the real estate is devised to his daughter Susanna Hall for life, and then entailed upon her first son and his heirs male; in default of such issue to her second son and his heirs male, and so on; again, in default, to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall; and in default of issue again, to his daughter Judith and her heirs male.

Gilbert Shakespeare probably died before his brother, but when is not known; the Stratford register records the burial of a Gilbert Shakespeare, *adolescens*, possibly his son, on the 3rd of February, 1611-12. He was liv-

ing and at Stratford in 1609, when he witnessed a deed there.

The children of Judith Quiney died early, and when she herself departed in 1662, Elizabeth Hall was the only descendant of the poet who remained. At the age of eighteen she had married Mr. Thomas Nash of Stratford, became a widow in 1647, and two years later married Mr. afterwards Sir John Barnard. She died childless, and by her will, in 1669, her estate was sold and dispersed, with the exception of the two houses in Henley Street, the reputed and probable birth-place of the poet, which she devised to Thomas Hart, the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan—(a collateral branch that has not prospered,) and was not unmindful of some of the name of Hathaway.

These are five daughters of her kinsman Thomas Hathaway, late of Stratford,—Joan, who is married, and Judith, Rose, Elizabeth, and Susanna, not out of hope to be; these seem to be nieces of Anne Hathaway, born in 1577, and her sisters, Elizabeth in 1579, and Rose 1582, children of a Thomas Hathaway. The agreement of the Christian names with those in Shakespeare's family will be observed, but the exact relationship that linked all these to the Anne Hathaway he married does not seem to be discoverable.

On the 10th of February, 1615-16, Judith Shakespeare married; on the 25th of March Shakespeare executed his will, which had manifestly been drawn in anticipation of that event, the date being altered to March from January, which is erased, and Judith being specified as his daughter by her Christian name alone. On the 25th of April, exactly a calendar month later, the grave closed over him in the chancel of Stratford church. The commencement of his will states that he makes it in "perfect health and memory, God be praised;" this may be merely a formula, otherwise it would imply that his death, so shortly after, was sudden and unexpected. The medical notes of Dr. Hall that have been preserved are all of later date, and we must

be content to remain ignorant of the immediate cause that carried off from the world at an age so premature as fifty-two, the man who was the chief ornament of his age—the pride and glory of the race,—the most remarkable example in modern times of the perfection of development which the human powers may attain.

It may have been, as not unfrequently happens, that the marriage of the daughter so soon before her father's death, is to be accounted for by his anxiety to see her settled and provided for, before the end he was warned to look forward to, by declining energies and health.

Among the MSS. of Ward, already quoted, written at Stratford, but full forty years after the poet's death, we find this note:—"Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." That the poet Drayton, a Warwickshire man, encountered with Shakespeare occasionally at Stratford is likely enough; the more so, as Dr. Hall makes a note of having given him professional aid, and there can be little doubt that Ward's tradition is correct to the extent of ascribing to the brother poets the convivial temperament that is fitting for poets, and in the case of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson vouched for otherwise: beyond this we should be rash to put faith in the story, with all its specialties of place and person, degree, and lamentable consequences.

The spirit of Ben Jonson's revelry is well expressed in the verses of his familiar friend Herrick,—and we cannot suspect that of Shakespeare to have been inferior:—

" Oh Ben, say when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at the feasts  
Made at the Gun,  
The Dog, the triple Tun,  
Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad,  
And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Fuller's description of the wit combats of the pair is

too late to be quoted for authentic anecdote, and yet do not doubt is vocal by some inspiration of a genuine tradition.

That geniality of temperament at least, if not joviality, was habitually associated with Shakespeare personally is indicated by many allusions, and might be safely inferred alone from the physiognomy of his bust and the expression that the sculptor at least aimed to give to it. The monument was erected to him before 1623, for it is alluded to in the commendatory verses of Digges, prefixed to the first folio edition of his plays—how much earlier cannot be said. The custom of the time would vouch for its being a portrait, and the indications seem conclusive that the head and face were modelled from a cast from the original after death. Such a cast requires to be taken with great skill and care, to obviate the compression of the softer and fleshy parts of the face; these are the most defective parts in the bust, and are in striking contrast to the decision and force with which the noble and refined outline of the bald head has been achieved. I have never seen this satisfactorily given in drawings, which too often show that the artist's hand was not more guided by what was set before him to copy than by his recollections of the better known but merely imaginary or unauthentic portraits. The form of the face and its general contours denote a person of decidedly the reverse of a spare habit, and though the half-length effigy is represented with pen in hand and paper spread for the act of writing, the lips are slightly opened, as if for speech, and curved, to give the expression of sportiveness or wit.

I confess I have no faith whatever in the genuineness of any other likenesses than the Stratford bust and the portrait engraved by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the first edition of the plays, and testified to by Ben Jonson; these mutually confirm each other, and, I think, disprove the rest of the pretenders. The portrait, which may have been after Richard Burbage, who gained some celebrity in painting in addition to his supremacy as an



actor, I have heard pronounced by high artistic authority as not by any means contemptible. It agrees with the bust—though probably of earlier date—in the character of the face, in general consistency and outline, in the fall of the hair, and in an attempted rendering of the character of the forehead. The exaggeration of the forehead seems to have been a general fault of the English draughtsmen of the time, to judge by the portraits of the time, and in the print the defect is made worse by certain inaccuracy of foreshortening or drawing; the remarkable length of the upper lip is common to both, as is the fashion of moustache and imperial. In the engraving there is the indication of vivacity, expressiveness, and sweetness about the mouth that is slurred in the ill-finished outline of the sculptor in this feature.

The inscriptions on the monument are these :—

“ *Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem  
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*”

“ Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed  
Within this monument,—Shakespeare, with whom  
Quick Nature died : whose name doth deck this tomb  
Far more than cost, since all that he hath writ  
Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit.

*Obiit Anno Dom. 1616,  
Ætatis 53—Die 23 Ap.”*

His valued fellows did not long survive him ; Richard Burbage died in March, 1619, Henry Condell in December, 1627, and John Hemynge in October 1630.

I am now at the conclusion of all that I have to say on the matter and subjects ordinarily current as forming the biography of the man Shakespeare, and the conclusion, I confess, is a relief. It is almost with a feeling of shame that one turns from the details that we have been longing for or investigating, to associate them with the divine endowments revealed in his poetic works. I fear that zeal for the biography will not ordinarily improve the feeling and zest and purer enthusiasm of

the critic : what, after all, have we been enquiring after but the very rags and cast off clothes of the baser outward life, elevating the recovery of a veritable doublet or an actual hat to a level of importance with a moral conception, intellectual insight, the embodied ideal. The poet refined and elevated the very essence of his being to express it without blemish in his works, and we must fain drag it back into the polluting or uncongenial crowd of common business, the necessities and uncertainties postulated in original sin, the lapses, actual or not impossible in the thousand contingencies of the unsettled, if we may not say ill-hung, constitution and nature of common men and common things.

May a portion of the spirit of the first editors be transmitted to their successors. Heminge and Condell collected and published the plays "without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare:" and my quarrel with them is but small, that it did not occur to them as essential to their purpose to perpetuate in a memoir the trivialities that are the common accidents of all who are mortal. The very tone and terms of the quoted phrase express a biography, the better part of one; and so again the conclusion of their dedication :—

"In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is

Your lordship's most bounden,

"JOHN HEMINGE,

"HENRY CONDELL."

In consequence of the very partial and limited publication of his works during his lifetime, the not unfrequent literary notices of him as a poet appear to us now to lay undue or too exclusive stress on the sweetness of his verse and easy mastery and flow of language. This music and melody to ears then unaccustomed to it, seems to have charmed attention away from some of the graver

qualities of his muse, and epithets are lavished upon him compounded of sugar, honey, and nectar, that now seem to have something of the childishness of sweetmeats. But beyond this there is sufficient trace of his great and effective dramatic reputation, of which the great depositories were the audiences and the actors. Then, as now, no doubt the theatres had their accustomed frequenters, whose sense of merit was expressed by constant attendance, not in publications appealing to the larger circle beyond the theatrical pale. So in later times, the growth of the reputation of Shakespeare went on after his plays were published, quite independently of any published appreciation of it. The professed and literary critic in these later times lagged as far behind the habitual readers as their predecessors behind the customary audiences. All that Germany has since said was thought and felt long before by readers, whose function it was not to write, and who were ill represented by those who took up the task; and so it was at the earlier date, that admiration at the Globe and the Blackfriars was fervent and sustained, and made the fortunes of all the sharers, while sets and classes of Englishmen lived long lives just within hearing, and yet wist not that they were losing words it were worth half a lifetime to have listened to.

The comparative silence of contemporaries, I take to be then, mere intelligible repose upon a fact acknowledged by all within the range of cognizance, a silence broken, if ever, by mere futile grumblings of a Greene or a Nash in early days, and later by Ben Jonson. The most definite expression of Jonson's criticism is in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, where he imputes to Shakespeare want of art, occasional absurdities, and incorrectness from neglect of blotting or revision. Other more satiric glances he gives elsewhere at his bold liberties with time and place, and multitude, and his superficial knowledge of the ancients and antiquity. In all this I would be lenient with Old Ben; I have never been able to get through one of his plays, but the

points on which he reflects on Shakespeare are evidently those where he felt or supposed himself the strongest, and being what he was himself as a poet, it is not easy to see how he could have thought otherwise as a critic than he did of Shakespeare. The friends and fellows of Shakespeare, however, were not disposed to be so indulgent, and imputations of envy, a degrading vice, were not uncurrent; from this he is defended by J. Davies in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611:—

“TO MY WELL ACCOMPLISHED FRIEND MR. BEN JONSON.

“Thou art sound in body, yet some say thy soul  
 Envy doth ulcer; yet corrupted hearts  
 Such censurers must have.”

This was the tendency that was evidently thought to be indulged by him at the expense of one in all respects his superior, but whatever pique, or prompting of self-preference he may have given way to, he made most noble amends in the lines he furnished to the commendatory collection for the first folio of the plays. He seems to have sat down with all he had ever said or written or hinted disparagingly of the dramas of Shakespeare upon his mind, and partly on better advice, partly by greater explicitness, to have responded to the friendly expostulations of those who had an esteem for both, by showing that he could surpass even them in adjusting the terms of his criticism to the truth. His lines convey to me a conviction that he sincerely felt and meant them all; and if Dryden thought, as it is said, that they were sparing and invidious, it is only one of many instances where his judgment was astonishingly mistaken. A more plausible charge might be, that he commended extravagantly, and so contrived to damage by overwrought eulogium; but he repudiates such a design, and cannot be charged with it, for, loftily as he sets the mark he aims at, his arrow at every shot flies to its centre, well guided and direct. He had once said that Shakespeare knew little of the ancients; he now justly expresses his equality—superiority of rank, to the best antique drama notwithstanding: he had said that Shakespeare wanted art, he aptly expresses



the mental process by which his dramas became the perfection of art in their perfect reflection of refined and ordered nature.

For the personal character of Shakespeare, Jonson becomes, from the very peculiarities of his relative position and his own character and failings, the most important and satisfactory witness. The epithet of "gentle" that he employs in the epigram attached to the portrait he repeats in the commendatory verses, and yet associates it, as Spenser did before, with characteristics of energy and effect :—

" Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well-torned and true-filed lines,  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance."

This is the very combination of gentleness with force that places Raphael at an advantage to Michael Angelo ; the suffrage of the world goes at last with the genius as with the character that at once commands respect and engages affection. The power to command and marshal mankind only attains its highest influence when associated with the love that casts out fear : a sense of danger and uncertainty attaches to the leading of the highest powers when there is a doubt of the balancing control of sympathy ; the ability to exert force is but half an endowment without that of restraining it. We rest in the greatest confidence on that display of exertion which does not suggest exhaustion, as on that repose which does not threaten torpor or forgetfulness : energy becomes weak so soon as it is deficient in grace, and it is the union of the two,—the union in which the ultimately governing and inspiring element is tender sensibility, that gave and still continues the vitality that is in Christianity itself.

The circumstance that most surprises us in the research into the outward details of Shakespeare's life, is the perfection with which he brought poetic and artistic

exertion into harmony with business-like and systematic prudence, and the promotion of his social and domestic interests; and if in the investigation it seems sometimes that the spirit of getting and storing might be too strong for him, we find, on turning to the other sources, that he achieved a still rarer combination, and poet and actor, manager and thriving capitalist, as he became—the memory he left was most engrossed by good nature, candour, honesty, friendliness, conviviality, and social wit. In the *Microcosmus* of Davies (1603) we have this testimony to his qualities, which gives us also welcome information how far his friend and great aid, Richard Burbage, was in sympathy with him.

“ If Pride ascend the stage, O base ascent !  
 All men may see her, for nought comes thereon  
 But to be seen, and where Vice should be shent,  
 Yea, made most odious to every one  
 In blazing her by demonstration,  
 Then Pride, that is more than most vicious,  
 Should there endure open damnation ;  
 And so she doth, for she's most odious  
 In men, most base that are ambitious.  
 Players, I love ye and your quality,  
 As ye are men that pastime not abused ;  
 And [ W. S. R. B. ] some I love for painting poesie,  
 And say fell fortune cannot be excused  
 That hath for better uses you refused ;  
 Wit, courage, good shape, good parts, and all good,  
 As long as all these goods are no worse used .  
 And though the stage doth stain pure gentle blood,  
 Yet generous ye are in mind and mood .”

In the last stanza there seems to be a manifest allusion to the cxith sonnet, “ Oh, for my sake, do thou with Fortune chide,”—unless the allusion be the reverse way.

The crown and glory, however, of all the testimonies is still to be quoted, in the affectionate, reverential, and earnest prose of Jonson, take his critical suggestions with what acceptance or indifference we may :—

“ I LOVED THE MAN AND DO HONOUR HIS MEMORY, ON THIS SIDE IDOLATRY, AS MUCH AS ANY : HE WAS INDEED HONEST, AND OF AN OPEN AND FREE NATURE.”

That Shakespeare was indifferent about the fate of his plays, and was even unconscious of their poetic excellence, is a notion that is almost too absurd for notice; the player editors distinctly hint, that had he lived longer he would in ordinary course have edited them himself. Of fretful and fidgetty anxiety for honour and glory and about honour and glory, certainly no hint or sign remains; but that he knew his true position on the Muses' mount in relation to the poets that were anterior to and about him, it were absurd to doubt, though the examination of the sources of the plays may have taught us how well he knew to qualify contempt even for evil so bad as bad fiction and bad poetry, by eagle insight into a soul of goodness.

"He died a Papist," says the tradition of Davies,—which means, I suspect, little more than that, as poet and player and the servant of monarchs whose courts were the last hope and home of his art and the tendencies it implied, he had but slight sympathy with much of the activity of the Puritan party, who were striving all his life to extinguish the world's best light, and pull in actual fact his house about his ears. If we inquire further what were his opinions on a subject which a mind of his order always treats and settles for itself—what is to be said. Direct evidence we have none, but if we may transfer an obvious inference from his English plays, I should be disposed to say, that the national feeling that appears there did not desert him personally—that in an age of grievous and savage controversies, urged by massacre at Paris or rack in the torture-chamber at the Tower,—he held it patriotic, like Socrates of old, to worship, in a certain fashion, the gods that the state worships; by no means from absolute confidence in the teaching and decisions of churchmen, whose motives he dissected and set forth with shrewd and scarcely covert criticism, but for the sake of making the best of circumstances, sinking some not slight differences, in order to keep the country united and together, which no consideration, he thought, could justify the disablement of.

For the rest, I should infer from absence of satiric girds at the Puritans, so frequent with his fellow dramatists, and by one instance (in *Twelfth Night*) of defence of them from senseless satire, that he was well content to look forward to the advance of the good sense of the country—which others fairly held it a duty to promote by overt agitation,—to lighten the labour of conformity, and to allow the best end to be attained without the heavy burden of giving countenance, though merely formal, to surplusage and superstition, that neither the English of his day nor their fathers had been able to bear.








SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.<sup>1</sup>

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii,*<sup>2</sup> *Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlii.º. Annoque Domini 1616.*

N the name of God, Amen! I William Shakspeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the countie of Warr. gent, in perfect health and memorie, God be prayesd! doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing; that ys to saye, first I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredlie beleeving, through thonlie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlasting, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my daughter<sup>3</sup> Judyth, one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paid unto her in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideration after the rate of twoe shillings in the pound for soe long time as the same shalbe unpaid unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof, upon her surrendring of

<sup>1</sup> The will is written on three sheets of paper, fastened together at top. Shakspeare's name is signed at the bottom of the first and second sheet, and his final signature, "by me William Shakspeare," is in the middle of the third sheet. Malone thinks the last signature was first written, and that the poet was very ill and weak when he signed, the handwriting being very irregular and tremulous. The words in Italics are interlined.

<sup>2</sup> Originally written *Januarii*.  
<sup>3</sup> Originally *sonne and daughter*.

or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of; to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that she* now hath, of in or to one copiehold tenemente with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the saied county of Warr. being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie pounds more, if shee, or anie issue of her bodie, be lyvinge at the end of three yeares next ensuing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours are to paie her consideration from my deceas according to the rate aforesaid; and if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fyftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the life of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and profitt thereof cominge, shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l<sup>ie</sup>. shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister equallie to be devidid amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att the end of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys, and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefit of her and her issue, and *the stock* not to be paid unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideration yearlie paid unto her during her lief, and after her deceas, the saied stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas: Provided that if such husband as she shall att the end of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or at anie [tyme] after, doe sufficientlie assure unto her, and this issue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my

will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the said cl<sup>th</sup>. shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx<sup>s</sup>. and all my wearing apparell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural lief, under the yearlie rent of xij<sup>d</sup>.

William  
Shakespeare

Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonnes, William Harte, [Thomas<sup>3</sup>] Hart, and Michael Harte, fyve poundes apeece, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas<sup>3</sup>. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto *the saied Elizabeth<sup>6</sup> Hall* all my plate, *except my brod silver and gilt boke*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied ten poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell, esquier, fyve pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borrough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes sixe shillings and eight-

<sup>4</sup> This Christian name is omitted in the original will.

<sup>5</sup> The following words were here at first inserted, but afterwards cancelled: "to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours with thadvise and directions of my overseers, for her best profit, until her marriage, and then with the increase thereof to be paied unto her."

<sup>6</sup> This sentence was originally only *her*.



pence, to be paid within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to *Hamlett<sup>7</sup> Sadler* xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>, to buy him a ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent.* xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>, to buy him a ringe; to my godson *William Walker*, xx<sup>s</sup> in gold; to *Anthonye Nashe, gent.* xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>; and to *Mr. John Nashe*, xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup>; and to my fellowes, *John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell*, xxvi<sup>s</sup> viij<sup>d</sup> apiece, to buy them ringes. Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter *Susanna Hall*, for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towards the performans thereof, all that capital message or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, in *Stratford aforesaid*, called *The New Place*, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messages or tenements, with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in *Henley-streete*, within the borough of *Stratford aforesaid*; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamletes, villages, fieldes, and groundes of *Stratford upon Avon*, *Old Stratford*, *Bushopton*, and *Welcombe*, or in anie of them, in the said countie of *Warr.* And alsoe all that message or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, wherein one *John Robinson* dwelleth, scituat, lyeing, and being, in the *Blackfriars* in *London* nere the *Wardrobe*; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever: To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses, with their appurtenaunces, unto the saied *Susanna Hall*, for and during the terme of her naturall lief; and after her deceas to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the said first sonne lawfully yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the said second sonne lawfully yssueing; and for defalt of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the

<sup>7</sup> Instead of *Hamlett Sadler*, *Mr. Richard Tyler thelder*, was first written.

saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for default of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the ffourth, ffifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her body, lawfullie issueing one after another, and to the heires males of the

RLviii. *Shakespeare*

bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt is before lymited to be and remaine to the first, second, and third sonns of her bodie, and to their heires males; and for default of such issue, the saied premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for default of such issue, to the right heires of me the said William Shakespeare for ever. *Item, I gyve unto my wief my second best bed, with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and houshold stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legacies paid, and my funerall expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my sonne-in-lawe, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wief, whom I ordaine and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I doe entreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell, esquier, and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be

my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my *hand*<sup>s</sup>, the daie and yeare first above written.

28<sup>th</sup> mo<sup>th</sup> / W<sup>th</sup> 1556<sup>th</sup> *Edm. Blyden*

*Witness to the publyshing hereof,*

Fra. Collyns,

Julius Shaw,

John Robinson,

Hamnet Sadler,

Robert Whatcott.


*Probatum coram Magistro Willielmo Byrde, Legum Doctore Comiss. &c. xij.<sup>do</sup> die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius executorum &c, cui de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. eum venerit, &c. petitur, (Inv. ex.)*

• Seale was originally written.

DEDICATION OF HEMINGE AND CONDELL  
TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION,  
PUBLISHED IN 1623.

TO THE  
MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,  
WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE, ETC  
LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT  
MAJESTY, AND  
PHILIP EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, ETC.  
GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTIES BED-CHAMBER.  
BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GAR-  
TER, AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

HILST we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L. L. we are false vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd ourselues of the defence of our Dedication. But, since your L. L. haue beene pleas'd to think these trifles something, heeretofore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they



were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians ; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame : onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue justly obserued, no man to come neere your LL. but with a kind of religious addresse ; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue : and many Nation (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could : And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant SHAKESPEARE, that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.



## PREFACE

TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1623.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

**F**ROM the most able, to him that can but spell :  
There you are number'd. We had rather you  
were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all  
Bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of your  
heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! it is now pub-  
lique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know :  
to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That  
doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then,  
how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes,  
make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your  
sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings  
worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates,  
and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure  
will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And  
though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage  
at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes  
dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall already,  
and stood out all Appeales ; and do now come forth  
quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd  
Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene  
wished, that the Author himselfe had lived to haue set  
forth, and ouerseen his owne writings ; But since it hath  
bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that  
right, we pray you, doe not envie his Friends, the office of  
their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them ;

and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them : euen those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē : Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together : and what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRIE CONDELL.





COMMENDATORY VERSES FROM THE FOLIO OF 1623.  
TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED THE AUTHOR  
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:  
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

**D**O draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.  
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them, and indeed  
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!  
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room<sup>9</sup>:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,

<sup>9</sup> This refers to some lines by William Basse, beginning:—  
Renowned Spenser lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont lie



And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses ;  
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses :  
For if I thought my-judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,  
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek  
For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines !  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all : Thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

A little nearer Spenser, to make room

For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.

It does not appear that they were printed before 1633, when they were given among Donnes's Poems, printed in quarto in that year. They are also to be found in the edition of Francis Beaumont's Poems given by Blaicklock in 1653, 8vo.

For though the poet's matter Nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion. And that he  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,  
 (And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;  
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn.  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born,  
 And such wert thou. Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue: even so the race  
 Of SHAKESPEARE'S mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-terned, and true-fil'd lines:  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandisht at the eyes of Ignorance.  
 Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were,  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!  
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like  
 night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volumes light.

BEN JONSON<sup>1</sup>.


<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson also wrote the following lines, which are prefixed before the portrait of Shakespeare, by Droeshant, in the folio editions:—

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
 Wherein the Graver had a strife  
 With Nature, to out-doe the life:  
 O, could he but have drawne his wit  
 As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
 His face; the Print would then surpasse  
 All, that was ever writ in brasse.  
 But since he cannot, Reader looke  
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.


TO THE MEMORIE OF THE DECEASED AUTHOUR  
MAISTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

HAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellows  
giue  
The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which  
outliue

Thy Tombe, thy name must, when that stone is rent  
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,  
Here we aliue shall view thee still. This Booke  
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke  
Fresh to all Ages : when Posteritie  
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie  
That is not Shake-speares ; eu'ry Line, each Verse  
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.  
Nor Fire, nor cank'ring Age, as Naso said,  
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade  
Nor shall I e're beleeeue, or thinke thee dead  
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped  
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do  
Passions of *Juliet* and her *Romeo* ;  
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take  
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.  
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,  
Be sure our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,  
But crown'd with Laurell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORIE OF  
M. W. SHAKE-SPEARE.


E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so  
soone  
From the World's-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-  
roome.

Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,  
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth  
To enter with applause. An Actors Art  
Can dye, and liue to acte a second part.  
That's but an *Exit* of Mortalitie;  
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M<sup>2</sup>.

VPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS  
SCENICKE POET

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HOSE hands, which you so clapt, go now, and  
wring  
You *Britaines* braue; for done are Shake-  
speares dayes:

His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,  
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring  
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,  
Turn'd all to teares, and Phæbus clouds his rayes:  
That corps, that coffin now besticke those bayes,  
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then Poets King.  
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,  
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:  
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue  
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.

For though his line of life went soone about  
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

<sup>2</sup> These lines are probably by John Marston.



FROM THE SECOND FOLIO EDITION OF 1632.

ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE  
AND HIS POEMS.

MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear  
And equal surface can make things appear  
Distant a thousand years, and represent  
Them in their lively colours' just extent.  
To out-run hasty time, retrieve the fates,  
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie  
Great heaps of ruinous mortality.  
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern  
A royal ghost from churl's ; by art to learn  
The physiognomy of shades, and give  
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live,  
What story coldly tells, what poets feign,  
At second hand, and picture without brain,  
Senseless and soulless shows : To give a stage  
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,  
As Plato's year and new scene of the world  
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd.  
To raise our antient sovereigns from their herse,  
Make kings his subjects, by exchanging verse,  
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :  
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
Take pleasure in their pain ; and eyes in tears  
Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,  
Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd and glad  
To be abus'd ; affected with that truth  
Which we perceive is false ; pleas'd in that ruth  
At which we start ; and by elaborate play  
Tortur'd and tickled ; by a crab-like way  
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorging up his ravine for our sport :

—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move  
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love :  
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire ;  
To steer th' affections, and by heavenly fire  
Mould us anew. Stol'n from ourselves—

This and much more which cannot be exprest  
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,  
Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain  
Improv'd by favour of the ninefold train :  
The buskin'd Muse ; the comic Queen ; the grand  
And louder tone of Clio ; nimble hand  
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair ;  
The silver-voiced lady ; the most fair  
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts ;  
And she whose praise the heavenly body chaunts :

These jointly woo'd him, envying one another  
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)  
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,  
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright ;  
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted Spring ;  
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silk ; there run  
*Italian* works whose thread the sisters spun ;  
And there did sing or seem to sing, the choice  
Birds of a foreign note and various voice :  
Here hangs a mossy rock, there plays a fair  
But chiding fountain, purled : Not the air,  
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn  
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
But fine materials which the Muses know,  
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now when they could no longer him enjoy  
In mortal garments pent ;—death may destroy  
They say his body, but his verse shall live,  
And more than nature takes, our hands shall give.

In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
 Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd  
 Which never fades: Fed with Ambrosian meat,  
 In a well-lined vesture rich and neat.

So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it,  
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments,

I. M. S.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> These admirable verses were prefixed to the second folio printed in 1632; they are a noble tribute from a contemporary to the genius of our immortal Poet. Conjecture had been vainly employed upon the initials I. M. S. affixed, until Mr. Hunter having occasion to refer to the *Iter Lancastrense*, a poem by *Richard James*, Fellow of Christ's College, Oxford, an eminent scholar and antiquary, the friend of Selden and Sir Robert Cotton, was struck with the similarity of style, the same unexpected and abrupt breaks in the middle of the lines, and the same disposition to view every thing under its antiquarian aspect, which we find in these verses, and therefore suggested the great probability that by I. M. S. we must understand IaMeS.


Without being at all aware of Mr. Hunter's suggestion, my excellent friend Mr. Lloyd had come to the same conclusion, from having seen some lines by James, printed in Mr. Halliwell's Essay on the Character of Falstaff. The coincident opinion of two independent and able authorities would be in itself conclusive, and for my own part, I have no doubt that it is to *Richard James* these highly poetical lines to the memory of the Poet must be attributed.

That Jasper Mayne could not have written them is quite evident, from his pedestrian verses to the Memory of Ben Jonson; and that they are not by Milton, and have no traces of his hand, is equally evident, although Mr. Collier feels "morally certain that they are by him!" The late Mr. Boaden thought they were from the pen of George Chapman; and it must be confessed that the structure of the verse would countenance the supposition; but whoever will compare the poems printed with the *Iter Lancastrense* by Mr. Corser, will need no further evidence that these verses are by the same hand.

IN THE SECOND FOLIO. PRINTED IN 1632, THE FOLLOWING  
WERE ALSO ADDED.


VPON THE EFFIGIES OF MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE  
AUTHOR

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
AND HIS WORKES.

PECTATOR, this Life's Shaddow is; To see  
The truer image and a liuelier he.  
Turne, Reader. But obserue his Comicke vaine,  
Laugh; and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,  
Then weepe: So when thou find'st two contraries,  
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,  
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)  
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou doest behold.

### AN EPITAPH

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATICKE POET,  
W. SHAKESPEARE.

HAT need my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd  
bones  
The labour of an Age, in piled stones  
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid  
Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?  
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such dull witnesse of thy Name?  
'Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thy self a lasting Monument:  
For whil'st to th'shame of slow-endavouring Art  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> It is superfluous to say that these lines are Milton's. The folio has *part*, an evident misprint for *hart*, the old orthography of *heart*, which is the reading of the copy in Milton's *Minor Poems* printed in 1645, where there are other verbal variations.



Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book  
Those Delphick Lines with deepe Impression took;  
Then thou our fancy of her-self bereaving,  
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,  
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie  
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.



THE WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,  
 Containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tra-  
 gedies; Truly set forth according  
 to their first Original.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS IN ALL  
 THESE PLAYES.

William Shakespeare.  
 Richard Burbage.  
 John Hemmings.  
 Augustine Phillips.  
 William Kempt.  
 Thomas Poope.  
 George Bryan.  
 Henry Condell.  
 William Slye.  
 Richard Cowly.  
 John Lowine.  
 Samuell Crosse.  
 Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.  
 Robert Armin.  
 William Ostler.  
 Nathan Field.  
 John Vnderwood.  
 Nicholas Tooley.  
 William Ecclestone.  
 Joseph Taylor.  
 Robert Benfield.  
 Robert Gougbe.  
 Richard Robinson  
 John Shancke.  
 John Rice.



## TEMPEST.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**M**Y friend Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, published in 1807, had suggested that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the account of Sir George Somers's *Voyage and Shipwreck on the Bermudas*, in 1609, and had pointed out some passages which seemed to confirm his suggestion. At the same time, it appears, that Mr. Malone was engaged in investigating the relations of this voyage, and he subsequently printed the result in a pamphlet which he distributed among his friends, and which Mr. Boswell reprinted in the 15th volume of his edition of Shakspeare.

At a later period of his life, Mr. Douce met with a print, engraved on wood, inscribed *LA MADONNA DI LAMPEDOSA*, in which the coast of the Island with its Castle is represented; two vessels are approaching it, above which hover three large birds. The Virgin and child are in the clouds above, to whom an old and a young man, with swords by their sides, are kneeling in the act of adoration. This print was probably given to votaries, who made their offerings at the shrine in the chapel on the Island, by the hermit stationed there to relieve those who might be wrecked, or driven by stress of weather, on the coast. It is known among sailors in the Mediterranean as the *Enchanted Island*.

The late Mr. Thomas Rodd informed Mr. Hunter that the suggestion, that Lampedosa, from its situation and the traditions respecting it, was most likely to have been the Island intended by Shakspeare as the scene of the *Tempest*, first occurred to himself, and that he made Mr. Douce acquainted with it. Be this as it may, I know that Mr. Douce certainly entertained the idea upwards of twenty years since, and has thus recorded it. "The Island of Lampedosa is near the coast of Tunis; and from its description, in Dapper, and the real track of the king of Naples's voyage in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, will turn out to be the veritable Island where he was shipwrecked, and to which Prospero had

been banished, whenever the Italian novel on which the play was founded shall be discovered." Whether Mr. Douce ever carried his conviction further, I am unable to say, but it is not a little remarkable that the same hint given to Mr. Hunter should have formed the groundwork of his *Disquisition "On the Scene, Origin, Date, &c. of Shakspeare's Tempest,"* first printed in 1839, and since reprinted in his *"New Illustrations of Shakspeare,"* 1845. Mr. Hunter has dwelt at large upon the resemblance of Lampedosa, in every respect, to the Island of the Tempest, and concludes that although the poet may not have obtained his acquaintance with it from any geographical source, he may have found it in a story which had been previously written by another hand, to whom the attributes, physical and metaphysical, of Lampedosa were familiarly known, and that it was most probably an Italian story.

Collins, the poet, told Thomas Warton that the plot was taken from the romance of Aurelio and Isabella, but this was probably a lapse of memory consequent upon his calamitous mental indisposition, for the story has no resemblance to that of the Tempest. A friend of the late James Boswell told him that he had some years ago perused an Italian novel, which answered Collins' description, but his memory, unfortunately, did not enable him to recover it.

Mr. Thoms, in a paper on the early English and German Dramas, published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January, 1841, had the merit of first pointing out a dramatic piece by Jacob Ayser, a notary of Nuremberg, which is given by Tieck, in his *Deutsches Theater*, under the title of "*Comedia von der Schönen Sidea*," which Tieck conceived to be a translation from an early English Drama, from which Shakspeare derived his idea of the Tempest. Mr. Thoms thinks this proved by the points of resemblance between the two plays, which he conceives to be far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident. Ayser appears to have written his drama, which is in the style of Hans Sachs, at the close of the 16th or beginning of the 17th century, and he has other plays which are derived from old English sources; as "*der Schöne Phœnicia*," resembling in the plot "*Much Ado about Nothing*," and "*The King of Cyprus and the King of France*," resembling "*The Dumb Knight*" of Lewis Mochin.

It must be confessed, however, that we have hitherto nothing like proof of the origin of the plot of Shakspeare's *Magic Creation*, and it is but reasonable to hope that at some future period the novel, which has so confidently been said to exist, may be recovered.

The *Tempest* was first printed in the folio of 1623.

S. W. S.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED .

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *the honest old Counsellor of Naples*

ADRIAN,        }  
FRANCISCO,     } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

*Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,                }  
CERES,             }  
JUNO,               }  
Nymphs,           }  
Reapers,          } *Spirits.*

*Other Spirits attending on Prospero.*

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship ; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

<sup>1</sup> From the Folio Edition of 1623.





# TEMPEST.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.*

*Master.*



OATSWAIN,—

*Boats.* Here, master : what cheer ?

*Mast.* Good : Speak to the mariners : fall to't yarely<sup>1</sup>, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare : Take in the top-sail ; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> That is, readily, nimbly.

<sup>2</sup> That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present<sup>3</sup>, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast good Fate to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower. Bring her to Try with main course<sup>4</sup>. [A cry

Alvearie: "*To play the man*, or to show himself a valiant man in any matter. *Se virum præbere.*" P. 399.

"Viceroy and peers of Turkey *play the men.*"

*Tamberlaine*, 1590.

<sup>3</sup> The *present instant*.

<sup>4</sup> In Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a Ship in a storme*:—"Let us lie as *Trye with our main course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."



*within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses<sup>5</sup>; off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter* Mariners, *wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely<sup>6</sup> cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.*

He'll be hanged yet,

<sup>5</sup> The *courses* are the main sail and fore sail. *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land and get her out to sea.

<sup>6</sup> *Merely*, absolutely, entirely; *Merè*, Lat.

Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut<sup>7</sup> him.

[*A confused Noise within.*] Mercy on us!—

We split, we split!—Farewell my wife and children!  
—Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split.—

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of  
sea for an acre of barren ground; ling<sup>8</sup>, heath, broom,  
furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I  
would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking<sup>9</sup> pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd.  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er<sup>1</sup>

<sup>7</sup> To *englut*, to swallow him.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads, *long* heath, *brown* furze, &c. The correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, in his edition, substituted the words *ling* and *broom*.

<sup>9</sup> The folios have *stinking*, probably a press error. I should prefer to read *flaming*, the words, as written or printed with the long *fl* and *st*, as in the old copies, are easily confounded. The subsequent *dashes the fire out* may serve to confirm this conjecture.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. or ever, ere ever; signifying, in modern English, *sooner than at any time*. Or is a contraction of *ere*, ær, Sax. prius, antequam, priusquam; *erer*, from ærre, aliquando, unquam.

It should the good ship so have swallowed, and  
The fraughting souls within her.

*Pro.*

Be collected :

No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harm done.

*Mira.*

O, woe the day !

*Pro.*

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better<sup>2</sup>  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.*

More to know

Did never meddle<sup>3</sup> with my thoughts.

*Pro.*

'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art<sup>4</sup>.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have  
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack<sup>5</sup>, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such prevision in mine art

<sup>2</sup> The double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.

<sup>3</sup> To *meddle*, is to *mix*, or *interfere* with.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."—*Fuller's Holy State*, p. 257.

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare, and most of his cotemporaries, wrote *wrack* for *wreck*, and there seems to be no reason for change, as the euphony of the verse would suffer by it. In Tarquin and Lucrece we have :

O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come back  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack*.

I entirely coincide with Mr. Hunter in this suggestion. He has also shown that the poet wrote *prevision* instead of *provision*, in a subsequent line. Thus anticipating the correction in Mr. Collier's folio.

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
 No, not so much perdition as a hair,  
 Betid to any creature in the vessel  
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit  
 down;

For thou must now know further.

*Mira.* You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,  
 And left me to a bootless inquisition;  
 Concluding, '*Stay, not yet.*'—

*Pro.* The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;  
 Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember  
 A time before we came unto this cell?  
 I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not  
 Out<sup>6</sup> three years old.

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?  
 Of any thing the image, tell me, that  
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance  
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
 Four or five women once, that tended me?

*Pro.* Thou had'st, and more, Miranda. But how is it,  
 That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else  
 In the dark backward and abysm<sup>7</sup> of time?  
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,  
 How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pro.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year  
 since,

<sup>6</sup> *Out* is used for *entirely, quite*. Thus in Act iv: "And be a boy right *out*."

<sup>7</sup> *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss*; from its French original *abîsme*.

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?

*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was duke of Milan; thou<sup>8</sup> his only heir  
And princess—no worse issued.

*Mira.* O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was't we did?

*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;  
But blessedly help hither.

*Mira.* O! my heart bleeds

To think of the teen<sup>9</sup> that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state; as, at that time,  
Through<sup>10</sup> all the seignories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke; (being so reputed  
In dignity,) and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel: those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads

and thy father

Was duke of Milan; and his only heir, &c.

Nothing is more common than for the compositor's eye to take by mistake a wrong word occurring in a preceding line; and has here been so taken instead of *thou*. In the second folio, in the same page and column, *compassion* has been so taken instead of the true word *provision*. This note was written in 1851.

<sup>9</sup> *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

<sup>10</sup> The second folio has, *Though*, which, if read as an elision for *Though of*, as Mr. Hunter proposes, would give better sense. Or we may suppose *Throughout* to be intended.



And to my state grew stranger, being transported,  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom  
To trash<sup>11</sup> for overtopping; new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,  
Or else new form'd them: having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

*Mira.* O good sir! I do.

*Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.

<sup>11</sup> *To trash* means to check the pace or progress of any one. The term is said to be still in use among sportsmen in the North, and signifies to correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game; or *overtopping* or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trashes* are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his overspeed. Todd has given four instances from Hammond's works of the word in this sense. "Clog and trash"—"encumber and trash"—"to trash or overslow"—and "foreslowed and trashed."

There was another word of the same kind used in Falconry (from whence Shakspeare very frequently draws his similes); "*Trassing* is when a hawk raises aloft any fowl, and soaring with it, at length descends therewith to the ground."—*Dictionary Rusticum*, 1704. Probably this term is used by Chapman in his address to the reader prefixed to his translation of Homer.

"That whosoever muse dares use her wing  
When his muse flies she will be *trass't* by his,  
And show as if a Bernacle should spring  
Beneath an Eagle."

There is also a passage in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, wherein Caratach says:

"I fled too,  
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,  
Young Hengô there, he *trasht* me, Nennius."

i. e. checked or stopped my flight.

The Editors have been very precipitate in changing *trace* to *trash* in Othello, Act ii. Scene I. See note on that passage.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate<sup>12</sup>  
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
 With that, which, but by being so retir'd,  
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
 Awak'd an evil nature : and my trust,  
 Like a good parent<sup>13</sup>, did beget of him  
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,  
 Who having, unto truth<sup>14</sup>, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke ; out of the substitution,  
 And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition  
 Growing,—Dost thou hear ?

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man !—my library  
 Was dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable : confederates  
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;

<sup>12</sup> The old copy has, *dedicated*.

<sup>13</sup> Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ*.

<sup>14</sup> *Unto truth*. The old copy reads *into truth*. The correction is by Warburton. The meaning is, 'Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie.' Shadwell, in his preface to the *Sullen Lovers*, has the following passage which may serve to show that the idea was familiar at least to him. "I freely confess my theft, and am asham'd on't, tho' I have the example of some that never wrote a play without stealing most of it, and (*like men that Lye so long, till they believe themselves,*) at length by continual thieving reckon their stolen goods their own too."

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan !)  
To much ignoble stooping.

*Mira.* O the heavens !

*Pro.* Mark his condition, and the event ; then tell me,  
If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sin  
To think but<sup>15</sup> nobly of my grandmother :  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pro.* Now the condition.  
This king of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;  
Which was, that he in lieu<sup>16</sup> o' the premises,—  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom ; and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother : Whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one mid-night  
Fated to the purpose,<sup>17</sup> did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

<sup>15</sup> *But* is here used in its exceptive sense of *be out*, i. e. *otherwise than*. Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, has clearly shown that we use one word, *But*, in modern English, for two words *Böt* and *Büt*, originally (in the Anglo Saxon) very different in signification, though (by repeated abbreviation and corruption) approaching in sound. *Böt* is the imperative of the A. S. *Botan* to *boot*. *Büt* is the imperative of the A. S. *Be-utan*, to *be out*. By this means all the seemingly anomalous uses of *But* may be explained ; I must however content myself with referring the reader to the *Diversions of Purley*, vol. i. p. 190. Merely remarking that *BUT* (as distinguished from *Bot*) and *BE-OUT* have exactly the same meaning, viz. in modern English, *except*.

<sup>16</sup> *In lieu* of the premises ; that is, “ in consideration of the premises,—&c.” This seems to us a strange use of this French word, yet it was not then unusual.

“ *But* takes their oaths *in lieu* of her assistance.”

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophetess.*

<sup>17</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *practice*.

Me, and thy crying self.

*Mira.*

Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint<sup>18</sup>,  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pro.*

Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mira.*

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Pro.*

Well demanded, wench;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me: nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat<sup>19</sup>, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit<sup>20</sup> it; there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.*

Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

*Pro.*

O! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

<sup>18</sup> *Hint* is here for *cause* or *subject suggesting*. Thus in a future passage we have:—"Our *hint* of woe."

<sup>19</sup> The old editions read—*butt*. Rowe made the necessary correction. To think of 'the CARCASS of a BUTT not RIGG'D, without tackle, sail, or mast, is surely absurd. Yet the two last Editors have *restored* it! Whoever looks at the whole context with attention must see the necessity of reading *boat*.

<sup>20</sup> *Quit* was commonly used for *quitted*.

When I have deck'd<sup>21</sup> the sea with drops full salt ;  
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.*

How came we ashore ?

*Pro.* By Providence divine,  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this design,) did give us ; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have steeded much ; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.*

'Would I might

But ever see that man !

*Pro.* [*Puts on his robe*] Now I arise :—  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here  
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit  
Than other princes can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray  
you, sir,  
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason  
For raising this sea-storm ?

*Pro.*

Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star ; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes,

<sup>21</sup> To *deck*, or *deq*, is still used in the northern counties for to *sprinkle*.    <sup>2</sup> The old copy has *princeesse*.



Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions ;  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way ;—I know thou can'st not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come : I am ready now ;  
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds<sup>22</sup> : to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality<sup>23</sup>.

*Pro.*

Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point<sup>24</sup> the tempest that I bade thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak<sup>25</sup>,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement : Sometimes, I'd divide,

<sup>22</sup> This is imitated in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* :

“ ——— tell me, sweetest,  
What new service now is meetest  
For the satyre ; shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing racke, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently make  
Suit to the pale queen of night,  
For a beame to give thee light ?  
Shall I dive into the sea,  
And bring thee coral, making way  
Through the rising waves, &c.”

<sup>23</sup> Ariel's *quality* is not his confederates, but the *powers* of his nature as a spirit, his *qualification* in *sprighting*.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. to the minutest article, literally from the French *à point*, so in the Chances,

“ ——— are you all fit ?  
*To point, Sir.*”

<sup>25</sup> The *beak* was a strong pointed body at the head of ancient galleys, it is used here for the forecastle or boltsprit. The *waist* is the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly.  
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-out-running were not : The fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil<sup>26</sup>  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a sou.  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation : All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, *Hell is empty,*  
*And all the devils are here.*

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit !  
But was not this night shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before : and as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :  
The king's son have I landed by himself ;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship,  
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet ?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once

<sup>26</sup> *Coil is bustle, tumult.*

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes<sup>27</sup>, there she's hid :  
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
 Who<sup>28</sup>, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,  
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;  
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote<sup>29</sup>,  
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,  
 And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :  
 What is the time o' the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses : the time 'twixt six and  
 now  
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? since thou dost give me  
 pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now ? moody ?  
 What is't thou can'st demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out ? no more.

<sup>27</sup> The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*. Setebos, the God of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshiped by the giants of Patagonia.

<sup>28</sup> This is the reading of the old copy. Shakspeare, with many of his most distinguished cotemporaries, wrote *who* and *whom* indifferently.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. the waves, or the sea. *Flota*, SAX. *Flot*, FR. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes "And *all* upon the Mediterranean *float*." The words in the preceding line "they *all* have met again," make the alteration very doubtful, were it at all necessary.

*Ari.* I pray thee  
Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee ?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost ; and think'st it much, to tread  
the ooze  
Of the salt deep ;—  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;  
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast : where was she born ?  
speak ; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier<sup>20</sup>.

*Pro.* O, was she so ? I must,  
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd ; for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life : Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with  
child,  
And here was left by the sailors : Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

<sup>20</sup> The old English name of *Algiers*.

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests<sup>31</sup>, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,  
(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes ; Caliban her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd which Sycorax  
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master :

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pro.* Do so ; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master !  
What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

*Pro.* Go, make thyself like to a nymph o' th' sea ;  
be subject

<sup>31</sup> *Behests, commands.*



To no sight but thine and mine ; invisible<sup>32</sup>  
 To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,  
 And hitler come in't : go ; hence, with diligence.

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;  
 Awake !

*Mira.* [*awaking*] The strangeness of your story put  
 Heaviness in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off. Come on ;  
 We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never  
 Yields us kind answer.

*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
 I do not love to look on.

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
 We cannot miss<sup>33</sup> him : he does make our fire,  
 Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices  
 That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !  
 Thou earth, thou ! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

*Pro.* Come forth, I say ; there's other business for  
 thee :  
 Come, thou tortoise ! when<sup>34</sup> ?

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition ! My quaint<sup>35</sup> Ariel,  
 Hark in thine ear.

<sup>32</sup> Steevens read this passage thus :

Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea,  
 Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible  
 To every eyeball else.

The word *to* is in the old copy, and the omission of the words *thine and* makes the whole more metrical. Indeed there seems to be no reason for making Ariel visible to his own eye ! In my corrected copy of the second folio, the words *thine and* are erased.

<sup>33</sup> i. e. we cannot *do without* him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.

<sup>34</sup> This is a common expression of impatience. Vide note on King Richard II. Act i. Scene I.

<sup>35</sup> *Quaint* here means brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *cointe*.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye <sup>36</sup>,  
And blister you all o'er!

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins <sup>37</sup>  
Shall, for that vast <sup>38</sup> of night that they may work  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st  
give me

<sup>36</sup> A book with which Shakspeare appears to have been familiar, tells us, "This *southern wind* is hot and moist. *Southern winds* corrupt and destroy, they heat and maketh men fall into the sickness." *Batman upon Bartholome—De Proprietatibus Rerum*, Lib. xi. c. 3.

<sup>37</sup> *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. Shakspeare again mentions these fairy beings in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies green and white."

In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy remains.

<sup>38</sup> That *vast* of night is that *space* of night. So in *Hamlet*:

"In the dead *waist* and middle of the night," *nox vasta*, midnight, when all things are quiet and still, making the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. In the pneumatology of ancient times visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety and nature of their agency.



*Pro.*

Hag-seed, hence !

Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?  
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;  
 Fill all thy bones with aches<sup>39</sup> : make thee roar,  
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din !

*Cal.* No, 'pray thee !—

I must obey : his art is of such power, [Aside.  
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos<sup>40</sup>,  
 And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.*

So, slave ; hence !

[Exit CALIBAN.

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing ;  
 FERDINAND following him.*

## ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,**And then take hands :**Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,**The wild waves whist<sup>41</sup>,*

<sup>39</sup> The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable here and in two passages of Timon of Athens. The reader may remember the senseless clamour that was raised against Kemble for his adherence to the text of Shakspeare in thus pronouncing it as the measure requires. "*Ake*," says Baret in his *Alvearie*, "is the verb of this substantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k." And that *ache* was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h* is placed beyond doubt by the passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries *Heigh ho*, and she answers for an *h*. i. e. *ache*. See the Epigram of Heywood adduced in illustration of that passage. This orthography and pronunciation continued even to the times of Butler and Swift. It would be easy to produce numerous instances.

<sup>40</sup> The giants, when they found themselves fettered, "roared like bulls, and cried upon their great devill *Setebos* to help them." — *Eden's Hist. of Travayle*, 1577, p. 434.

<sup>41</sup> i. e. when you have courtsied and kissed the wild waves into silence, foof it, &c. It should be remembered that Ariel is invoking his fellow sprites.

*Foot it featly here and there ;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.*

*Hark, hark !*

*Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.* [dispersedly <sup>42</sup>.

*The watch-dogs bark :*

*Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.* [dispersedly.

*Hark, hark ! I hear*

*The strain of strutting chanticlere*

*Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or  
the earth?

It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon  
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,  
This music crept by me upon the waters ;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

**ARIEL** sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

[*Burden, ding-dong.*

*Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.*

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound

<sup>42</sup> *Dispersedly.* This stage direction is in the old copy. It possibly means that the burden *Bowgh, wowgh*, was to be heard from several places behind the scene.



That the earth owes<sup>43</sup> :—I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say, what thou seest yond'.

*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath  
such senses  
As we have, such : This gallant, which thou seest,  
Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call  
him

A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pro.* It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*  
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free  
thee

Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer  
May know, if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give,  
How I may bear me here : My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
If you be maid, or no?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir;  
But, certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How! the best?

<sup>43</sup> i. e. *owns*. To *owe* was to *possess* or *appertain to*, in ancient language.

What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wrack'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,  
And his brave son, being twain.

*Pro.* The duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could control <sup>44</sup> thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*  
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To FERD.*] A word,  
good sir;

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong <sup>45</sup>; a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pro.* Soft, sir; one word more.—  
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*  
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

<sup>44</sup> To *control* here signifies to *confute*, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of *control* was to *check* or exhibit a *contrary account*, from the old French *contre-roller*.

<sup>45</sup> "—— you have done yourself some wrong;" that is *spoken a falsehood*. Thus in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"This is not well, master Ford, this *wrong* you."

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pro.* Follow me.—[*To FERD.*  
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,  
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

*Fer.* No;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful <sup>46</sup>.

*Pro.* What, I say,  
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-  
science  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father!

*Pro.* Hence; hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity;

<sup>46</sup> *Fearful* was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable, terrible, dreadful*, like the French *épouvantable*; as may be seen by consulting Cotgrave or any of our old Dictionaries. Shakspeare almost always uses it in this sense. In *K. Henry VI.* Act iii. Sc. 2, "A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." He has also *fearful* wars; *fearful* bravery; &c. &c. The verb to *fear* is most commonly used for to *fright*, to *terrify*, to *make afraid*. Mr. Gifford remarks, "as a proof how little our old dramatists were understood at the Restoration, that Dryden censures Jonson for an improper use of this word, the sense of which he altogether mistakes."

I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence : one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an impostor? hush!  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pro.* Come on ; obey : [*To FERD.*  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pro.* It works :— Come on.—  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !— Follow me.—  
[*To FERD. and MIRA.*  
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*

*Mira.* Be of comfort ;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,  
Which now came from him.

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To the syllable.

*Pro.* Come, follow : speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gonzalo.*

**B**ESEECH you, sir, be merry : you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss : our hint<sup>1</sup> of woe  
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant<sup>2</sup>, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor<sup>3</sup> will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;  
by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,——

*Seb.* One :——Tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer——

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,——

<sup>1</sup> *Hint of woe*, i. e. cause or subject of sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now say a *merchant-man*. The *masters* are probably put for *owners*.

<sup>3</sup> He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolation.



*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Alon.* I pry'thee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done : But yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done : The wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So you're pay'd.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance <sup>4</sup>.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True ; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush <sup>5</sup> and lusty the grass looks ? how green ?

<sup>4</sup> *Temperance* is used by Adrian for *temperature*. Antonio plays upon the word as *Temperance* was not an uncommon name for a female in peritonal times, when children were often named after the cardinal virtues.

<sup>5</sup> *Lush* is *luxuriant*, in like manner *luscious* is used in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woodbine.”

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye <sup>6</sup> of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses ; being rather new dyed than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies ?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow ? a pox o' that ! How came that widow in ? Widow Dido !

*Seb.* What if he had said widower Æneas too ? good lord, how you take it !

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage ?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp <sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> That is, with a *shade* or *small portion* of green.

"Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple."—*Boyle*.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay?

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd.  
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss ;  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter.  
But rather lose her to an African ;  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd <sup>8</sup>, between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam she'd <sup>9</sup> bow. We have lost  
your son,

I fear, for ever ; Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's  
Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest <sup>10</sup> of the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather ?

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't, What would I do ?

*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

<sup>8</sup> i. e. Deliberated, was in suspense.

<sup>9</sup> The old copies have "should, which was most probably intended for sh'ould.

<sup>10</sup> See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

Execute all things : for no kind of traffic <sup>11</sup>  
 Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
 Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :  
 No occupation ; all men idle, all ;  
 And women too ; but innocent and pure :  
 No sovereignty :—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gen.* All things in common nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine <sup>12</sup>,  
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,  
 Of its own kind, all foizon <sup>13</sup>, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle ; whores, and knaves.

<sup>11</sup> It was long since pointed out by Capel, that the poet had evidently the following passage from Montaigne in his mind ; and it is remarkable that it should be from the only book that has come down to us bearing his autograph. " It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no *kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of letters*, no intelligence of numbers, no *name of magistrate*, nor of *politike superiority* ; no *use of service*, of *riches*, or of *poverty* ; no *contracts*, no *successions*, no *dividences*, no *occupation*, but *idle* ; no respect of kindred, but common ; no apparell, but naturall ; no manuring of lands ; no use of wine, corne, or mettles. The very words that import lying, and falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them." See Montaigne's *Essays* translated by John Florio, fol. 1603, Chap. 30, B. i. " Of the Caniballes."

<sup>12</sup> An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakspeare's age.

<sup>13</sup> *Foizon* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth. In a subsequent scene we have—

" Earth's increase, and foizon plenty."



*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age<sup>14</sup>.

*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir?—

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing  
to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it  
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of  
such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use  
to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am no-  
thing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at  
nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given?

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you  
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would  
continue in it five weeks without changing<sup>15</sup>.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure  
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,  
for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,  
They are inclin'd to do so.

<sup>14</sup> See Montaigne as cited before.

<sup>15</sup> Warburton remarks that "all this dialogue is a fine satire  
on the Utopian Treatises of Government, and the impracticable  
inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you. Wondrous heavy.  
[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*]

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might  
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more ;—  
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,  
What thou should'st be : th' occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking ?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Seb.* I do ; and, surely,  
It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep : What is it thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather ; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,  
 Trebles thee o'er <sup>16</sup>.

*Seb.* Well ; I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so : to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O !

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,  
 Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,  
 You more invest it <sup>17</sup> ! Ebbing men, indeed,  
 Most often do so near the bottom run,  
 By their own fear, or sloth.

*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on :  
 The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
 A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,  
 Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir :  
 Although this lord of weak remembrance,—this  
 Who shall be of as little memory,  
 When he is earth'd <sup>18</sup>—hath here almost persuaded  
 (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive ;  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,  
 As he that sleeps here, swims.

<sup>16</sup> Antonio apparently means to say, " You must be more serious than you usually are, if you would pay attention to my proposals ; which attention, if you bestow it, will in the end make you *thrice what you are*." I think we should read "*and heed me*," the & has been taken for *if*.

<sup>17</sup> Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. " It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—" O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages the design which I hint at ; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

<sup>18</sup> There seems to be some corruption in this involved passage which was rendered more obscure by the pointing of some of the

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O! out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond <sup>19</sup>,  
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,  
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note <sup>20</sup>, unless the sun were post,  
(The man if the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom <sup>21</sup> coming  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again:  
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,  
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,

editors, who have made a wrongly placed parenthesis of the words "who shall be of as little memory when he is earth'd."

<sup>19</sup> i. e. The utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther.

<sup>20</sup> The commentators have treated this as a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's ignorance of Geography, but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis is not so immeasurable; the intercourse in early times between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not so frequent as to make it popularly considered less than a formidable voyage; Shakspeare most probably followed the novel from which the plot was taken, but he may however be countenanced in his poetical exaggeration, when we remember that *Æschylus* has placed the river *Eridanus* in Spain; and that *Appolonius Rhodius* describes the *Rhone* and the *Po* as meeting in one and discharging themselves into the Gulf of Venice.

<sup>21</sup> The old copy has "she that from whom," which can hardly be right. The word *coming* was most probably omitted at the end of the line by the compositor, and the word *that* caught from the previous repetitions. *Alonso* just before had said, "for coming thence my son is drown'd."

In your's and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*  
*Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them; why they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples,  
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate  
As amply, and unnecessarily,  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough<sup>22</sup> of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

*Seb.* Methinks, I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?

*Seb.* I remember,  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True:  
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience—

*Ant.* Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;

<sup>22</sup> A chough is a bird of the jackdaw kind.



Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion<sup>23</sup>, as a cat laps milk ;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;  
 And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together :  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,  
 For else his projects die<sup>24</sup>, to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,*

*Open-ey'd conspiracy*

*His time doth take :*

*If of life you keep a care,*

*Shake off slumber, and beware .*

*Awake ! Awake !*

<sup>23</sup> *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The sense here is that they will adopt and bear witness to any tale that may be dictated to them.

<sup>24</sup> The old copies read "For else his *project dies*." By the transposition of a letter this passage, which has much puzzled the editors, is rendered intelligible.—"— to keep *them* living," relates

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;  
To make an earthquake; sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,  
That's verity<sup>25</sup>: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search

For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

[*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

to projects, and not to *Alonzo and Gonzalo*, as erroneously supposed. If the old reading is retained we must read *thee* instead of *them*.

<sup>25</sup> The old copies read *verily*. Pope corrected it.

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood. A noise of Thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me :  
Sometime like apes, that *moe*<sup>1</sup> and chatter at me,  
And after, bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks<sup>2</sup> at my foot-fall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
Do hiss me into madness :—Lo ! now ! lo !

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me,  
For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off  
any weather at all, and another storm brewing : I  
hear it sing i' the wind : yond' same black cloud,  
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard<sup>3</sup> that  
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it  
did before, I know not where to hide my head :  
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.  
—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or

<sup>1</sup> To *moe* is to *make mouths*. "To make a *moe* like an ape. Distorquere os. Rictum deducere."—*Baret*.

<sup>2</sup> *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

<sup>3</sup> A *bombard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine<sup>4</sup>; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his hand.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,*

<sup>4</sup> A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips. It is from the low Latin *Galvardina*, whence the Spanish *Gabardina* and *Gaban*; and the French *Gaban*. One would almost think Shakspeare had been acquainted with the following passage in Chapman's version of the fourth Book of the Odyssey:

" ————— The sea calves savour was  
So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)  
It much afflicted us, for who can please  
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales."

*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate :  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang :  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch :  
Then to sea boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too : But here's my comfort.

*[Drinks.]*

*Cal.* Do not torment me : O !

*Ste.* What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde ? Ha ! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me : O !

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs ; who hath got, as I take it, an ague : Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee.



*Ste.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice. It should be— But he is drowned ; and these are devils : O ! defend me !—

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, —Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano,—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon<sup>5</sup>.

*Trin.* Stephano !—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs ; If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed ! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? Can he vent Trinculos ?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke :—But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare gives his characters appropriate language, "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "he who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*." The last is again used in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

<sup>6</sup> The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trin.* Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano! hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon<sup>8</sup>, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

<sup>7</sup> The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven*.

<sup>8</sup> The reader may consult a curious note on this passage in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*; where it is observed that Dante makes *Cain* the *man in the moon* with his bundle of sticks; or in other words describes the moon by the periphrasis "*Caino e le spine*."

my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that : kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster :—I afeard of him ?—a very weak monster :—The man i' the moon !—a most poor credulous monster :—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island ; And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot : I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on then ; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster : A most scurvy monster : I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.*—but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries :

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster ; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ; Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels<sup>9</sup> from the rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

<sup>9</sup> The old copies read *scamels*. Theobald substituted *sea-mells*,

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher<sup>10</sup>, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!


*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

meaning thereby the common *sea-mall* or *mew* of Willoughby and Ray, but *limpets* are said to be called *scams* or *scamels* in some parts of England and Ireland. There have been various other conjectures, but none deserving attention except that of Mr. Dyce, who proposes to read *staniels*, i. e. the kestrel, *stannel* or windhover, which also "breeds in rocky situations, and high cliffs on our coasts." Mr. D. observes, that it is nearer to the trace of the old letters, and that *staniel* or *stannyl* occurs in Act ii. Sc. 5 of Twelfth Night, where all the old editions exhibit the gross misprint "*stallion*." The two latest editors retain *scamels*.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has *trenchering*, an evident error; the eye of the compositor having caught the termination from the words in the preceding line.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.**Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.**Ferdinand.*

 HERE be some sports are painful ; and <sup>1</sup> their labour [ness  
 Delight in them sets off<sup>2</sup>: some kinds of base-  
 Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but  
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
 And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;  
 And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
 Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress  
 Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such base-  
 ness

Had never like executor. I forget :  
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour ;  
 Most busiest when I do it <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> We must read *and* in the sense of *and yet*.

<sup>2</sup> *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.*—*Hor. Sat. ii. l. 2.*  
 So, in *Macbeth* : “The labour we delight in physicks pain.”

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads : Most *busy lest* ; the second : *busy least*.  
 Theobald altered it to *busy-less*, and might well say that “he  
 could not afford to think well of his own sagacity for having dis-  
 covered it.” Subsequent editors, and, among others, Mr. Knight,  
 adopt this reading, which Mr. Dyce approves. Mr. Collier has  
*busy least*, but he essays in vain to make sense of this restora-  
 tion. It is clear that *labours* in the preceding line should be  
*labour* else what does “when I do it,” refer to ? I doubt if the  
 word *busy-less* ever existed except in Theobald's *emendation*.  
*Busy lest* should evidently be *busiest* ; the double superlative is  
 in the poet's manner. Thus we have before in this play, Act i.



*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance.*

*Mira.* Alas, now ! pray you,  
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !  
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that :  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And your's it is against.

*Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art infected ;  
This visitation shews it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me,  
When you are by at night <sup>4</sup>. I do beseech you,

Sc. I., *more better*, and *more braver*, and in K. Lear, Act. ii. Sc. 3 :

"To take the basest and *most poorest* shape."

The sense of the passage may now be made evident by a mere transposition, preserving every word, thus :

But these sweet thoughts, most busiest when I do  
My labour, do even refresh it.

<sup>4</sup> "Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra  
Lumen."

*Tibull.* lib. iv. el. 13.

(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,) What is your name?

*Mira.*

Miranda.—O my father!

I have broke your hest<sup>5</sup> to say so!

*Fer.*

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd<sup>6</sup>,

And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best<sup>7</sup>.

*Mira.*

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,

(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

I therein do forget.

*Fer.*

I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;

<sup>5</sup> *Behest, command.*

<sup>6</sup> See Note 43, p. 27.

<sup>7</sup> In the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, a lover says of his mistress:

“She is herself of *best things the collection*.”

In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

(I would, not so!) and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery, than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul  
speak ;—

The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and, for your sake,  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else<sup>8</sup> i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool,  
To weep at what I am glad of<sup>9</sup>.

*Pro.* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them !

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give ; and much less take,  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

<sup>8</sup> The old copies have "of what else," an evident error for *aught else*, and so I think we should read. Malone's citation from K. Henry VI. in defence of the old reading, is not to the purpose. It there signifies "*somewhat else*."

<sup>9</sup> Steevens observes justly that this is one of those touches of nature which distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. There is a kindred thought in Romeo and Juliet :

"Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring !  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you mistaking offer up to joy."

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow <sup>10</sup>  
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
 Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,  
 And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband then ?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
 As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't : And now  
 farewell,  
 Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand ! thousand !

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
 Who are surpris'd with all ; but my rejoicing  
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;  
 For yet, ere supper time, must I perform  
 Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO ; CALIBAN following with a Bottle.*

*Ste.* Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will  
 drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up,  
 and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ? the folly of this island !  
 They say, there's but five upon this isle : we are three  
 of them ; if the other two be brained like us, the state  
 totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ;  
 thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

<sup>10</sup> i. e. your *companion*. Malone has cited a very apposite passage from Catullus ; but, as Mr. Douce remarks, Shakspeare had more probably the pathetic old poem of The Nut Brown Maid in his recollection.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed<sup>1</sup> fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

<sup>1</sup> *Deboshed*, this is the old orthography of *Debauched*; following the sound of the French original. In altering the spelling we have departed from the proper pronunciation of the word.



*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant ; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou !

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee :

I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*]  
Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st ;  
But this thing dare not.

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed ? Canst thou bring me to the party ?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest, thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied<sup>2</sup> ninny's this ? Thou scurvy  
patch !—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not shew him  
Where the quick freshes<sup>3</sup> are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,

<sup>2</sup> He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's party-coloured dress, he was a licensed fool or jester, *patch* was a name by which they were often distinguished.

<sup>3</sup> *Quick freshes* are *living springs*.

I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rootedly as I: Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st does least.

*Ste.*

Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter  
and I will be king and queen : (save our graces !)  
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys :—Dost  
thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand ; I am sorry I beat thee :  
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy  
head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep ;  
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of pleasure ;  
Let us be jocund : Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere ?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
reason : Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em ; and skout 'em, and  
flout 'em,  
Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the  
picture of No-body<sup>4</sup>.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy like-  
ness : if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins !

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee :—  
Mercy upon us !

<sup>4</sup> The picture of No-body was a common sign. There is also  
a wood cut prefixed to an old play of No-body and Some-body  
which represents this notable person.

*Cal.* Art thou afeard<sup>5</sup>?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,  
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where  
I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it,  
and after, do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I  
could see this taborer<sup>6</sup>: he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO.*

*ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin<sup>1</sup>, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ake; here's a maze trod, indeed,

<sup>5</sup> *To affear* is an obsolete verb with the same meaning as *to affray*, or *make afraid*.

<sup>6</sup> "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers* and *other instruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by evill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the trauellers by their names, &c."—*Travels of Marcus Paulus*, by John Frampton, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"—— calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;  
And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

<sup>1</sup> *By'r LAKIN* is a contraction of *By our LADYKIN*, the diminutive of our lady.

Through forth-rights<sup>2</sup>, and meanders ! by your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,  
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* Let it be to-night :  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night : no more.

*Solemn and strange music ; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing, in a Banquet ; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music !

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ?

*Seb.* A living drollery<sup>3</sup>. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia

<sup>2</sup> Forth-rights, i. e. *strait-lines*. Mazes were of two kinds, rectangular and curvilinear. Mr. Knight gives a figure of one of the former.

<sup>3</sup> Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery," is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.



There is one tree, the phœnix' throne<sup>4</sup>; one phœnix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me?  
If I should say I saw such islanders,  
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,  
Their manners are of a more gentle kind,  
Than of our human generation you shall find<sup>5</sup>  
Many,—nay, almost any.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pro.* Praise in departing<sup>6</sup>. [*Aside.*

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-  
machs.—

<sup>4</sup> "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek *φοινίξ*); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung againe."—*Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

<sup>5</sup> In the old copy this passage stands thus

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of  
Our human generation you shall find.

The correction is made in my copy of the second folio.

<sup>6</sup> "Praise in departing," is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alon.*

Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were  
boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at  
them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,  
Each putter-out on five for one<sup>7</sup>, will bring us  
Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last: no matter, since I feel  
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy ;  
claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint de-  
vice, the Banquet vanishes<sup>8</sup>.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny,  
(That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;  
[*Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.*  
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows  
Are ministers of fate; the elements

<sup>7</sup> "Each putter-out on five for one," i. e. each *traveller*; it appears to have been the custom to place out a sum of money upon going abroad to be returned with enormous interest if the party returned safe; a kind of insurance of a gambling nature. The old copy has "of five for one."

<sup>8</sup> By *vanishes*, probably the disappearance of the viands only is meant, (which was to be effected by the contrivance of the machinist,) as if they had been devoured by the harpy.

Of whom<sup>9</sup> your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowle<sup>10</sup> that's in my plume ; my fellow ministers  
 Are like invulnerable : if you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
 And will not be uplifted. But, remember,  
 (For that's my business to you,) that you three  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
 Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it,)  
 Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures  
 Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,  
 Lingerin' perdition (worse than any death  
 Can be at once,) shall step by step attend  
 You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from  
 (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
 Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,  
 And a clear<sup>11</sup> life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder : then, to soft music, enter the  
 Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and  
 carry out the table.*

<sup>9</sup> I cannot persuade myself that Shakspeare wrote "of whom ;" for, though *which* and *who* were confounded, I do not recollect an instance of *whom* for *which*.

<sup>10</sup> Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather or rather the single particles of the down. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets young *dowle* by *Lanugo*. And in a History of most Manual Arts, 1661, *wool* and *dowl* are treated as synonymous. Tooke contends that this word and others of the same form are nothing more than the past participle of *deal* ; and Junius and Skinner both derive it from the same. I fully believe that Tooke is right ; the provincial word *dool* is a *portion* of unploughed land left in a field ; Coles, in his English Dictionary, 1701, has given *dowl* as a cant word, and interprets it *deal*. I must refer the reader to the Diversions of Purley for further proof.

<sup>11</sup> A *clear* life, is a *pure*, *blameless*, life.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life<sup>12</sup>,  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,  
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;  
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit  
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)  
And his and my loved darling. [*Exit* PROSPERO.

*Gon.* If the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper; it did base my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.  
[*Exeunt* SEB. and ANT.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after<sup>13</sup>,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,

<sup>12</sup> With good *life*, i. e. with the full bent and energy of mind. Mr. Henley says that the expression is still in use in the west of England.

<sup>13</sup> The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.

And hinder them from what this ecstasy<sup>14</sup>  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.*

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Prospero.*

**I**F I have too austere-ly punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends ; for I  
Have given you here a thread<sup>1</sup> of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live ; whom once again  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand !  
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.*

I do believe it,

Against an oracle.

*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : But

<sup>14</sup> Shakspeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. Minshew's definition of this word will serve to explain its meaning wherever it occurs throughout the following pages. "Extasie or trance ; *G.* extase ; *Lat.* extasis, abstractio mentis. Est proprie mentis emotio, et quasi ex statione sua deturbatio, seu furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decidat,"—*Guide to the Tongues*, 1617.

<sup>1</sup> The old editions have *thrid*, except that of 1668, which has *thred*. There can be no doubt that *thrid* is a misprint for *thrid*, the old mode of spelling *thread*. The "vital thread" was in the mind of the poet. Thus in *K. Henry V.* Act iii. Sc. 6, "Let not Bardolph's *vital thread* be cut." In *Macedorus*, 1619, we have :

To cut in twain the twisted *thrid* of life.



If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion<sup>2</sup> shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
 That you shall hate it both : therefore, take heed,  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.*

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now ; the murkiest den,  
 The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion<sup>3</sup>  
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration,  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
 Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.*

Fairly spoke ;

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—  
 What, Ariel ! my industrious servant Ariel !

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
 Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
 In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :  
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity<sup>4</sup> of mine art ; it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

<sup>2</sup> *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

<sup>3</sup> *Suggestion* here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

<sup>4</sup> "Some *vanity* of mine art" is some *illusion*. Thus in a

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,  
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so*,  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mowe:  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pro.* Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night, your vow!

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir  
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pro.* Well.—  
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary<sup>5</sup>,  
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—  
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

*A Masque. Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover<sup>6</sup>, them to keep;

passage, quoted by Warton, in his *Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum*, from *EMARE*, a Metrical Romance:

“The Emperor said on high  
Sertes thys is a fayry  
Or ellys a vanite.”

<sup>5</sup> That is, bring *more than are sufficient*. “Corollary, the addition or vantage above measure, an *overplus*, or *surplusage*.”—*Blount*.

<sup>6</sup> *Stover*, i. e. fodder for cattle, as grass, &c. *Estovers* is the old law term for hay, straw, and the like, from the O. Fr. *estouvier*. The word is still in use in the north of England.

Thy banks with pioned and tilled brims<sup>7</sup>,  
 Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom  
     groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn<sup>8</sup> ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;  
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air : The queen o' the sky,  
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,  
 Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain ;  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers<sup>9</sup> :  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky<sup>10</sup> acres, and my unshrubb'd down.  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth : Why hath thy queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

<sup>7</sup> The old copies read "*pioned and twilled*." Steevens contended for *peonied* and *lillied*, which received some support from James Boswell ; but Mr. Holt's emendation of *tilled* for *twilled*, seems to me perfectly satisfactory. *Pioning* is used by Spenser for digging. These banks thus *dug* and *tilled* "spongy April trims" with spring flowers ; March would be too early for *peonies* and *lilies*. Mr. Collier's corrected folio also adopts *tilled*, and has *brown* groves for *broom* groves ; an inadmissible reading.

<sup>8</sup> That is, *forsaken by his lass*.

<sup>9</sup> Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's Virgil, *Æneid*, Lib. iv.

"Dame rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping  
     showres,

Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,  
 From heaven descending came."

<sup>10</sup> *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by *luxuriant* hedge-rows and copses

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen ? since they did plot  
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid : I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos ; and her son  
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows.  
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,  
Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO*<sup>11</sup>.

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me,  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

#### SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you !  
*Juno sings her blessings on you.*

<sup>11</sup> As in the folio the stage direction is, "Juno descends," she probably appeared above during the former speeches, and now is lowered to the stage.





Leave your crisp<sup>17</sup> channels, and on this green land  
 Answer your summons ; Juno does command :  
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;  
 Make holy-day : your rye-straw hats put on,  
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
 In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end of which PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro. [Aside.]* I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
 Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,  
 Against my life ; the minute of their plot  
 Is almost come.—*[To the Spirits.]* Well done.—  
 Avoid ;—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange : your father's in some passion  
 That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,  
 Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :  
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air :  
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision<sup>18</sup>,

<sup>17</sup> *Crisp* channels ; i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act i. Sc. 3.

“ — Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank.”

<sup>18</sup> In the tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, printed in 1603, is the following passage :

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded <sup>19</sup>,  
 Leave not a wrack <sup>20</sup> behind : We are such stuff

“ Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt  
 Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruised soon broken ;  
 And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,  
 All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
 Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,  
 With furniture superfluously fair,  
 Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,  
 Evanish all like vapours in the air.”

The preceding stanza also contains evidence of the same train of thought with Shakspeare.

“ And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,  
 Then what avails the adoring of a name ?  
 A meer *illusion made to mock the sight*,  
 Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.”

It is possible that one poet imitated the other. The exact period at which the *Tempest* was produced is not known, but it is thought not earlier than 1611. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. Lord Sterling also wrote a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*, in which there are parallel passages to some in Shakspeare's play on the same subject, and Malone thinks the coincidences more than accidental.

<sup>19</sup> *Faded*, i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *vado*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Warton's *Hist. of Poetry*, ii. 199, 202; Fabian, ii. 382; and above all Mr. Gifford's *Ben Jonson passim*.

<sup>20</sup> The folio has *racke*, which the poet elsewhere uses for *the clouds in motion*, but it is evident here that *wracke* (the mode in which *wreck* is uniformly given in the old copies,) was meant. Owing to Horne Tooke's observations on this passage, the word *rack* has been retained in recent editions, with the meaning he gave to the word; even Malone retained it, notwithstanding his own sensible observation that “*rack* is a misspelling for *wrack* i. e. *wreck*,” and that the words relate not to “the baseless fabrick of this vision,” but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall, (*like a vision, or a pageant*,) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.” See *Richardson's Dictionary v. Rack*; *Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary v. Rak*; and *Notes and Queries*, Vol. iii. p. 218, Vol. iv. pp. 121 and 158.

As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;  
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.  
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.  
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
 And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.*

We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Pro.* Come with a thought :—I thank you :—  
 Ariel, come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet<sup>21</sup> with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,  
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,  
 Lest I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these var-  
 lets?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;  
 So full of valour, that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet : yet always bending  
 Towards their project : then I beat my tabor,  
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
 As they smelt music ; so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,

<sup>21</sup> To counteract, to play stratagem against stratagem.

“ — You may meet

With her abusive malice, and exempt  
 Yourself from the suspicion of revenge.”

*Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613.

Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
 I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
 O'er-stunk their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird :  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still :  
 The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
 For stale<sup>22</sup> to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture<sup>23</sup> can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;  
 And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*  
 Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.<sup>24</sup>

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. *Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO ; all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole  
 may not  
 Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a  
 harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the  
 Jack<sup>25</sup> with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss ; at which  
 my nose is in great indignation.

<sup>22</sup> *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

<sup>23</sup> *Nurture* is *Education*, in our old language.

<sup>24</sup> Mr. Hunter suggests that by *line* a *lime-tree* is here meant. It has been urged that the subsequent play upon the word "we steal by *line* and level" makes against this conjecture. Still I must confess, I incline to Mr. Hunter's reading of the passage. A *lime* or *lime-grove* defended Prospero's cave from the weather.

<sup>25</sup> To play the *Jack*, was to play the *Knave*. Hence *Jack-o'-Lantern*, which is here alluded to.

*Ste.* So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still :  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak  
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,  
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:  
Do that good mischief, which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: for I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer<sup>26</sup>! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery<sup>27</sup>:—O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's alone<sup>28</sup>,

<sup>26</sup> This is a humorous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in *Othello*.

<sup>27</sup> A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*. FR.

<sup>28</sup> The old copy reads—"Let's alone."



And do the murder first : if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ;  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country : *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime<sup>29</sup> upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't : we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles<sup>30</sup>, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers ; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to ; carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard*<sup>31</sup>. *Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about ;* PROSPERO and ARIEL *setting them on.*

<sup>29</sup> *Bird-lime.*

<sup>30</sup> The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *lepas anatifera*, which ancient credulity believed to produce the barnacle-goose. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second Satire of his fourth Book—

“ That Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,  
That of a worm doth wax a winged goose.”

Gerrard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391, gives a full description of it ; and the worthy Dr. Bullein treats those as ignorant and incredulous who do not believe in the transformation.—*Bulwarke of Defence*, 1562. Caliban's Barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-goose.

<sup>31</sup> See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Note on v. 6441.

*Pro.* Hey, *Mountain*, hey !

*Ari.* *Silcer* ! there it goes, *Silcer* !

*Pro.* *Fury* ! *Fury* ! there, *Tyrant*, there ! hark, hark !

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make  
them,

Than pard <sup>32</sup>, or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.*

Hark, they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly : At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,  
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of Prospero.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Prospero.*

**N**OW does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and  
time

Goes upright with his carriage <sup>1</sup>. How's the day ?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.*

I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and his followers ?

*Ari.* Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;

<sup>32</sup> Pard, i. e. Leopard

<sup>1</sup> i. e. with his burthen. See Acts xxi. 15.

Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,  
 In the line grove<sup>2</sup> which weather-fends your cell :  
 They cannot budge, till you release. The king,  
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;  
 And the remainder mourning over them,  
 Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay ; but chiefly  
 Him that you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo* ;  
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
 From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works  
 them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections  
 Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch<sup>3</sup>, a feeling  
 Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,  
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?  
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the  
 quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part. The rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel ;  
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
 And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
 groves<sup>4</sup> ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot

<sup>2</sup> Thus the old copy. The *Line*, or *Lind*, was the *Linden-tree*, now corruptly called the *Lime*. Mr. Hunter has the merit of pointing out this.

<sup>3</sup> A sensation.

<sup>4</sup> This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's in

Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
 When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that  
 By moon-shine do the green sour<sup>5</sup> ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight-mushrooms ; that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid  
 (Weak masters though ye be<sup>6</sup>) I have be-dimm'd  
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine, and cedar : graves, at my command,  
 Have wak'd their sleepers ; op'd and let them forth,  
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
 I here abjure : and, when I have requir'd  
 Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)  
 To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

Ovid ; the expressions are, many of them in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakspeare's own.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy has *green source*. The late Mr. Douce thought it should be *green-sward*, sometimes written *green-sword*, but the old copy is most probably correct.

<sup>6</sup> That is ; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves. Your employments are of the trivial nature before mentioned.

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boiling in thy skull<sup>7</sup>! There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces  
 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—  
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and  
 blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse<sup>8</sup> and nature; who with Sebastian  
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)  
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding  
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have '*boile within*,' which has been changed to *boil'd within*. It seems to me that, as change is necessary, the reading I have adopted is better. The poet himself tells us in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Sc. 1,

Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains.  
 Two lines lower I find *Noble* suggested for *Holy* in Mr. Collier's folio; the corrector also substitutes *flow* for *show* in the next line: but in both cases the old authentic text requires no alteration.

<sup>8</sup> *Remorse* is *pity, tenderness of heart*; *nature* is *natural affection*.



I will dis-case me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit ;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.*

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
There I couch, when owls do cry ;  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough*<sup>9</sup>.

*Pro.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel ; I shall miss thee ;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,

<sup>9</sup> This was the received opinion : so in Fairfax's Tasso, B. iv. St. 18.—

*"The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,  
Ranged in flow'ry dales, and mountaines here,  
And under every trembling leaf they sit."*

This charming song is so generally known in connection with Dr. Arne's music, that changes in the readings or punctuation must be startling and little acceptable to the general reader. Mr. Knight's proposed change certainly mars it. If Malone's reading, of a full point after *couch*, is adopted, Theobald's substitution of *sunset* for *summer* seems to be called for, thus :

When owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After *sunset*, merrily.

Ariel, who sucks honey for luxury in the cowslip's bell, retreats thither for quiet when owls are abroad and screeching. When winter approaches he follows summer on a bat's back. The bat being torpid and therefore missing in winter, it is quite allowable fairy natural philosophy, to suppose that some of them at least have flown off with fairies on their backs in pursuit of the genial weather that suited both so well.

Being awake, enforce them to this place ;  
And presently, I pr'ythee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country !

*Pro.* Behold, sir king,  
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
And to thee and thy company, I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whe'r<sup>10</sup> thou beest he, or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,  
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave  
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs :—But how should  
Prospero  
Be living, and be here ?

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pro.* You do yet taste  
Some subtleties<sup>11</sup> o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—

<sup>10</sup> *Whe'r*, whether.

<sup>11</sup> *Subtleties* are quaint deceptive inventions ; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.



The king and queen there ! that they were !—I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,  
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.  
My dukedom, since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
wrangle<sup>13</sup>,

<sup>13</sup> So in Henry V. the king, in allusion to the tennis balls, directs the ambassadors to tell the dauphin—

“ He hath made a match with such a *wrangler*,  
That all the courts of France shall be disturb'd  
With chases.”

To *wrangle*, in the language of the poet's time, was “ to *hafi*  
or *overthwart* ; to run back and yet not cease to contend.”

And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.*

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.*

A most high miracle!

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :  
I have curs'd them without cause.

[*FER. kneels to ALON.*

*Alon.*

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mira.*

O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

*Pro.*

'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at  
play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

*Fer.*

Sir, she's mortal

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;

I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice; nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have

Received a second life, and second father

This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.*

I am her's:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pro.*

There, sir, stop

Let us not burden our remembrances, with

A heaviness that's gone.



*Gon.* I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;  
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither !

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? O ! rejoice  
Beyond a common joy : and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own <sup>14</sup>.

*Alon.* Give me your hands :  
[To FER. and MIRA.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gon.* Be't so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir ; here are more of us !  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown :—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king, and company : the next our ship,—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—  
Is tight and yare <sup>15</sup>, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

<sup>14</sup> *When no man was his own, when no man was in his senses  
or had self-possession.*

<sup>15</sup> *Yare, i. e. prepared, ready.*

*Ari.* Sir, all this service }  
 Have I done since I went. } [*Aside.*  
*Pro.* My tricksy <sup>16</sup> spirit ! }

*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they strengthen,  
 From strange to stranger : — Say, how came you  
 hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
 And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,  
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
 We were awak'd ; straightway at liberty :  
 Where we, in all her trim <sup>17</sup>, freshly beheld  
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master  
 Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
 And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* Was't well done ? }  
*Pro.* Bravely, my diligence ! Thou shalt } [*Aside.*  
 be free. }

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod :  
 And there is in this business more than nature  
 Was ever conduct <sup>18</sup> of : some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
 Do not infest your mind with beating on <sup>19</sup>  
 The strangeness of this business : at pick'd leisure,

<sup>16</sup> Florio interprets "*Pargoletta* ; quaint, pretty, nimble, *trixie*, tender, small." When we remember the tiny dimensions of Ariel, who could lie in the bell of a cowslip, the epithet, like all those of the great poet, will be found peculiarly appropriate. Prospero had before called him "*My quaint Ariel*."

<sup>17</sup> The old copy has "*our trim*."

<sup>18</sup> *Conductor*.

<sup>19</sup> There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import, "*Still hammering at it*."

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
 (Which to you shall seem probable<sup>20</sup>) of every  
 These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit ;  
[*Aside.*

Set Caliban and his companions free :

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune :—  
 Coragio ! bully-monster, Coragio !

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !  
 How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
 He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha !  
 What things are these, my lord Antonio ?  
 Will money buy them ?

*Ant.* Very like ; one of them  
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
 Then say, if they be true<sup>21</sup>.—This mis-shapen knave,  
 His mother was a witch ; and one so strong  
 That could control the moon<sup>22</sup>, make flows and ebbs,

<sup>20</sup> This parenthetical passage seems to mean :—" When I have explained to you, then these strange events shall seem more probable than they do now."

<sup>21</sup> *Honest.*

<sup>22</sup> In Adlington's translation of Apuleius, 1596, 4to. a marginal note says : " Witches in old time were supposed to be of such power that they could pul downe the moone by their enchantment."

And deal in her command, without her power<sup>23</sup> :  
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil  
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life : two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunk now : Where had he wine ?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe : Where should  
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them<sup>24</sup> ?—  
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw  
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones :  
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano ?

*Ste.* O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,  
As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;  
Take with you your companions ; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,

<sup>23</sup> That is, ' works the same effects as the moon without the aid of her power,' exercises the command of the moon without being empowered by her to do so ; usurps her authority.

<sup>24</sup> The allusion is to the *elixir* of the Alchemists. The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*. Fletcher uses it in the Chances :—

*Duke.* Is she not drunk too ?

*Wh.* A little *gilded* o'er, sir ; old sack, old boys.

And seek for grace : What a thrice double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool ?

*Pro.*

Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you  
found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. and TRIN.]

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,  
To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest  
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste  
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away : the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents, gone by,  
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn,  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnized ;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.*

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.*

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—  
That is thy charge ; then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !—[*Aside.*] Please you,  
draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]



## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

**N**OW my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have's mine own;  
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
 I must be here confin'd by you,  
 Or sent to Naples: Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island, by your spell;  
 But release me from my bands,  
 With the help of your good hands<sup>1</sup>,  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails  
 Must fill, or else my project fails,  
 Which was to please: Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;  
 And my ending is despair,  
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;  
 Which pierces so, that it assaults  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free.

<sup>1</sup> By your *applause*. *Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell  
 Thus before in this play:—

“ — Hush! be mute;  
 Or else our *spell* is *marr'd*.”



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.







## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HIS is one of Shakspeare's earliest plays. It was not printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623, but it is mentioned by Meres in his *Wits' Treasury*, printed in 1598; yet it cannot be said to bear internal marks of an early composition. Pope has observed, that "the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of Shakspeare's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote." Malone is inclined to consider this to be in consequence of that very circumstance, and that it is natural and unaffected because it was a youthful performance. "Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, written when he was an established and long practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction, in these and some other plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth."

"When I read this play (says Johnson), I cannot but think that I find both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineation of life; but it abounds in *γνῶμαι* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful."

Pope has set what he calls a mark of reprobation upon the conceits. It is true that the familiar scenes abound with quibbles; but the poet must not be condemned for adopting a mode of writing admired by his contemporaries; they were not

considered low and trifling in Shakspeare's age, but on the contrary, were very generally admired and allowed for pure and genuine wit. Yet some of these scenes have much farcical drollery and invention: that of Launce with his dog in the fourth act is an instance, and surely "Speed's mode of proving his master to be in love is neither deficient in wit nor sense."

"The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression." Schlegel says: "it is as if the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love." Julia may be considered a light sketch of the lovely characters of Viola and Imogen. Her answer to Lucretia's advice against following her lover in disguise is a beautiful and highly poetical passage.

"That it should ever have been a question whether this comedy were the genuine and entire composition of Shakspeare appears to me very extraordinary," says Malone. "Hammer and Upton never seem to have considered whether it were his first or one of his latest pieces:—is no allowance to be made for the first flights of a young poet? nothing for the imitation of a preceding celebrated dramatist<sup>1</sup>, which in some of the lower dialogues of this comedy (and these only) may, I think, be traced? But even these, as well as the other parts of the play, are perfectly Shakspearian (I do not say as finished and beautiful as any of his other pieces); and the same judgment must, I conceive, be pronounced concerning the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour's Lost, by every person who is intimately acquainted with his manner of writing and thinking."

Sir William Blackstone observes, "that one of the great faults of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is the hastening too abruptly, and without preparation, to the *dénouement*, which, he thinks, shows that it was one of Shakspeare's very early performances." Dr. Johnson in his concluding observations has remarked upon the geographical errors. They cannot be defended by attributing them to his youthful inexperience, for one of his latest productions is also liable to the same objection. To which Malone replies: "The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise which doubtless he had read; so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command; and as he brought in a child at the beginning of a play, who in the fourth act appears as a woman, so he seems to have set geo-

---

<sup>1</sup> Malone points at Lilly, whose comedies were performed with great success and admiration previous to Shakspeare's commencement of his dramatic career.



graphy at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime just as it suited his fancy or convenience."

Some of the incidents may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book 1, ch. vi. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. *The Arcadia* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1588. The love adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels.

Mrs. Lennox informs us, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in "*The Diana*" of Montemayor. This pastoral romance was translated from the Spanish in Shakspeare's time, by Bartholomew Young, and published in 1598. It does not appear that it was previously published, though it was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson, perhaps some parts of it may have been made public, or Shakspeare may have found the tale elsewhere. It has before been observed that Meres mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in his book, published in 1598. Malone conjectures that this play was the first that Shakspeare wrote, and places the date of its composition in the year 1591. It was first printed in the folio of 1623.

S. W. S.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*  
PROTEUS,<sup>1</sup> }

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*

Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*

Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

SHATA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *Waitingwoman to Julia.*

*Servants, Musicians.*

SCENE, *sometimes in VERONA ; sometimes in MILAN ;  
and on the frontiers of MANTUA.*

---

<sup>1</sup> In the old copy, this name is everywhere spelled *Protheus*, as it is wherever it occurs in cotemporary writers, as in Lodge's "*Wits Miserie*," &c. It was probably therefore pronounced with a more lengthened sound than Proteus would be. Perhaps the old spelling should have been retained.



## TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place in Verona.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Valentine.*



EASE to persuade, my loving Proteus ;  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely  
wits.<sup>1</sup>

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness<sup>2</sup>.  
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou begone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest

<sup>1</sup> Milton has the same play upon words in his *Comus*.

"It is for homely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence."

<sup>2</sup> The expression *shapeless idleness* is admirably expressive, as implying that idleness prevents the giving form or character to the manners.

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
 When thou dost meet good hap ; and, in thy danger,  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy head's-man<sup>3</sup>, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont<sup>4</sup>.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love ;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true ; but<sup>5</sup> you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots ? nay, give me not the boots<sup>6</sup>.

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.*

What ?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with  
 groans ;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs ; one fading mo-  
 ment's mirth,

<sup>3</sup> A *heads-man* is one who offers up *prayers* to heaven for the welfare of another. In A. Saxon *bead* is a prayer, and hence the chaplet of little balls used in the Romish church, to number the prayers said, came to be named *beads*.

<sup>4</sup> The allusion is to Marlowe's poem of *Hero and Leander*, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1593, though not published till 1598. It was probably circulated in manuscript in the interim, as was the custom at that period. The poem seems to have made an impression on Shakespeare, who appears to have recently perused it, for he again alludes to it in the third act, and in *As You Like It* he has quoted a line from it.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy has *for*, a very probable misprint, which is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio to *but*.

<sup>6</sup> "Nay, give me not the boots : " a proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, 'Don't make a laughing-stock of me.' The French have a phrase *Builler fin en corne* : which Cotgrave interprets, 'To give one the boots ; to sell him a bargain.' Perhaps deduced from a humorous punishment at harvest home feasts in Warwickshire.

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;  
However, but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance<sup>7</sup>, I fear, you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis Love you cavil at ; I am not Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you :  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say ; As in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say ; As the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by Love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire ?  
Once more adieu : my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.  
To<sup>8</sup> Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so, farewell !

[*Exit VALENTINE.*

<sup>7</sup> *Circumstance* is used equivocally. It here means *conduct* ; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction.

<sup>8</sup> The construction of this passage is, "Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan," i. e. addressed to Milan.



*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love.  
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;  
And I have played the sheep<sup>9</sup>, in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray  
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd  
then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then, my horns are his horns, whether  
I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the  
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my  
master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,  
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou  
for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages  
follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

<sup>9</sup> In Warwickshire, and some other counties, a *sheep* is pronounced a *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear! gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton<sup>10</sup>; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod<sup>11</sup>?

*Speed.* I. [SPEED *nods.*

*Pro.* Nod, I? why, that's noddly.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod? and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together is—noddly.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

<sup>10</sup> Cotgrave explains *laced mutton*, une garce, putain, fille de joye. It was so established a term for a courtezian, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, is said to have been thence called Mutton Lane. What is meant by *laced*, may be gathered from Deloney's Thomas of Reading, Chap. ii. "No meat pleased him so well as *mutton*, such as was *laced* in a red petticoat."

<sup>11</sup> *Did she nod?* These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows. In Speed's answer, the old spelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwise the conceit would be unintelligible. *Noddly* was a game at cards, the knave was so called, and is still sometimes termed "*his nob*."

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddly, for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.<sup>12</sup> Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd<sup>13</sup> me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry

<sup>12</sup> The first folio copy reads *your*, Steevens follows the second, and reads *her*. Malone explains the old reading thus—She being so hard to me who was the bearer of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in the act of *telling* your mind. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio has, with some license, thrown this passage into rhyme, probably for effect on the stage.

<sup>13</sup> "You have *testerned* me," i. e. given me sixpence. *Testerns* (or as we now commonly call them, *testers*), from a head that was upon them, were coined in 1542. Sir H. Spelman says

your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wrack;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore:—  
I must go send some better messenger;  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedly.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?

they were a French coin of the value of 18d.; and he does not know but that they might have gone for as much in England. They were afterward reduced to 12d., 9d., and finally, to *sixpence*.

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure<sup>1</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen<sup>2</sup>.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him  
best.

*Jul.* Your reason ?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason ;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And would'st thou have me cast my love on  
him ?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire<sup>3</sup>, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would, I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.

*Jul.* To *Julia*.—Say, from whom ?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from  
Proteus :

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

<sup>1</sup> To *censure*, in Shakspeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :

“ ————— How blest am I

In my just *censure* ? in my true opinion ? ”

<sup>2</sup> In Mr. Collier's folio, the following passage is also made to rhyme by the annotator, certainly not to its improvement :

That I unworthy body as *I can*

Should censure thus a *loving gentleman*.

<sup>3</sup> *Fire* is here pronounced as a dissyllable.



*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker<sup>4</sup>!  
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?  
To whisper and conspire against my youth?  
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,  
And you an officer fit for the place.  
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;  
Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will you<sup>5</sup> be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate.  
[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.  
It were a shame to call her back again,  
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,  
And would not force the letter to my view!  
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.  
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
When willingly I would have had her here!  
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,  
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!  
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,  
And ask remission for my folly past:—  
What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner time?

*Luc.* I would it were:

<sup>4</sup> "A goodly broker," a matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress.

<sup>5</sup> First folio, *ye*.

That you might kill your stomach<sup>6</sup> on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is't that you took up  
So gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set<sup>7</sup>.

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible:  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*<sup>8</sup>.

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,

<sup>6</sup> *Stomach* is here used in a double sense for *anger* and *hunger*.

<sup>7</sup> *Set* is here used equivocally. *Lucy* uses it in the sense in which it is used by musicians, and *Julia* affects to understand it in a quite different sense. To *set by* in old language signifies, to make account of, to estimate. See the First Book of Samuel, xviii. 30.

<sup>8</sup> *Light o' love*. This tune is frequently mentioned in the productions of Shakspeare's time.

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant<sup>9</sup>:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base<sup>10</sup> for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
Here is a coil<sup>11</sup> with protestation !

[*Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter<sup>12</sup>. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps ! to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And here is writ—*kind Julia* ;—unkind *Julia* !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus* ;—

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd ;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down :

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

<sup>9</sup> *Descant* signified formerly what we now call *variations*. It has been well defined to be musical paraphrase. The *mean* is the tenor in music.

<sup>10</sup> To *bid the base* means, to run fast, challenging another to pursue at the rustic game called Base, or Prisonbase. The allusion is somewhat obscure, but it appears to mean here, "to challenge to an encounter."

<sup>11</sup> *Coil*, i. e. bustle, stir.

<sup>12</sup> Thus altered to *rhyme* by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio :

She makes it strange, but she would be pleased *better*

To be so anger'd with another letter.

Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea !  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*  
*To the sweet Julia ;*—that I'll tear away  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :  
Yet here they shall not lie, for<sup>13</sup> catching cold.

*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind<sup>14</sup> to them.

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see<sup>15</sup> ;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come, will't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>13</sup> "for catching cold," i. e. lest they should catch cold, anciently a common form of expression. See Horne Tooke's explanation of this word in the first volume of "The Diversions of Purley."

<sup>14</sup> MONTH'S MIND, a *longing*, probably from "the longing of women, which takes place (or commences, at least) in the first month of pregnancy." This is the ingenious conjecture of John Croft, Esq. of York. The commentators have endeavoured to refer this passage to the *month's minds*, or periodical celebrations in memory of dead persons, usual in times of popery ;—but the phrase in this place can have no relation to them.

<sup>15</sup> This line is made to rhyme with the next by the following substitution in Mr. Collier's folio.

Ay, madam, you may see what sights you *think*.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Antonio's House.**Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad<sup>1</sup> talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him?

*Pant.* He wonder'd, that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;  
And did request me, to impórtune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment<sup>2</sup> to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time:  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

*Pant.* I think, your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

<sup>1</sup> *Sad talk*, i. e. grave or serious.

<sup>2</sup> *Impeachment* in this passage means *reproach* or *imputation*.



*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel : well hast thou advised :  
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known ;  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :  
And, in good time,—now will we break with him<sup>3</sup>.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart :  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents !  
O heavenly Julia !

*Ant.* How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well belov'd  
And daily graced by the emperor ;

<sup>3</sup> "Now will we *break* with him," i. e. break or open the matter to him.

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish ;  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition<sup>4</sup> thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go :  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after  
thee :

No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—  
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employed  
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PANT.*]

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of  
burning ;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :  
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth<sup>5</sup>

The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

<sup>4</sup> *Exhibition* is allowance of money ; it is still used in the Universities for a stipend.

<sup>5</sup> *Resembleth* is pronounced as if written *resembeleth*, which makes it a quadrisyllable.

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;  
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Speed.*

**S**IR, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine ; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this  
is but one<sup>1</sup>.

*Val.* Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

*Speed.* Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

*Val.* How now, sirrah ?

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too  
slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir ; tell me, do you know madam  
Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves ?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love ?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks : First, you

<sup>1</sup> On and one were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.

have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content: to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet<sup>2</sup>; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas<sup>3</sup>. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are so<sup>4</sup> metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me? They cannot.

*Speed.* Without you! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

<sup>2</sup> To take diet is to be under a regimen for a disease.

<sup>3</sup> The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish a *souling*, as they call it; i. e. *begging and puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling*), for soul cakes, and singing what they call the souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

<sup>4</sup> So is not in the old copy, but added in my corrected second folio.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deform'd.

*Val.* How long hath she been deform'd?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered<sup>5</sup>!

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

<sup>5</sup> Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love. "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. *As You Like It*, iii. 2.



*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set<sup>6</sup>, so, your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Speed.* O excellent motion<sup>7</sup>! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant<sup>8</sup>, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

<sup>6</sup> *Set*, for seated, in opposition to stand in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon in the west.

<sup>7</sup> *A motion* signified, in Shakspeare's time, a *puppet-show*. *Speed* means to say, what a fine puppet-show shall we have now? Here is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter. The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.

<sup>8</sup> It was the custom with ladies formerly to call their admirers their *servants*.

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No, madam, so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much.  
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;  
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—  
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,  
But since unwillingly, take them again;  
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;  
But I will none of them; they are for you:  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:  
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam! what then?

*Sil.* Why if it please you, take it for your labour;  
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a  
steeple!

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write  
the letter ?

*Val.* How now, sir ! what are you reasoning with  
yourself ?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming ; 'tis you that have the  
reason.

*Val.* To do what ?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom ?

*Speed.* To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure ?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me ?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you  
write to yourself ? Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you indeed, sir : But did you  
perceive her earnest ?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there  
an end.

*Val.* I would, it were no worse !

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

*For often have you writ to her ; and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;  
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind dis-  
cover,*

*Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.  
All this I speak in print<sup>7</sup> ; for in print I found it.—  
Why muse you, sir ? 'tis dinner-time.*

*Val.* I have dined.

<sup>7</sup> *In print*, i. e. with *exactness*. Speed affects to be repeating  
some lines which he has read. He speaks as if reading.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir : though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat : O ! be not like your mistress ; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia,

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

*Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange ; here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy ;  
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.  
My father stays my coming ; answer not :  
The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;  
That tide will stay me longer than I should ;

[*Exit JULIA.*

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

*Pro.* Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.**Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.*

*Laun.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind<sup>1</sup> of the Launces have this very fault : I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourdest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it : This shoe is my father :—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole ; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother ; and this my father : A vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid ; I am the dog :—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog ;—O ! the dog is me, and I am myself : Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; *Father, your blessing* ; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ; well he weeps on. Now come I to my mother,—O, that shoe could speak now ! like a wood<sup>2</sup> woman,—well, I

<sup>1</sup> *Kind, is kindred.*

<sup>2</sup> *Like a wood woman.* The folio has “like a would-woman.” Theobald corrected it. *Wood is crazy, wild, distracted.* “O that shoe could speak now, like a wood woman.” *Shoe for she*



kiss her ;—why there 'tis ; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes : now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard ; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? why weepest thou, man ? Away, ass ; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide ?

*Laun.* Why, he that's tied here ; Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood ; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

*Laun.* For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue ?

*Laun.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail ?

*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied ! — Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go ?

*Laun.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

is substituted in my corrected second folio. Blackstone had suggested that this might be the true reading.

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace*

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and  
SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad<sup>1</sup>.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I, that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote<sup>2</sup> you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. you are serious.

<sup>2</sup> To quote is to mark, to observe, the old pronunciation was evidently cote from the French original. Hence the quibble, I-coat it in your jerkin.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant ?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir : you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers ; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more ; here comes my father.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health : What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news ?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth<sup>3</sup>, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father.

<sup>3</sup> Thus the old copy. In Mr. Collier's second folio it is unnecessarily altered to *wealth*.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I know<sup>4</sup> him as myself; for from our infancy  
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;  
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow),  
He is complete in feature<sup>5</sup>, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time a while:  
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth.  
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—  
For Valentine, I need not 'cite<sup>6</sup> him to it:  
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has *knew*. The error is corrected in my second folio.

<sup>5</sup> *Feature* in the poet's age was often used for form or person in general. Thus Baret: 'The *feature* and facion, or the proportion and figure of the whole body. Conformatio quædam et figura totius oris et corporis.' So in *Ant.* and *Cleop.* Act ii. Sc. 5.

'Report the *feature* of Octavian.'

Thus also Spenser:

'Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide.'

<sup>6</sup> *Cite*, for *incite*.

*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself : Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability:— Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed; Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.*

That you are worthless.



*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you<sup>7</sup>.

*Sil.* I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*  
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me :—Once more, new servant, welcome :

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours ?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you ;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now :  
I have done penance for contemning love ;  
Whose high imperious<sup>8</sup> thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O, gentle Proteus ! love's a mighty lord ;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

<sup>7</sup> In the old copy this speech is given to Thurio. Theobald introduced the *servant*.

<sup>8</sup> *Imperious*, i. e. *commanding, stately*. It has been said that *imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same meaning, but this was not the case. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

There is no woe<sup>9</sup> to his correction,  
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :  
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

*Val.* Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

*Pro.* No ; but she's an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality<sup>10</sup>,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any,  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too :  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swellings flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus : all I can, is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

<sup>9</sup> No woe, no misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. This elliptic mode of expression occurs in other places.

<sup>10</sup> A principality is an angel of the first order

*Val.* Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;  
 And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
 Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
 Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
 My foolish rival, that her father likes,  
 Only for his possessions are so huge,  
 Is gone with her along ; and I must after,  
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you ?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd ;  
 Nay, more, our marriage hour,  
 With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
 Determin'd of : how I must climb her window ;  
 The ladder made of cords ; and all the means  
 Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.  
 Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
 In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :  
 I must unto the road<sup>11</sup>, to disembark  
 Some necessaries that I needs must use ;  
 And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
 So the remembrance of my former love  
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
 Is it her mien<sup>12</sup>, or Valentinus' praise,

<sup>11</sup> *The road*, i. e. the *haven* where the ships lie at anchor.

<sup>12</sup> The first folio reads, "It is *mine*," &c. The present reading is by Malone. *Mien* was spelled *mine*, the French form of the word from which it was derived.

The second folio has,

"Is it mine *then*, or Valentinian's praise ?"

It has been proposed to read

"Is it mine *eyne*, or Valentinus' praise ?"

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
 She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—  
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire<sup>13</sup>,  
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
 Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;  
 And that I love him not, as I was wont:  
 O! but I love his lady too, too much;  
 And that's the reason I love him so little.  
 How shall I dote on her with more advice<sup>14</sup>,  
 That thus without advice begin to love her?  
 'Tis but her picture<sup>15</sup> I have yet beheld,  
 And that hath dazzled<sup>16</sup> my reason's light,  
 But when I look on her perfections,  
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
 If I can check my erring love, I will;  
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V. *The same. A Street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan<sup>1</sup>.

*Laun.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man

<sup>13</sup> Alluding to the figures made by witches as representatives of those they meant to destroy or torment. *V. Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

<sup>14</sup> *With more advice*, i. e. on further knowledge, on better consideration.

<sup>15</sup> Proteus means to say, that as yet he had only seen her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

<sup>16</sup> *Dazzled* is used as a trisyllable.

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads *Padua*, which was probably a lapse of the poet's pen.

is never undone, till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?

*Laun.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him ?

*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then ? Shall he marry her ?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken ?

*Laun.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

*Laun.* Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

*Laun.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ? My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st ?

*Laun.* Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match ?

*Laun.* Ask my dog : if he say, Ay, it will ; if he say, No, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.

*Laun.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce,



how say'st thou<sup>1</sup>, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Laun.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Laun.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Laun.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so<sup>2</sup>; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.  
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:  
O sweet suggesting<sup>3</sup> love, if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.

<sup>1</sup> *How say'st thou*, i. e. what say'st thou to this circumstance.

<sup>2</sup> The word *so* was inserted in the second folio. In Launce's next speech the allusion is probably to church-ales.

<sup>3</sup> To *suggest*, in the language of our ancestors, was to tempt.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—  
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,  
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;  
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.  
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :  
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;  
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,  
 For Valentine, myself ; For Julia, Silvia.  
 I to myself am dearer than a friend ;  
 For love is still most precious in itself :  
 And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair !)  
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiopie.  
 I will forget that Julia is alive,  
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead ;  
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.  
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder  
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;  
 Myself in counsel, his competitor<sup>4</sup> :  
 Now presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising, and pretended<sup>5</sup> flight ;  
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;

<sup>4</sup> *Myself in counsel, his competitor*, i. e. myself who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel. *Competitor* here means confederate, assistant, partner. Thus in *Ant. Cleop.* Act v. Sc. 1.

“ That thou my brother, my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
 Friend and companion in the front of war.”

<sup>5</sup> *Pretended flight*, i. e. *proposed* or *intended* flight. The verb *prétendre* has the same signification in French.

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me !  
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—  
Who art the table<sup>1</sup> wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—  
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas ! the way is wearisome and long

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;  
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's  
food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire ;  
But qualify the fire's<sup>2</sup> extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

<sup>1</sup> *The table*, i. e. the *table-book*, or *tables*. Thus in *Hamlet* :

"My *tables*,—meet it is I set it down."

*Fire* as a dissyllable, as if spelt *Fier*.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;  
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport to the wild ocean<sup>3</sup>.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men:  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseem some well reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then your ladyship must cut your hair

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your  
breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,  
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"  
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a codpiece<sup>4</sup>,  
madam.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Collier's folio substitutes "the wide ocean."

<sup>4</sup> Whoever wishes to be acquainted with that singular appendage to dress, a *cod-piece*, may consult "Bulwer's Artificial Changeling." Ocular instruction might lately have been had

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta ; that will be ill favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,  
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey ?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite<sup>s</sup> of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect !  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to  
him !

from the armour shown in the Tower. However offensive this language may appear to modern ears, it certainly gave none to any of the spectators in Shakspeare's days. He only used the ordinary language of his contemporaries.

<sup>s</sup> The second folio reads—"as infinite of love." Malone wished to read *of the* infinite of love, because he found "*the* infinite of thought" in *Much Ado about Nothing*. The text, which is that of the folio of 1623, seems to me sufficiently intelligible, though we are not used to such construction. Malone has cited an instance of *infinite* used for an *infinity* from Lord Lonsdale's *Memoirs*, written in 1688. Chaucer has "Although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time."




*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,  
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth ;  
 Only deserve my love, by loving him ;  
 And presently go with me to my chamber,  
 To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
 To furnish me upon my longing<sup>6</sup> journey.  
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
 My goods, my lands, my reputation ;  
 Only, in lieu thereof<sup>7</sup> despatch me hence :  
 Come, answer not, but to it presently ;  
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.*

IR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;  
 We have some secrets to confer about.

[*Exit THURIO.*

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,  
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal :  
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
 My duty pricks me on to utter that  
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
 Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,  
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;

<sup>6</sup> By her *longing journey*, Julia means a journey undertaken on account of her *longing* to see her lover. She had before said that she had pined by *longing* to look on him. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio unnecessarily substitutes *loving*.

<sup>7</sup> In *lieu* thereof, i. e. in *consideration* thereof.

Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know you have determin'd to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;  
And should she thus be stolen away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.<sup>1</sup>

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep ;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company, and my court :  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>2</sup> might err,  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),  
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested<sup>3</sup>,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;

<sup>1</sup> *Timeless* is here, as elsewhere, used for *untimely*. It is also thus used by Shirley.

<sup>2</sup> *Aim*, i. e. *guess*, *supposition*. So Fairfax, Tasso viii. 23,

"Yet still went on, which way he could not *aim*."

In *Romeo and Juliet* we have—

"I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd."

<sup>3</sup> *Suggested*, i. e. *tempted*. Vide Note on Act ii, Sc. 3, p. 132, and *The Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently ;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
That my discovery be not aimed at<sup>4</sup> ;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence<sup>5</sup>.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

*Val.* Please it your grace there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import ?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter ; stay with me a while ;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs,  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

*Duke.* No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. guessed at.

<sup>5</sup> Pretence, i. e. design.

Upon advice<sup>6</sup>, hath drawn my love from her ;  
And, where<sup>7</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in :  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this ?

*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan<sup>8</sup>, here,  
Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence :  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago I have forgot to court ;  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd) ;  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents  
her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you :  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say :  
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away* :  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces,  
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.

<sup>6</sup> *Advice*, i. e. *consideration*.

<sup>7</sup> *Where* for *whereas*, often used by old writers.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy reads,

"There is a lady in Verona here."

Pope made the alteration.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets<sup>9</sup>, but one may enter at her window?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;  
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night ; for love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak ;  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same ? What's here ?—*To Silvia !*

<sup>9</sup> *What lets, i. e. hinders.*



And here an engine fit for my proceeding?

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.]

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*

*And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:*

*O, could their master come and go as lightly,*

*Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.*

*My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;*

*While I, their king, that thither them importune,*

*Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,*

*Because myself do want my servants' fortune:*

*I curse myself, for<sup>10</sup> they are sent by me,*

*That they should harbour where their lord should be.*

*What's here?*

*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee!*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton (for thou art Merop's son,) <sup>11</sup>

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

<sup>10</sup> For, i. e. cause, or because.

<sup>11</sup> "Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terra filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached."—Johnson.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit Duke.*]

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?  
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,  
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection<sup>12</sup>,  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no musick in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon.  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death; to fly is deadly doom<sup>13</sup>;  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, and seek him out.

*Laun.* So-ho! so-ho!

*Pro.* What seest thou?

*Laun.* Him we go to find; there's not a hair<sup>14</sup> on's  
head, but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine?

<sup>12</sup> And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

"Animum pictura pascit inani."—*Virgil.*

<sup>13</sup> The folio misprints "to fly *his* deadly doom." Proteus has before said "to be banished from Silvia is to die." He now says I do not escape death by departing; to depart is deadly doom; if I fly hence I fly away from life.

<sup>14</sup> Launce is still quibbling, he is running down the *hare*-he started when he first entered.

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Whom would'st thou strike?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,<sup>15</sup>

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
What is your news?

*Laun.* Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banished, O, that's the news:  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

<sup>15</sup> *News* is here used as a noun singular. Florio uses it as both singular and plural. Dr. Latham, in his *English Grammar*, p. 62, observes that, "the word *news* is, in respect to its original form, plural; in respect to its meaning either singular or plural, most frequently the former."

*Pro.* Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,  
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

*Val.* No more ; unless the next word that thou  
speak'st,  
Have some malignant pow'r upon my life :  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem<sup>16</sup> of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence ;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love<sup>17</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> We should unquestionably read " ending *Amen* ! " as appears from the context,— " the next word that thou speak'st."

<sup>17</sup> So in Hamlet :

" These to her excellent white bosom."

To understand this mode of addressing letters, &c. it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens,

The time now serves not to expostulate :  
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate ;  
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :  
 As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,  
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,  
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have  
 the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave : but  
 that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not  
 now, that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ;  
 but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ;  
 nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman : but what  
 woman, I will not tell myself : and yet 'tis a milk-  
 maid : yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips<sup>18</sup> :  
 yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves  
 for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-  
 spaniel,—which is much in a bare<sup>19</sup> christian. Here  
 is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her condi-  
 tion<sup>20</sup>. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a

but even their money, &c. In many parts of England rustic  
 damsels still continue the practice. A very old lady informed  
 Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very promi-  
 nent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop  
 its literary favours within the front of them.

<sup>18</sup> *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in  
 baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The  
 quibble is evident.

<sup>19</sup> *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked*. Launce, quibbling  
 on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked female to the  
 water-spaniel covered with hairs of remarkable thickness.

<sup>20</sup> "*Condition*, honest behaviour or demeanour in living, a  
 custume or facon. Mos. *Moris, facon de faire*."—BARET. The  
 old copy reads *condition*, which was changed to *conditions* by  
 Rowe.



horse can do no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk* ; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce ? what news with your mastership ?

*Laun.* With my master's ship ? why it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still, mistake the word : What news then in your paper ?

*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st

*Speed.* Why, man, how black ?

*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Laun.* Fie on thee, jolt-head ; thou can'st not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest, I can.

*Laun.* I will try thee : Tell me this ; Who begot thee ?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather<sup>21</sup>.

*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come : try me in thy paper.

*Laun.* There : and saint Nicholas<sup>22</sup> be thy speed !

*Speed.* Imprimis, *She can milk*.

*Laun.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, *She brews good ale*.

<sup>21</sup> It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. Launce infers that if Speed could read, he must have read this well known observation.

<sup>22</sup> *St. Nicholas* presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas' clerks* ; either because the legend makes this saint to have been a bishop while yet a boy, or from his having restored three young scholars to life. The *parish clerks* of London finding that *scholars*, more usually termed *clerks*, were under the patronage of this saint, conceived that *clerks* of any kind might have the same right, and accordingly took him as their patron, much in the same way as the woolcombers did *St. Blaise*, who was martyred with an instrument like a carding comb ; the nailmakers *St. Clou* ; and the booksellers *St. John Port Latin*.

*Laun.* And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, *She can sew.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, can she so?

*Speed.* Item, *She can knit.*

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock<sup>23</sup>.

*Speed.* Item, *She can wash and scour.*

*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scour'd.

*Speed.* Item, *She can spin.*

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* *Here follow her vices.*

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, *She is not to be kissed<sup>24</sup> fasting, in respect of her breath.*

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath a sweet mouth<sup>25</sup>.*

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, *She is slow in words.*

*Laun.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

<sup>23</sup> *Stock*, i. e. *stocking*.

<sup>24</sup> *Kissed* is not in the old copy, Rowe introduced it.

<sup>25</sup> *Speed* uses the term *a sweet mouth* in the sense of *a sweet tooth*; but *Launce* chooses to understand it in the literal and laudatory sense. *Cotgrave* renders "*Friand, A sweet-lips, daintie-mouthed, sweet-toothed,*" &c.

*Speed.* Item, *She is proud.*

*Laun.* Out with that too ; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath no teeth.*

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, *She is curst.*

*Laun.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, *She is too liberal* <sup>26</sup>.

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ down she is slow of : of her purse she shall not ; for that I'll keep shut ; now of another thing she may ; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit* <sup>27</sup>, *and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

*Laun.* Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article : Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* Item, *She hath more hair than wit.*—

*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be ; I'll prove it : The cover of the salt hides the salt <sup>28</sup>, and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit ; for the greater hides the less. What's next ?

<sup>26</sup> *Liberal* is *licentious, free, frank*, beyond honesty or decency. Thus in *Othello*, Desdemona says of Iago : "is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor."

<sup>27</sup> This was an old familiar proverb, of which Steevens has given many examples. I will add one from Florio : "A tisty-tosty wag feather, *more haire than wit.*"

<sup>28</sup> The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on-the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.

*Speed.* And more faults than hairs.—

*Laun.* That's monstrous : O, that that were out !

*Speed.* And more wealth than faults.

*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious<sup>29</sup> : Well, I'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then ?

*Laun.* Why, then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

*Speed.* For me ?

*Laun.* For thee ? ay ; who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him ?

*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your love-letters ! [Exit.

*Laun.* Now will he be swung for reading my letter : An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets ! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE and THURIO ; PROTEUS behind.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched<sup>1</sup> in ice ; which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

<sup>29</sup> *Gracious* was sometimes used for *favoured*, *countenanced*, like the Italian *Gratiato*, v. *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 2.

*Trenched*, i. e. *cut*, *carved* ; from the Fr. *trancher*.

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,  
According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—  
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,  
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,  
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect  
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.  
What might we do, to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is to slancer Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:  
Therefore it must, with circumstance<sup>2</sup>, be spoken  
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:  
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;  
Especially against his very<sup>3</sup> friend.

<sup>2</sup> *With circumstance*, i. e. with the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief.

<sup>3</sup> *Very*, that is, *true*; from the Lat. *verus*. Massinger calls one of his plays "*A Very Woman*."



*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him ;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this weed<sup>4</sup> her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me<sup>5</sup> :  
Which must be done, by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access,  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;  
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect :—  
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;  
You must lay lime<sup>6</sup>, to tangle her desires,  
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes,  
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :

<sup>4</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *wean*.

<sup>5</sup> As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A bottom is the housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body.

<sup>6</sup> *lime*, i. e. *birdlime*.

Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears  
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,  
 That may discover such integrity<sup>7</sup> :—  
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews ;  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
 Visit by night your lady's chamber window  
 With some sweet consort<sup>8</sup> : to their instruments  
 Tune a deploring dump<sup>9</sup> ; the night's dead silence  
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her<sup>10</sup>.

*Duke.* This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :  
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
 Let us into the city presently  
 To sort<sup>11</sup> some gentlemen well skill'd in music :  
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,  
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

<sup>7</sup> "That may *discover* such *integrity*," i. e. *display* such *sincerity* of feeling, as the alleged sacrifice of tears, sighs, and hearts implies. Malone suspected that a line following this had been lost, which, with the temerity of the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, ventures to supply. But in fact nothing is wanting.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy has *consort*, which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert*, as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word. It is true that Shakspeare frequently refers to words not expressed, but implied, in the former part of a sentence. But the reference here is to *consort*, as appears by the subsequent words, "*to their instruments*."

<sup>9</sup> A *dump* was the ancient term for a melancholy piece of music, and also for a mournful poem.

<sup>10</sup> To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *to obtain possession of*, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. Milton in *Comus* has *disinherit* Chaos, meaning only to *dispossess* it.

<sup>11</sup> To *sort*, to *choose out*, or *array* for a consort.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it ; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *A Forest, near Mantua.*

*Enter certain Out-laws.*

1 *Outlaw.*

**F**ELLOWS, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there beten, shrink not, but down  
with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about  
you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a pro-  
per<sup>1</sup> man.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;  
A man I am, cross'd with adversity :  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

*Val.* From Milan.

<sup>1</sup> A *proper* man, was a comely, tall, or well proportioned man.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

*Val.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so ;  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy ;  
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar<sup>2</sup>,  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him.   Sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ;  
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you any thing to take to?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful<sup>3</sup> men :  
Myself was from Verona banished,  
For practising to steal away a lady,

<sup>2</sup> Friar Tuck, one of the associates of Robin Hood.

<sup>3</sup> "*Awful* men," i. e. *honest* men. This word is here only another form of the O. E. *Aefald* simplex; it is compounded of *a* one, and *fold*. We have it again in the sense of *rightful* and *lawful*, in several other places, as in K. Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 3, 2 K. Henry IV. Act iv. Sc. 1; Pericles, Act ii. Gower's Chorus, &c.

An heir<sup>4</sup>, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Whom, in my mood<sup>5</sup>, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose ; for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;  
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd  
With goodly shape ; and by your own report  
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality<sup>6</sup> much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our general ?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consórt ?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all ;  
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have  
offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you ;  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our caves<sup>7</sup>,  
And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has "*And heir, and neece, neere* being probably the old orthography ; *heir* was formerly of both genders elsewhere we have *neere* misprinted for *neece*.

<sup>5</sup> *Mood* is anger or resentment.

<sup>6</sup> *Quality*, i. e. *condition, profession, occupation*, v. *Hamlet*, Act. ii. Sc. 2.

<sup>7</sup> The folio misprints this *creeces*, Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *cave*. The robbers had more than one cave, as appears from a future scene.



SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.**Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer;  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips<sup>1</sup>,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO, and Musicians.

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before  
us?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who? Silvia?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

<sup>1</sup> *Sudden quips*, hasty, passionate reproaches.

*Enter Host, at a distance ; and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest ! methinks you're ally-cholly ; I pray you, why is it ?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak ?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark ! hark !

*Jul.* Is he among these ?

*Host.* Ay : but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia ? What is she ?*

*That all our swains commend her ?*

*Holy, fair, and wise is she ;*

*The heavens such grace did lend her,*

*That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair ?*

*For beauty lives with kindness :*

*Love doth to her eyes repair,*

*To help him of his blindness ;*

*And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,*

*That Silvia is excelling ;*

*She excels each mortal thing,*

*Upon the dull earth dwelling :*

*To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now ? you<sup>2</sup> are sadder than you were before ;

<sup>2</sup> The old copy transposes the words and prints "are you." The correction is made in my 2nd folio. The punctuation of both the folios shows this to be the true reading.

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay; that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick<sup>3</sup>.

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt THU. and Musicians.*]

*SILVIA appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

<sup>3</sup> Out of all *nick*, i. e. out of all reckoning or count; reckonings were kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen :  
Who is that, that spake ?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will ?

*Pro.* That I may compass<sup>4</sup> yours

*Sil.* You have your wish ; my will is even this,—  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !  
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;  
And by and by intend to chide myself,  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;  
But she is dead.

*Jul.* 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;  
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,  
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd : And art thou not asham'd  
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I ; for in his grave,  
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

<sup>4</sup> *Compass* is here used in the sense of *comprehend, obtain, achieve*. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "May be the knave bragged of that he could not *compass*."

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence ;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* He heard not that. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-  
ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it :  
And so good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS ; and SILVIA from above.

*Jul.* Host, will you go ?

*Host.* By my hallidom<sup>5</sup>, I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

*Host.* Marry, at my house : Trust me, I think 'tis  
almost day.

*Jul.* Not so ; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest<sup>6</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> *Halidom* properly signifies *holiness, faith, sanctity*, the termination *dome* is similar to that in *Kingdom, Christendom*, and like the German *thum*, signified *place* or *thing*. Minsheu says, *Halidom*, an old word, used by old countrywomen by manner of swearing ; of the Saxon word *haligdome*, ex *halig*, i.e. *sanctum* ; and *dome*, *dominum* and *judicium*.

<sup>6</sup> The double superlative is very often used by the writers of Shakspeare's time. This tends to support the reading *most busiest* in the first scene of the third act of the *Tempest*.



SCENE III. *The same.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call and know her mind :  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.  
Madam, madam !

*SILVIA appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls ?

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend ;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose<sup>1</sup>,  
I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
(Think not, I flatter, for I swear, I do not),  
Valiant, wise, remorseful<sup>2</sup>, well accomplish'd.  
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.  
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity<sup>3</sup>.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

<sup>1</sup> *Impose* is *injunction, command* ; a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still called an *imposition*.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorseful*, i. e. *pitiful, compassionate*.

<sup>3</sup> It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. Besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil, and a mourning habit. The same distinction may

To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;  
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;  
 And on the justice of my flying hence,  
 To keep me from a most unholy match,  
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
 I do desire thee, even from a heart  
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
 To bear me company, and go with me :  
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,  
 I give consent to go along with you ;  
 Recking<sup>5</sup> as little what betideth me,  
 As much I wish all good befortune you.  
 When will you go ?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you ?

*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,  
 Where I intend holy confession.

have been made in respect of male votarists ; this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be dressed ; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.

<sup>4</sup> In Shakspeare's time *griefs* frequently signified *grievances*, and the present instance shows that in return *grievance* was sometimes used in the sense of *grief*.

The annotator of Mr. Collier's folio adds here a line, something seeming required to make the sense consecutive : after "Madam, I pity," &c. he adds, "And the most true affections that you bear." But this would be to make Sir Eglamour *pity* the *true affections* of Silvia ! as well as the *griefs*. The passage as it stands may be intended to characterize the affectation of the speaker ?

<sup>5</sup> *To reck* is *to care for*. So in Hamlet : "And *recks* not his own read."

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship : good-morrow,  
Gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

*Laun.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O ! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep<sup>1</sup> himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't : sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while ; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog,* says one ; *What cur is that ?* says another ; *Whip him out,* says the third ; *Hang him up,* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog ?* *Ay, marry, do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I ; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more

<sup>1</sup> i. e. restrain.

ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please;—I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson  
peasant!

[*To* LAUNCE.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog  
you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Laun.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and  
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a  
present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Laun.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought  
him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Laun.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from  
me by the hangman<sup>2</sup> boys in the market-place: and  
then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as  
ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio has "hangmans boys." The second "hangman's boy." The s is struck out from *hangmans* and added to *boy* in my copy.

*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.  
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?  
A slave, that, still an end<sup>3</sup> turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt;  
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour:  
Which (if my augury deceive me not)  
Witness good bringing up, fortune,<sup>4</sup> and truth:  
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently and take this ring with thee,  
Deliver it to madam Silvia:  
She loved me well deliver'd it to me<sup>5</sup>.

*Jul.* It seems you loved her not, to leave her token:  
She's dead, belike.

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, Alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia:  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.  
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary:  
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

<sup>3</sup> *Still an end*, and *most an end*, are old colloquial expressions, and mean *perpetually*, *generally*. See *Gifford's Massinger*, iv, 2\*2.

<sup>4</sup> "Witness good bringing up, *fortune*, and truth." The word *fortune* here can hardly be right. I have no doubt that it is misprinted for *nourture*, i. e. *goodmanners*. In *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7, Orlando says, "I am inland bred, and know, some *nurture*." See the note on that passage.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *who* delivered it to me.



This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.]

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?  
Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertained  
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :  
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me ?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good-will :  
And now am I (unhappy messenger !)  
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;  
To carry that which I would have refus'd ;  
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true confirmed love,  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
Yet I will woo for him : but yet so coldly,  
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter* SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she ?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom ?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O !—he sends you for a picture ?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this : tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—  
Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;  
This is the letter to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I pray thee let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :  
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me ;  
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,  
His Julia gave it him at his departure :  
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou ?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her :  
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her ?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself :  
To think upon her woes, I do protest,  
That I have wept a hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair ?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :  
When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> " And threw her sun-expelling mask away." Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, thus mentions this fashion of masks. " When

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature: for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments.  
As if the garment had been made for me;  
Therefore, I know she is about my height.  
And, at that time, I made her weep a good<sup>7</sup>,  
For I did play a lamentable part:  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning<sup>8</sup>  
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—  
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—  
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
Farewell.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know  
her.—

[*Exit* SILVIA.]

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.  
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet,  
wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them  
against their eyes, whereout they look."

<sup>7</sup> A good, i. e. in good earnest, tout de bon.

<sup>8</sup> To *passion* was used as a verb formerly.

If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers :  
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :  
 If that be all the difference in his love,  
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig<sup>9</sup>.  
 Her eyes are grey as glass<sup>10</sup> ; and so are mine :  
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high<sup>11</sup>.  
 What should it be, that he respects in her,  
 But I can make respective<sup>12</sup> in myself,  
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?  
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form !  
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;  
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
 My substance should be statue<sup>13</sup> in thy stead.  
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

<sup>9</sup> False hair was worn by the ladies long before *wigs* were in fashion. So, in Northward Hoe, 1607, "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen of periwig making:" and in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1584, Sig. M 3, "Take from them their *periwigges*, their paintings, &c. and thou shalt soone perceive that a woman is the least part of herselfe." *Periwicks* are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earliest poems. And Barnabe Rich, in *The Honestie of this Age*, 1615, has a philippic against this folly.

<sup>10</sup> By *gray* eyes were meant what we now call *blue* eyes. Gray, when applied to the eyes is rendered by Coles, in his Dictionary, 1679, *Ceruleous, glaucous*. The old glass was of a blue tint.

<sup>11</sup> A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in *The Tempest*, shows that low foreheads were in disesteem :

"with foreheads villainous low."

<sup>12</sup> *Respective*, i. e. *considerative, regardful*, v. Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>13</sup> The words *statue* and *picture* were formerly used indiscriminately, and some times a *statue* was called a *picture*. Stowe says (speaking of Elizabeth's funeral), that when the people beheld "her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." Thus in the *City Madam*, by Massinger, Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters may take leave of their 'lovers'


That us'd me so ; or else by Jove I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Eglamour.*

HE sun begins to gild the western sky ;  
And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should  
meet me.

She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time ;  
So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter SILVIA.*

See, where she comes ! Lady, a happy evening.

*Sil.* Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour !

Out at the postern by the abbey wall ;  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;  
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long ?

*Pro.* No ; that it is too little.

*statues*, though he had previously described them as pictures,  
which they evidently were.



*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Jul.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes<sup>1</sup>.

[*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my face?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.* 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;  
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

[*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my valour?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my birth?

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.

*Jul.* True, from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?

*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* That such an ass should owe<sup>2</sup> them. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* That they are out by lease<sup>3</sup>.

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

<sup>1</sup> This line, which is given to Proteus in the old copies, Mr. Boswell thought should be given to Julia, as well as a subsequent one, and that they were meant to be spoken aside. They are exactly in the style of her other sarcastic speeches; and Proteus, who is playing on Thurio's credulity, would hardly represent him as an object of *loathing* to Silvia. Another speech just afterward is given to *Thurio* instead of *Julia* in the folios.

<sup>2</sup> *Owe them*, i. e. *possess them, own them*.

<sup>3</sup> "By Thurio's *possessions* he himself understands his lands. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus ! how now, Thurio !  
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter ?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest :  
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even : and there she was not :  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently ; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain foot  
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish<sup>4</sup> girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* And I will follow more to cross that love,  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

sense, as signifying his *mental endowments* : and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means, that they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool), but are leased out to another." *Lord Hailes.*

<sup>4</sup> *Peevish* in ancient language signified *foolish*. See page 205.

SCENE III. *Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

*Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.*

*Out.* Come, come ; be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*2 Out.* Come, bring her away.

*1 Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

*3 Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us, But *Moyes* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled ;  
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

*1 Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave :  
Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
Tune my distresses, and record<sup>1</sup> my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;

<sup>1</sup> To *record*, anciently signified to *sing*. It is still used by bird fanciers to express the first essays of a bird to sing ; and is evidently derived from the *recorder* or pipe with which they were formerly taught. The second line of this speech reads thus in the folio :

“ *This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods.*”

The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio.

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was<sup>2</sup> !  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia !  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—  
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day ?  
'Tis sure<sup>3</sup> my mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase ?  
They love me well ; yet I have much to do  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine : who's this comes here ?  
[*Steps aside.*

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,  
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
That would have forced your honour and your love,  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

*Sil.* O miserable ! unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.  
[*Aside.*

<sup>2</sup> *O thou that dost inhabit in my breast, &c.*

It is hardly possible (says Steevens) to point out four lines in Shakspeare more remarkable for ease and elegance than these.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has "*These are my mates,*" which does not connect itself with what follows. The correctors of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute "*These my rude mates,*" but Valentine would not apply the word *rude* to men that he afterwards affirms are "*civil* (i. e. cultivated) and fit for great employments !" It is evident that he answers his own question, "What halloing and what stir is this?" doubtfully, by "'Tis sure my mates," &c.

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, heaven ! be judge, how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus :  
Therefore be gone ! solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?  
O ! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd<sup>4</sup>,  
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury to love me.  
Thou hast no faith left now<sup>5</sup>, unless thou'dst two,  
And that's far worse than none ; better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love,  
Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love : force you.

*Sil.* O heaven !

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;  
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

<sup>4</sup> *Approv'd*, i. e. *proved*, *experienced*.

<sup>5</sup> The word *now* was supplied in the folio of 1632.



*Pro.*

Valentine !

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love ;

(For such is a friend now), treacherous man !

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say

I have one friend alive ; thou would'st disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand<sup>6</sup>

Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st : O time most curst !

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

*Val.*

Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest :—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd ;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> This is the reading of the folio 1632.

<sup>7</sup> Pope observed that it was "very odd for Valentine to give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged," and various expedients have been suggested to obviate the objection, but none satisfactory. It has been conjectured that the last lines should be given to Thurio, to Silvia, and even to Proteus : and again that Valentine means to give up his *wrath* and not his *mistress*, but it is obvious by Julia's emotion that this at least was not understood by her. We are reduced, therefore, to conclude with Mr. Lloyd, that "Valentine may have had his apprehensions and interfered, it may be, to rescue Silvia scarcely more from Proteus than from herself." Mr. Collier suggests that, if we suppose him not to have overheard all that passed between

*Jul.* O me, unhappy !

[*Faints.*

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the matter ? Look up ; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia ; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy

*Jul.* Here 'tis : this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

*Pro.* How ! let me see : why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ; this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

*Pro.* But, how cam'st thou by this ring ? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me ;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How ! Julia !

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim<sup>8</sup> to all thy oaths,  
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :  
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root<sup>9</sup> !  
O Proteus ! let this habit make thee blush :  
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live  
In a disguise of love :

Silvia and Proteus, he may have drawn conclusions against her from finding them together in the forest.

<sup>8</sup> Steevens confounded the phrases of *to cry aim* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. Sc. 2) and *to give aim*, both terms in archery. He who gave aim appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt. We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for distinguishing the terms.—Vide *Massinger*, vol. ii. p. 27. Julia means to say that she was the *mark* that gave direction to his vows.

<sup>9</sup> *The root*, i. e. of her heart, the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven!

were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the  
sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,  
Milan shall not behold thee<sup>10</sup>. Here she stands,

<sup>10</sup> "*Milan shall not behold thee.*" The folio reads, *Verona shall not hold thee*," which Theobald altered to "*Milan shall not behold thee*," observing that "Thurio is a Milanese, and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. The scene, too, is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. This, like the similar mistake in Act iii. Sc. 1, was most probably a lapse from forgetfulness of the poet; and as the former error has been corrected by all the commentators, upon the authority of Pope, it is only consistent to follow Theobald's reading here. There is quite as good ground for the alteration of the text.

Take but possession of her with a touch ;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;  
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not :  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means<sup>11</sup> for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again ;  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit<sup>12</sup>,  
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me  
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities ;  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile :  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd : I pardon them, and thee ;

<sup>11</sup> " *To make such means* for her," to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

<sup>12</sup> This passage is somewhat obscure. The Duke probably is meant to say: Do thou put in a plea for reinstatement in forfeited honours, or claim an enhancement of dignity, and I set my hand to it, in these terms: " Sir Valentine thou art a gentleman."

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.  
Come, let us go ; we will include<sup>13</sup> all jars  
With triumphs<sup>14</sup>, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile :  
What think you of this page, my lord ?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying ?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—  
Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear  
The story of your loves discovered :  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>13</sup> *Include* is here used for *conclude*. This is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms : "*includo*, to *include*, to shut in, to close in." *Cooper*.

<sup>14</sup> *Triumphs* are pageants, such as masks and shows.









MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.







## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**A** FEW of the incidents of this Comedy might have been taken from an old translation of *Il Pecorone di Giovanni Fiorentino*. The same story is to be met with in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632. A somewhat similar one occurs in the *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola. Notte iv. Favola iv.*

The adventures of Falstaff seem to have been taken from the story of the lovers of Pisa in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatorie, bl. l. no date*, but entered on the Stationers' books in 1590. The fishwife's tale, in *Westward for Smelts*, a book from which Shakspeare borrowed part of the fable of *Cymbeline*, probably led him to lay the Scene at Windsor.

Mr. Malone suggests that the following line in the earliest edition of this Comedy, "Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores," shows that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

The first edition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was printed in 1602, and a reprint of it was made by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakspeare Society in 1842. In the appendix to it will be found the materials from which some of the incidents have been supposed to be derived, but it seems doubtful whether these may not have been the poet's own invention. It was probably written in 1601, after the two parts of *King Henry IV.* being, as it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> in order to

---

<sup>1</sup> This was first mentioned by Dennis in the Dedication to his alteration of this play, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*. "This Comedy," says he, "was written at Queen Elizabeth's command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it has been supposed, came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir W.

exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted. We learn from the account of the Revels at Court that it was acted before James I. on the Sunday following the 1st November, 1604. The earliest notice of any of the characters in the play is in Dekker's *Satiromaster*, printed in 1602, where one of the personages observes, "We must have false fires to amaze these spangle-babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow."

It may not be thought so clear that it was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in that play, yet appear in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Falstaff is disgraced in King Henry IV. Part ii. and dies in King Henry V. Yet in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* he talks as if he were still in favour at Court. "If it should come to the ear of the Court how I have been transformed, &c." and Page discountenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter, *because he kept company with the wild Prince and with Poins*. These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the first and second parts of King Henry IV. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that it was written after King Henry V. in which Shakspeare had killed Falstaff; and that in obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited; Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and the Page: and disposed of them as he found it convenient without a strict regard to their situations or catastrophes in former plays.

Mr. Malone thought that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was revised and enlarged by the author after its first production. The old edition in 1602, like that of *Romeo and Juliet*, he says, is apparently a rough draught and not a mutilated or imperfect copy.<sup>2</sup> The precise time when the alterations and additions were made has not been ascertained: some passages in the enlarged copy may assist conjecture on the subject, but nothing decisive can be concluded from such evidence.

This Comedy was not printed in its present form till 1623, when it was published with the rest of Shakspeare's plays in folio. The imperfect copy of 1602 was again printed in 1619.

The bustle and variety of the incidents, the rich assemblage of characters, and the skilful conduct of the plot of this delightful Comedy, are unrivalled in any drama ancient or modern.

Davenant, had opportunities of learning many particulars concerning Shakspeare. This story has been repeated by Gildon, Pope, and Theobald.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boaden thinks that the chasms which occur in the story of the drama in this old copy afford evidence that it was imperfectly taken down during the representation, like that of *Hamlet*, printed in 1603.



Falstaff, the inimitable Falstaff, here again 'lards the lean earth'—'a butt and a wit, a humorist, and a man of humour, a touchstone and a laughing-stock, a jester and a jest—the most perfect comic character that ever was exhibited.' The jealous Ford, the uxorious Page, and their two joyous wives are admirably drawn.—Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius no less so, and the duel scene between them irresistibly comic. The swaggering jolly Boniface mine host of the Garter; and last, though not least, Master Slender and his cousin Shallow, are such a group as were never yet equalled by the pen or pencil of genius.

S. W. S.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a *country Justice*.

SLENDER, *Cousin to Shallow*.

MR. FORD, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

MR. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a *Boy, Son to Mr. Page*.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a *Welsh Parson*.

DR. CAIUS, a *French Physician*.

*Host of the Garter Inn.*

BARDOLPH, }

PISTOL, } *Followers of Falstaff.*

NYM, }

ROBIN, *Page to Falstaff*.

SIMPLE, *Servant to Slender*.

RUGBY, *Servant to Dr. Caius*.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter, in love with Fenton*.

MRS. QUICKLY, *Servant to Dr. Caius*.

*Servants to Page, Ford, &c.*

SCENE, *Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.*



# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. *Before Page's House.*

*Enter* JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR<sup>1</sup>  
HUGH EVANS.

*Shallow.*

**S**IR Hugh, persuade me not ; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*<sup>2</sup>.

*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too ; and a gentleman born,

<sup>1</sup> *Sir* was a title formerly applied to priests and curates generally. *Dominus* being the academical title of a Bachelor (bas chevalier) of Arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English, and as most clerical persons had taken that degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*.

<sup>2</sup> A corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. It seems doubtful whether Shakspeare designed Shallow to make this mistake, for though he gives him folly enough, he makes him rather pedantic than illiterate, unless we suppose, with Mr. Malone, that it might have been intended to ridicule the abbreviations used in writs, &c.; thus *coram* and *armigero* are portions of the phrase used in attestations—*coram me Roberto Shallow armigero*, &c.

master parson ; who writes himself *armigere* ; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors, gone before him, hath done't ; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may : they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eca.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well ; it agrees well, passant : it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish ; the salt fish is an old coat<sup>3</sup>.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz ?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eca.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eca.* Yes, pe'r-lady ; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures : but that is all one : If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council<sup>4</sup> shall hear it ; it is a riot.

*Eca.* It is not meet the Council hear a riot ; there is no fear of Got in a riot : the Council, look you,

<sup>3</sup> It seems that the latter part of this speech should be given to Sir Hugh. Shallow has just before said the coat is an old one ; and now, that it is, "the luce, the fresh fish." No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too—"the salt fish is an old coat." Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him for a misdemeanor in his youth, and whom he now ridiculed under the character of Justice Shallow.

<sup>4</sup> *The Council.* The Court of Star-chamber is meant.

shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slén.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.*<sup>5</sup> Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will

<sup>5</sup> In the folios this speech and a succeeding one are given to *Slender*. They are much more characteristic of *Shallow* than of *Slender*.



peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Who's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love<sup>6</sup> you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slender.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsall<sup>7</sup>.

*Page.* It could not be judg'd, sir.

*Slender.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your fault<sup>8</sup>, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

<sup>6</sup> First folio, *I thank*. The reading in the text is from the 4to. 1619.

<sup>7</sup> The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing.

<sup>8</sup> Shallow means, 'tis your misfortune. See Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. ii. p. 98.

*Shal.* He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd ; is not that so, master Page ? He hath wrong'd me ; indeed he hath ;—at a word, he hath ;—believe me ;—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM,  
and PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow ; you'll complain of me to the king ?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter ?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin ! this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight ;—I have done all this :—That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel<sup>9</sup> : you'll be laugh'd at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John ; good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts<sup>10</sup> ! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head ; What matter have you against me ?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your coney-catching<sup>11</sup> rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket<sup>12</sup>.]

*Bar.* You Banbury cheese<sup>13</sup> !

<sup>9</sup> Falstaff quibbles between *Council* and *counsel*, in the sense of *secrecy* or *private advisers* ; i. e. if you kept your counsel.

<sup>10</sup> *Worts* was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

<sup>11</sup> *Coney-catching rascals*, a common name for *cheats* and *sharpers* in the time of Elizabeth. "By a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens and *conie grounds*."—*Minsheu's Dict.*

<sup>12</sup> The last paragraph is from the quarto 1602.

<sup>13</sup> *You Banbury cheese*. Said in allusion to the thin carcass

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus<sup>14</sup>?

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol!—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards<sup>15</sup>, that cost me two shilling and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601; "Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury cheese*, nothing but paring."

<sup>14</sup> *Mephostophilus*. The name of a *spirit*, or *familiar*, in the old story book of Faustus, (now world-renowned from Goethe's drama,) to whom there is another allusion, Act ii. Sc. 2. It was then a cant phrase, probably for an ugly fellow.

<sup>15</sup> *Mill sixpences* were used as *counters*; and King Edward's *shillings* used in the game of *shuffle-board*. See Selden's Table Talk, article, Book and Authors. Falstaff afterward says, "Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a *shovegroat shilling*."

*Eva.* No ; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner !—Sir John,  
and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo<sup>16</sup> :

Word of denial in thy labras<sup>17</sup> here ;

Word of denial ; froth and scum, thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, *marry, trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's<sup>18</sup> humour on me ; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John ?<sup>19</sup>

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

*Eva.* It is his five senses : fie, what the ignorance is !

*Bard.* And being fap<sup>20</sup>, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass'd the careires<sup>21</sup>.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : If I

<sup>16</sup> *Latten*, from the Fr. *Laiton*, Brass. *Bilbo*, from *Bilboa* in Spain, where fine sword blades were made. Pistol therefore calls Slender *a weak blade of base metal*, as one of brass or tin would be.

<sup>17</sup> Thy *labras* ; *lips*. The quarto, 1602, "in thy gorge."

<sup>18</sup> Metaphorically a *bailiff* or *constable*, who *hooks* or seizes debtors or malefactors with a staff or otherwise. The meaning apparently is, "if you try to bring me to justice."

<sup>19</sup> Alluding to Robin Hood's men, as well as the red face of Bardolph.

<sup>20</sup> *Fap* was evidently a cant term for *foolish* or *fuddled*. It may have been derived from the Italian *Vappa*, which Florio explains "any wine that hath lost his force : used also for *a man or woman without wit or reason*." In Hutton's Dict. 1583, one of the meanings of the Latin *Vappa* is a *Dissard* or *foolish man*, &c.

<sup>21</sup> To *pass the careires*, was a term of the Manège, often metaphorically applied, as it is by Pistol here, for to "*set one's wits a running*, one's conceits a gadding or one's thoughts on a gallop." See Cotgrave. The *career* was running at full speed.

be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter* MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, *with wine*; MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE *following*.

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

*Slen.* O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford?

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her*.

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but* SHAL, SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets<sup>22</sup> here:—

*Enter* SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

*Sim.* *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas<sup>23</sup>?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as

<sup>22</sup> Slender probably means a popular book of Shakspeare's time, "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Earle of Surrey and others," and published by Tottel in 1557, and often reprinted.

<sup>23</sup> This is doubtless an intended blunder. Theobald would have corrected it to *Martlemas*.



'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here ;—Do you understand me ?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman ? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth ;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid ?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her ?

*Slen.* I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, ~~Got's lords and his ladies~~, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must : Will you, upon good dowry, marry her ?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz ; what I do is to pleasure you, coz : Can you love the maid ?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another : I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt :<sup>24</sup> but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a fery discretion answer ; save the fall' is in the 'ort dissolutely : the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely ;—his meaning is good.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

*Shal.* Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne !

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table ; my father desires your worships' company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

*Eva.* Od's plessed will ! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SIR H. EVANS.*]

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir ?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily ; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow [*Exit SIMPLE*]. A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead : But what though ? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship : they will not sit till you come.

<sup>24</sup> The folio reads *content*, but the humour of the passage depends upon Slender's use of the proverbial phrase.

*Slen.* I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence<sup>25</sup>, (three veneys<sup>26</sup> for a dish of stewed prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson<sup>27</sup> loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd<sup>28</sup>:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

<sup>25</sup> *Master of fence* here signifies not merely a fencing-master, but a person who had taken his master's degree in the science. There were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played with various weapons, in some open place or square. Tarlton the player "was allowed a master" on the 23rd of October, 1587, "he being ordinary grome of her majesty's chamber." The unfortunate Robert Greene played his master's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons, &c. The MS. from which this information is derived is a Register belonging to some of the Schools of the noble Science of Defence, among the Sloane MSS.—*Brit. Mus. No. 2530, xxvi. D.*

<sup>26</sup> *Veney*, or *Venue*, *Fr.* a touch or hit in the body at fencing, &c.

<sup>27</sup> The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

<sup>28</sup> i. e. *passed all expression.*

*Page.* By cock and pye<sup>29</sup>, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first, truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Simp.* Well, sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.*

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

<sup>29</sup> By cock and pye was a popular adjuration. See Note on Henry IV. P. 2, Act v. Sc. 1.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar<sup>1</sup>, and Pheeazar, I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime<sup>2</sup>: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit BARD.*

*Pist.* O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? [His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it<sup>3</sup>.]

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is, to steal at a minim's<sup>4</sup> rest.

<sup>1</sup> *Keisar*, old spelling for *Cæsar*, the general word for an emperor. Kings and Keysars was an old phrase in very common use. *Pheeazar*, a made word from *Pheeze*, in the Induction to *Taming of a Shrew*.

<sup>2</sup> To *froth* beer and to *lime* sack were tapster's tricks. The first is still one of the mysteries of the trade; and the *limed sack* of Falstaff, for whatever purpose, shows that the other was a practice of Vintners.

<sup>3</sup> These words are from the quarts.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has "at a *minute's* rest." The correction was suggested by Mr. Bennet Langton.



*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call : Steal ! foh ; a fico<sup>5</sup> for the phrase !

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why then let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy ; I must coney-catch ; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town ?

*Pist.* I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol ; indeed I am in the waist two yards about ; but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife ; I spy entertainment in her ; she discourages, she carves<sup>6</sup>, she gives the leer of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

*Pist.* He hath studied her well<sup>7</sup>, and translated her well ; out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep : will that humour pass ?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse ; he hath a legion of angels<sup>8</sup>.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain ; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

<sup>5</sup> " A fico for the phrase." See K. Henry IV. Part 2.

<sup>6</sup> The meaning Falstaff purposes to give to "*she carves*" may be gathered from Torriano's explanation of it in his *Proverbial Phrases*. "*Trinciaria, alla grande, to carve it magnificently, viz. to spend like a prince ; to lay it on, take it off who will.*" The annotator of Mr. Collier's folio changes it unnecessarily to *she craves*, which had been also proposed by Jackson.

<sup>7</sup> The folios read *will*, the quartos *well*, but without the repetition of the word.

<sup>8</sup> *Angels*, gold coin of that name. The 4to. reads "*she hath legions of angels.*" The folio misprints *legend* for *legions*.

*Nym.* The humour rises ; it is good ; humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her : and here another to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œiliads<sup>9</sup> : sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her : she bears the purse too : she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater<sup>10</sup> to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me ; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page ; and thou this to mistress Ford : we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel ? then, Lucifer take all !

*Nym.* I will run no base humour ; here, take the humour-letter ; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* Hold, sirrah [to ROB.], bear you these letters tightly<sup>11</sup> ;

Sail like my pinnace<sup>12</sup> to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt ! vanish like hailstones, go ;

<sup>9</sup> *Eyliads, Oëillades.* French. *Ogles*, wanton looks of the eyes. Cotgrave translates it, "to cast a sheep's eye."

<sup>10</sup> *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer.

<sup>11</sup> *Cleverly, adroitly.*

<sup>12</sup> A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and was also called a *Brigantine*. Under the words *Catascopium* and *Celox* in Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, we have "a Brigantine or *Pinnace*, a light ship that goeth to espie." Hence the word is used for a go-between. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Justice Overdo says of the pig-woman, "She has been before me, punk, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years."

Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; seek shelter, pack!  
 Falstaff will learn the humour<sup>13</sup> of this age,  
 French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts<sup>14</sup>! for gourd and  
 fullam<sup>15</sup> holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:  
 Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,  
 Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be  
 humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her star<sup>16</sup>!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold,  
 How Falstaff, varlet vile,  
 His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
 And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense  
 Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with

<sup>13</sup> The folio reads *honour*, evidently a misprint.

<sup>14</sup> A burlesque on a passage in Tamburlaine, or the Scythian Shepherd:

“and now doth ghastly death  
 With greedy talents [talon] gripe my bleeding heart,  
 And like a harper [harpy] tyers on my life.”

Again, *ibid.*

“Gripping our bowels with retorted thoughts.”

<sup>15</sup> In Decker's *Bellman of London*, 1640, among the false dice are enumerated “a bale of fullams”—“a bale of gordes, with as many high men as low men for passage.” The false dice were chiefly made at Fulham, hence the name. The manner in which they were made is described in *The Complete Gamester*, 1676, 12mo.

<sup>16</sup> The old imperfect copy of 1602 misprints “By welkin and her *Fairies*” probably instead of *starres*. Three lines above, ‘in my head,’ is not in the folio.

yellowness; for the revolt of mien<sup>17</sup> is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Dr. Caius's House.*

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*

*Quick.* What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch. [*Exit RUGBY.*]

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate<sup>1</sup>: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish<sup>2</sup> that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard<sup>3</sup>, like a glover's paring knife?

<sup>17</sup> The folio has, "*For the revolt of mine is dangerous,*" which Steevens changed to "*revolt of mien,*" supposing the reference to be to Page's *change of countenance* when instigated to jealousy. Yet by "*the revolt of mine,*" Nym may mean the revolt or change of *my humour* is dangerous. He was in a towering passion, and tells Pistol, "*My humour shall not cool.*"

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *breeder of debate*, maker of contention. By Mrs. Quickly applying this term to addiction to prayer, Shakspeare may mean to satirize the illiberal application of it to the nonconformists, who were sticklers for serious points of conscience.

<sup>2</sup> *Peevish*, i. e. *foolish*.

<sup>3</sup> See a Note on K. Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 6:

"And what a beard of the general's cut."

*Sim.* No, forsooth : he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard ; a Cain-coloured beard<sup>4</sup>.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not ?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth : but he is as tall a man of his hands<sup>5</sup>, as any is between this and his head ; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you ?—O, I should remember him ; Does he not hold up his head, as it were ? and strut in his gait ?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune ! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master : Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

### *Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Out, alas ! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent<sup>6</sup> : Run in here, good young man ; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John

<sup>4</sup> Cain and Judas in old pictures and tapestry were constantly represented with yellow beards. [See *As You Like It*, Act iii. Sc. 2.] In an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from these representations. The quartos of 1602 read *a kane-coloured beard*, i. e. of the colour of cane ; and make Quickly say, "*a whay-coloured beard*," which favours this reading.

<sup>5</sup> This phrase has been very imperfectly explained. Malone's quotation from Colgrave was near the mark, but missed it : "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main.* A MAN OF HIS HANDS ; a man of execution or valour ; a striker, like enough to lay about him ; proud, surly, sullen, stubborn." So says this truly valuable old dictionary : from which it is evident that a TALL man of his hands was only a free version of the French *Homme HAUT à la main*. This equivocal use of the words *Haut* and *tall* will also explain the expression a tall fellow, or a tall man, wherever it occurs. Mercutio ridicules it as one of the affected phrases of the fantasticoes of his age, "a very good blade," "a very tall man !"—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>6</sup> *Shent*, i. e. scolded, reprimanded.



Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a, &c.*

[*Sings.*

*Enter Doctor Caius*<sup>7</sup>.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

*Caius.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius.* *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Dépêche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby; Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

<sup>7</sup> It has been thought strange that Shakspeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's *Quest of Enquirie*, 1604, a story called *The Foole of Windsor*, turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physicke. Steevens says, "In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an Italian Merchant very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. Dodypoll, in the comedy of that name, is, like Caius, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakspeare's, provincial characters are introduced. In the old play of *Henry V.* French soldiers are introduced speaking broken English.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay-j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius.* *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany? *larron!* [*pulling SIMPLE out*]. Rugby, my rapier.

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-awhile. [*Writes.*

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it); my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, — I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit SIMPLE.]

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-*jer*<sup>8</sup>!

*Caius.* Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

*Quick.* You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [within.] Who's within there, ho?

<sup>8</sup> The good-*jer* and *good yeare* were common exclamations of the time. See Note on K. Lear, Act v. Sc. 3.

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fen.* How now, good woman: how dost thou?

*Quick.* The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fen.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

*Fen.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fen.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

*Fen.* Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

*Quick.* Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fen.* Well, farewell; I am in great haaste now.

[*Exit.*

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's House.**Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.**Mrs. Page.*

**W**HAT! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian<sup>1</sup>, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

*Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with

<sup>1</sup> It has been conjectured that *physician* is the word here, as Shakspeare has given Reason the same office in his 147th Sonnet:

“My reason, the *physician* to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me.”

But a *precisian*, is “one who limits or restrains,” and in this sense opposed to the adviser of the matter written, the counsellor.



lion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness<sup>6</sup> of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so.

<sup>6</sup> Stevens explains this "the caution which ought to attend on it." But surely to "sully caution" is a strange idea? If it be not a press error for *clearness* or *cleanness*, we must take *chariness* to mean *modest reserve*; which would hardly be applicable to these merry wives.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail<sup>7</sup> dog in some affairs :  
Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford :  
He loves the gally-mawfry<sup>8</sup> ; Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife ?

*Pist.* With liver burning hot<sup>9</sup> : Prevent, or go thou,  
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels :  
O, odious is the name !

*Ford.* What name, sir ?

*Pist.* The horn, I say : Farewell.

Take heed ; have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night :

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir corporal Nym.— [Exit PISTOL.

*Nym.* Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense<sup>10</sup>.

*Ford.* I will be patient ; I will find out this.

*Nym.* And this is true. [To PAGE.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours ; I should have borne the humoured letter to her : but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife ; there's the short and

<sup>7</sup> A curtail dog was a common dog not meant for sport, part of the tails of such dogs being commonly cut off while they are puppies ; it was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running, hence a dog that missed his game was called a curtail, from which *cur* is probably derived.

<sup>8</sup> Gally-mawfry, a medley. Perpend, i. e. consider.

<sup>9</sup> The liver was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passions. Thus in an old Latin distich :

“ Cor sapit, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras  
Splēn ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.”

See EPOTOMANIA, or Love Melancholy, by Dr. Jas. Ferrand. Oxford, 1640. 12mo. p. 70.

<sup>10</sup> This line forms part of Pistol's speech in the folio.

the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

*Page.* The humour of it, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour<sup>11</sup> out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it, well<sup>12</sup>.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian<sup>13</sup>, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

*Page.* How now, Meg?

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio reads—*English*. The abuse of this word *humour* by the conceits of the age had been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

*Ape.* But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,  
The ruddy hathand, or the three piled ruff,  
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Saltzwee knot  
On his French garters, should affect a humour  
O 'tis worse than most ridiculous.

*Cur.* He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot  
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,  
It is his *humour*.—

*Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.*

Steevens quotes an Epigram from *Humours Ordinaria*, 1607, to the same effect.

<sup>12</sup> This and the two preceding speeches are colloquies of Ford, and have no connexion with what Page says, who is also making comments on what had passed, without attending to Ford.

<sup>13</sup> *Cataian*, i. e. a *Sharper*. *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there; hence a *sharp* was in familiar language called a *Cataian*. Page afterwards says that Nym and Pistol are "very *negues*." Sir Toby ludicrously applies it to Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to MRS. FORD.*

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth ; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and  
MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Page.* How now, master Ford?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me ; did you not?

*Page.* Yes ; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves ! I do not think the knight would offer it : but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men ; very rogues : now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loath to turn them together : A man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head ; I cannot be thus satisfied.

the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. *[Exit NYM.]*

*Page.* The humour of it, quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour<sup>11</sup> out of his wits.

*Ford.* I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

*Ford.* If I do find it, well<sup>12</sup>.

*Page.* I will not believe such a Cataian<sup>13</sup>, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

*Page.* How now, Meg?

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

<sup>11</sup> The first folio reads—*English*. The abuse of this word *humour* by the conceits of the age had been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

*Asp.* But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,  
The calke hatchband, or the three-piled ruff,  
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot  
On his French garters, should affect a humour  
O 'tis worse than most ridiculous.

*Cor.* He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot  
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,  
It is his *humour*.—

*Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.*

Steevens quotes an Epigram from *Humours Ordinarie*, 1607, to the same effect.

<sup>12</sup> This and the two preceding speeches are soliloquies of Ford, and have no connexion with what Page says, who is also making comments on what had passed, without attending to Ford.

<sup>13</sup> *Cataian*, i. e. a *Sharper*. *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there; hence a *sharp* was in familiar language called a *Cataian*. Page afterwards says that Nym and Pistol are "*very rogues*." Sir Toby ludicrously applies it to Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3.



*Mrs. Ford.* 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder : she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to MRS. FORD.*

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Trust me, I thought on her : she'll fit it.

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth ; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us, and see ; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and  
MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Page.* How now, master Ford?

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me ; did you not?

*Page.* Yes ; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves ! I do not think the knight would offer it : but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men ; very rogues : now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loath to turn them together : A man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head ; I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host ?

*Enter Host and SHALLOW.*

*Host.* How now, bully-rook ? thou'rt a gentleman : cavaliero-justice, I say.

*Shal.* I follow mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page ! Master Page, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavaliero-justice ; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What say'st thou, my bully-rook ?

*[They go aside.]*

*Shal.* Will you [*to PAGE*] go with us to behold it ? my merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think he hath appointed them contrary places : for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier ?

*Ford.* None, I protest<sup>14</sup> : but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook ; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully : thou shalt have egress and regress ; said I well ? and thy name shall be Brook : It is a merry knight.—Will you go, Cavaliers<sup>15</sup> ?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

<sup>14</sup> This speech is erroneously given to Shallow in the folio.

<sup>15</sup> The folio of 1623 reads *An-heires*, which is unintelligible ;

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more : In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what : 'tis the heart, master Page : 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword<sup>16</sup>, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here ! shall we wag ?

*Page.* Have with you :—I had rather hear them scold than [see them] fight.

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHAL. and PAGE.]

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily ; She was in his company at Page's house ; and, what they made<sup>17</sup> there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't : and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff : If I find her honest, I lose not my labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter* FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

the word in the text, the conjecture of Mr. Boaden, Malone considered the best that had been offered. *Caualeires* would have been the orthography of the old copy, and the host has the term frequently in his mouth. Mr. Steevens substituted *on hearts*. "Will you go *on here*;" a reading long since suggested, is also found in Mr. Collier's 2nd folio ; and in Page's speech below, the words I have included in brackets are added.

<sup>16</sup> Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier. See Note on K. Henry IV. P. 1, Act ii. Sc. 4. There are some additions here in the 4to. 1602, but the substance is found in a future scene.

<sup>17</sup> An obsolete phrase, signifying—"what they *did* there." In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here ; for what *do* you here.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open. [I will retort the  
sum in Equipage.]<sup>1</sup>

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you  
should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated  
upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and  
your coach-fellow<sup>2</sup> Nym; or else you had looked  
through the grate like a gemini of baboons. I am  
damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends,  
you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when  
mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan<sup>3</sup>, I took't  
upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen  
pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou,  
I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no  
more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A  
short knife and a throng<sup>4</sup>;—to your manor of Pickt-

<sup>1</sup> These words are from the quartos; "*equipage*" Warton thought a cant term for *stolen goods*. Steevens imagined *attendance* was meant.

<sup>2</sup> *Coach-fellow*, i. e. he who *drives* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

<sup>3</sup> Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The fashion was most probably imported from Italy, for in the *HABITI ANTICHI ET MODERNI di tutto il Mondo*, published at Venice in 1580, from drawings by Titiano and Cesare Vecelli, are several represented of various forms, of which these are two.



Thus in the second Sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

<sup>4</sup> *A short knife and a throng*, i. e. go and cut purses in a crowd. Purses being then worn hanging at the girdle. Lodge, in his "*Wits Masque*," 1596, describes one of his "*Incarnate Devils*" thus: "The fourth is Rapine, and he gets about the streets to steal for him, he is a passing good hooker and picklock; and for a short knife and a horn thimble, turne him loose to all the fraternity: his stock is false keies, engines, and sword and buckler."

hatch<sup>5</sup>, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, rogue, will ensconce<sup>6</sup> your brags<sup>7</sup>, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice<sup>8</sup> phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

*Pist.* I do relent; what would'st thou more of man?

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

<sup>5</sup> *Pick't-hatch* was in Turnbull Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a *hatch* or half door with spikes upon it a necessary defence to a brothel, and hence the term became a cant phrase to denote a part of the town noted for brothels.

<sup>6</sup> *A sconce* is a fortification; *to ensconce* is therefore to hide, to conceal one's self as within a fort.

<sup>7</sup> *Brags*. The old copy has *rags*. Pistol was an ensign, and is now a follower of Falstaff, although a *braggadocio*, and *rags* is therefore inappropriate; the mere addition of the letter *b* furnishes the word most likely to be applied to him by Falstaff. I also admit Hanmer's happy emendation of *bull-baiting*, instead of the unmeaning *bold-beating* oaths of the old copy.

<sup>8</sup> *Alehouse language*. Red-lattice windows formerly denoted an alehouse, as the chequers have done since.



*Quick.* I'll be sworn ; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer : What with me ?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman ; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, sir ;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways :—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

*Fal.* Well, on : mistress Ford, you say,——

*Quick.* Your worship says very true : I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears ;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so ? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants !

*Fal.* Well : mistress Ford :—what of her ?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord ! your worship's a wanton : Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray !

*Fal.* Mistress Ford :—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it : you have brought her into such a canaries<sup>9</sup> as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches ; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift ; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold ; and in such alligant terms ; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart ; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had

<sup>9</sup> A mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. *Canary* was, however, a quick and lively dance mentioned in *All's Well* that Ends Well, Act. ii. Sc. 1.

myself twenty angels given me this morning : but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say), but in the way of honesty :—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all : and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners<sup>10</sup> ; but I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me ? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter ; for tne which she thanks you a thousand times : and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven ?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth ; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of ;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas ! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him ; he's a very jealousy man ; she leads a very frampold<sup>11</sup> life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven : Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you too ;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home ; but she hopes, there will come

<sup>10</sup> *Pensioners*, i. e. Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakspeare, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

<sup>11</sup> *Frampold* here means *fretful*, *peevish*, or *vexatious*. This obsolete word is of uncertain etymology.

a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves<sup>12</sup>; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

*Pist.* This punk<sup>13</sup> is one of Cupid's carriers:—

<sup>12</sup> *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than *by all means*, for the sake of all love. It is again used in *Othello*, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

<sup>13</sup> See note on *Measure for Measure*, Act v. Sc. 1, and the note on *pinace*, Act i. Sc. 3, p. 203, ante.

Clap on more sails ; pursue, up with your fights<sup>14</sup> ;  
Give fire ; she is my prize, or ocean whirl them all !

[*Exit* PISTOL.

*Fal.* Say'st thou so, old Jack ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good body, I thank thee : Let them say, 'tis grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you : and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack<sup>15</sup>.

*Fal.* Brook is his name ?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in : [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah ! ha ! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you ? go to ; *via*<sup>16</sup> !

<sup>14</sup> *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight ; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.—*Phillips's World of Words*.

<sup>15</sup> It seems to have been a common custom in taverns in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance), by way of introduction to acquaintance. The practice was continued as late as the Restoration. In the Parliamentary History, vol. xxii. p. 114, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk*, by Dr. Price. "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

<sup>16</sup> *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains :—"an adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, despatch." It appears to have been a common exclamation in Shakespeare's time. Antonini renders it in Latin *eja, age*.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]*

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Truth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own;



that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues*<sup>17</sup>.

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me,

<sup>17</sup> This couplet is printed as a quotation in the folio 1623.

yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance<sup>18</sup>, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed<sup>19</sup> for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O, sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul<sup>20</sup> dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward<sup>21</sup> of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with

<sup>18</sup> *Of great admittance*, i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies.

<sup>19</sup> *Allowed* is *approved*. So in *King Lear*:

“if your sweet sway

*Allow* obedience,” &c.

<sup>20</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio substitutes *suit* for *soul*.

<sup>21</sup> *Ward*, i. e. *defence*. A metaphor from the fencing school. So Falstaff “Thou know'st my old *ward*, here I lay, and thus I bare my point.”

your money ; next give me your hand ; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir !

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you), by her own appointment ; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me : I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night ; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir ?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave ! I know him not :—yet I wrong him to call him poor ; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money ; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured, I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer ; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir ; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue ! I will stare him out of his wits ; I will awe him with my cudgel ; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns : master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night :—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style<sup>22</sup> ; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold :—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

<sup>22</sup> This is a phrase from the Herald's Office. Falstaff means that he will add more titles to those Ford is already distinguished by.

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy?—My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—*Amaymon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbason*<sup>23</sup>, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol<sup>24</sup> cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*]

<sup>23</sup> *Reginald Scot*, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, may be consulted concerning these demons. "*Amaymon*," he says, "was King of the East, and *Barbatus* a great countie or earle." But *Randle Holme*, in his *Academy of Armory*, informs us that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulf; and that *Barbatus* is like a *Sagittarius*, and has thirty legions under him."

<sup>24</sup> Chief Justice *Holt* said, "To call a man a cuckold was not an ecclesiastical slander, but *wittol* was, for it imports his knowledge of and consent to his wife's adultery."—*Salkeld's Rep.* 692

SCENE III. *Windsor Park.**Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.**Caius.* Jack Rugby!*Rug.* Sir.*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come : he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come : by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.*Rug.* He is wise, sir ; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack ; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.*Caius.* Villany, take your rapier.*Rug.* Forbear ; here's company.*Enter* HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.*Host.* 'Bless thee, bully doctor.*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius.*Page.* Now, good master doctor !*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin<sup>1</sup>, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there ; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse<sup>2</sup>, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian ?

<sup>1</sup> The ancient term for making a *thrust*.

<sup>2</sup> The *stoccado*, the *reverso*, in Italian, are also terms in fencing anglicised.



is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder<sup>3</sup>? ha! is he dead, bully-stale<sup>4</sup>? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castilian-king-urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vittness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

<sup>3</sup> *Heart of elder.* The joke is that elder has a heart of *pitch*.

<sup>4</sup> *Bully-stale* and *king-urinal*; these epithets will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors. *Castilian*, a cant word (like *Cataian* and *Ethiopian*), appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets; he here means to call him *coward*.

*Host.* Pardon, guest justice :—A word, monsieur Mock-water<sup>5</sup>.

*Caius.* Mock-vater ; vat is dat ?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman :—Scurvy jack-dog priest ; by gar, me vil cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

*Host.* He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields : will it do well ?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal. and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die : sheath thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler : go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting ; and thou shalt woo her : Cried I aim<sup>6</sup> ? said I well ?

<sup>5</sup> Thus all the old copies: Malone, at Dr. Farmer's instance, substitutes *muck-water*.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *Cride game*. Warburton conjectured that

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which, I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag then.


*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A Field near Frogmore.*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Evans.*

 PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the pittie-ward<sup>1</sup>, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Eva.* I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir.

*Eva.* 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog

we should read *Cry Aim*; see the second scene of the third act of this play, where the phrase again occurs; but I prefer to read, as Mr. Dyce suggests, *Cried I aim*, i. e. have I given you the direction, put you upon the right track? Mr. Collier's correction of the second folio substituted *Curds and cream*! I cannot conceive a more absurd reading.

<sup>1</sup> What place the *pittie-ward* signified we know not. It had probably the same import as *pette-ward*.

his urinals about his knave's costard<sup>2</sup>, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork :—'pless my soul!

[Sings.

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls<sup>3</sup>  
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.*

*To shallow——*

'Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals ;—  
When as I sat in Pabylon<sup>4</sup>,——  
And a thousand vagram posies.*

*To shallone——*

*Sim.* [coming forward.] Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome :——

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls——*

<sup>2</sup> Costard, i. e. head.

<sup>3</sup> This is part of a beautiful little pastoral, printed imperfectly in The Passionate Pilgrim in 1599, and there given to Shakespeare: but in England's Helicon, 1600, it is attributed to Christopher Marlowe, and to it is subjoined an answer, called "The Nymph's Reply," signed *Ignoto*, which is thought to be the signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. Walton has inserted them both in his Complete Angler, under the character of that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an *answer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.—"Old fashioned poetry but choicely good." Sir Hugh misrecites the lines in his panic. The reader will be pleased to find them at the end of the play.

<sup>4</sup> This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

"When we did sit in Babylon,  
The rivers round about,  
Then the remembrance of Sion,  
The tears for grief burst out."

The word *rivers* in the second line was probably brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of the madrigal he had just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and profane song together. The old quarto has—"There lived a man in Babylon," which was the first line of an old song mentioned in Twelfth Night; and printed in Percy's Reliques, but the other line is more in character.

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Shal.* How now, master parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*Eva.* 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

*Eva.* Fery well: What is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odda with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates



and Galen,—and he is a knave besides ; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page !

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons :—Keep them asunder ;—here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question ; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear : Verefore vill you not meet-a me ?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience : In good time.

*Carus.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours ; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends :—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, [for missing your meetings and appointments.<sup>5</sup>]

*Caius.* *Diable !*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jar-terre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not, at de place I did appoint ?

*Eva.* As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed ; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul<sup>6</sup>, French and Welsh ; soul-curer and body-curer.

<sup>5</sup> These words are from the quartos, and are necessary to introduce the reply of Caius.

<sup>6</sup> In the folios it is "Gallia and Gaule." In the 4to. of 1602, it is *Gawle* and *Gawlia*. By *Gallia*, mine Host has in mind the homophony of *Gaul* and *pays de Galles*.

*Caine.* Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

*Host.* Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—[Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so<sup>7</sup>:]—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL. SLEN. PAGE, and Host.]

*Caine.* Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

*Eca.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall<sup>8</sup>, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

*Caine.* By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

*Eca.* Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt.]

<sup>7</sup> These words are also wanting in the folios.

<sup>8</sup> *Scall*, i. e. *goat's-head*, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verne—

“Under thy long locks mayest thou have the scalle.”

SCENE II. *A Street in Windsor.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant ; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader : Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels ?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O ! you are a flattering boy ; now, I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page : Whither go you ?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife ; Is she at home ?

*Ford.* Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company : I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of :—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff !

*Mrs. Page.* He, he ; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he ! —Is your wife at home, indeed ?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir ;—I am sick, till I see her. *[Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.]*

*Ford.* Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? Sure, they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty

miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind !—and Falstaff's boy with her !—Good plots !—they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him ; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon ; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim<sup>1</sup>. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search where<sup>2</sup> I shall find Falstaff : I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked ; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there : I will go.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR  
HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

*Shal. Page, &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me a good knot : I have good cheer at home ; and, I pray you all, go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir ; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

<sup>1</sup> To *cry aim*, in archery was to encourage the archers by crying out *Aim* when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. It seems that the spectators in general cried *aim* occasionally, as a mere word of encouragement or applause. Thus, in *K. John*, Act ii. Sc. 1 :

“ It ill beseems this presence to *cry aim*  
To these ill tuned repetitions.”

<sup>2</sup> The old copy has *there*.

*Page.* You have, master Slender ; I stand wholly for you :—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar ; and de maid is love-a me ; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton ? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday<sup>3</sup>, he smells April and May : he will carry't, he will carry't ; 'tis in his buttons<sup>4</sup> ; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having<sup>5</sup> : he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins ; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance : if he take her, let him take her simply ; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner : besides your cheer, you shall have sport ; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go ;—so shall you, master Page ;—And you, Sir Hugh.

<sup>3</sup> *He speaks holyday.* To speak out of the common style, superior to the vulgar, in allusion to the better dress worn on holidays. So in *K. Henry IV. P. 1.*

With many *holiday* and lady terms.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis in his buttons.* It is said that this alludes to an ancient custom among rustics, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses by carrying the flower called *bachelor's buttons* in their pockets. They judged of their good or bad success by their growing or not growing there. Hence, *to wear bachelor's buttons*, seems to have grown into a phrase for being unmarried. This may be doubtful as applied to mine Host's phrase, but no better explanation has been offered.

<sup>5</sup> *Of no having*, i. e. *fortune* or *possessions*. So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ My *having* is not much ;  
I'll make division of my present with you :  
Hold, there is half my coffer.”



*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER.

*Cain.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* Host.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine<sup>6</sup> first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

*A.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. A Room in Ford's House.

*Enter* MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

*Enter* Servants with a Basket.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your

<sup>6</sup> *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine, not from the bottle but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument.—“I'll give him *pipe* wine, which will make him dance.”

shoulders : that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters<sup>1</sup> in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it ?

*Mrs. Ford.* I have told them over and over ; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket<sup>2</sup>? what news with you ?

*Rob.* My master Sir John is come in at your back door, mistress Ford ; and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-lent<sup>3</sup>, have you been true to us ?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn : My master knows not of your being here ; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it ; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou art a good boy ; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS. PAGE.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to then : we'll use this unwhole-

<sup>1</sup> *Whitsters*, bleachers of linen.

<sup>2</sup> *Eyas-musket*, young sparrow-hawk, from the Italian *muschetto* ; here used as a jocular term for a small child.

<sup>3</sup> *A stuffed puppet* thrown at throughout lent, as cocks were at shrovetide. So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600 :

“ A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*.”

some humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel<sup>5</sup>? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent<sup>6</sup> of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance<sup>7</sup>.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the lord, thou art a traitor<sup>8</sup> to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to

<sup>4</sup> *Turtles from jays*, i. e. *honest women from loose ones*. The word *Putta* in Italian signifies both a *jay* and a *loose woman*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“some jay of Italy  
Whose mother was her painting.” &c.

<sup>5</sup> This is the first line in the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*.

<sup>6</sup> First folio, *beauty*.

<sup>7</sup> That is, any fanciful head-dress worn by the celebrated beauties of Venice, or approved by them. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624. “Let her have the Spanish gait, the Venetian *tire*, Italian compliments and endowments.”

<sup>8</sup> The folio has “thou art a tyrant.”

thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury<sup>9</sup> in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter<sup>10</sup>-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln<sup>11</sup>.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

<sup>9</sup> *Bucklersbury.* Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.

<sup>10</sup> The *Counter* as a prison was odious to Falstaff. The name of this prison was a frequent subject of jocularity with our ancestors. Shakspeare has availed himself of it in the *Comedy of Errors*. My old acquaintance Baret records one pleasantly enough in his *Alvearie*, 1573.—“We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such like places of prison: He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a *counter-tenor* for this geare: meaning imprisonment.”

<sup>11</sup> So, in *Coriolanus*:

“Whose breath *I hate*  
As reek o' the rotten fens.”

*Fal.* She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras<sup>12</sup>.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so ; she's a very tattling woman.—  
[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

What's the matter ? how now ?

*Mrs. Page.* O mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford ! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion ?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion ?—Out upon you ! how am I mistook in you !

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas ! what's the matter ?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence : You are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here ; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you : If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it ; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed ; call all your senses to you : defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

<sup>12</sup> *Behind the arras.* The spaces left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.



*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame, never stand, *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Let me see't; let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, [and none but thee]<sup>13</sup>; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit Robin; Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff<sup>14</sup>? look, how you

<sup>13</sup> *And none but thee.* These words, which are characteristic and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford.

<sup>14</sup> *Cowl-staff.* A staff used for carrying a *cowl* or tub with two handles to fetch water in. "*Bicollo, a cowl-staffe to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once.*"—*Florio's Dictionary*, 1598.

drumble<sup>15</sup>: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck! buck! buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Excunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first;—So, now uncape<sup>16</sup>.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

<sup>15</sup> To *drumble* and *drone* meant to move sluggishly. A *drumble drone*, in the western dialect signifies a drone or humble-bee. That master genius of modern times, who knew so skilfully how to adapt his language to the characters and manners of the age in which his fable was laid, has adopted this word in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, vol. ii. p. 298:—"Why how she *drumbles*—I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

<sup>16</sup> To *uncape* a fox was to *unearth* him, or to begin the hunt after him, when the holes for escape had been stopped.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who<sup>17</sup> was in the basket!

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

<sup>17</sup> Ritson thinks we should read *what*. This emendation is supported by a subsequent passage, where Falstaff says: "the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* was in the basket." It is remarkable that Ford asked no such question.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts !

*Ford.* Amen.

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay ; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too ; dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford ! are you not ashamed ? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination ? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page : I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well ;—I promised you a dinner :—Come, come, walk in the park : I pray you, pardon me ; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife ;—Come, mistress Page ; I pray you pardon me ; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen ; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast ; after, we'll a birding together ; I have a fine hawk for the bush : Shall it be so ?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now remembrance to-morrow, on the lousy knave, mine Host.

*Caius.* Dat is good ; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave ; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Page's House.*

*Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see, I cannot get thy father's love ;  
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas ! how then ?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.  
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;  
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :  
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——  
My riots past, my wild societies ;  
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come !  
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth<sup>1</sup>  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne ;  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton,  
Yet seek my father's love : still seek it, sir :

<sup>1</sup> Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. Below we have :

"O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year."



If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't<sup>2</sup>. 'Slid,'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismay'd.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*]

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail<sup>3</sup>, under the degree of a 'squire.

<sup>2</sup> A shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt a thick short one. The proverb probably means "I'll make something or other of it.—I will do it by some means or other."

<sup>3</sup> Come cut and long tail, i. e. "come who will to contend with me." It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in writers of the pe-

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it ; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz : I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will ?

*Slen.* My will ? od's heartlings ! that's a pretty jest, indeed ! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven ; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you with me ?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you : Your father, and my uncle, have made motions ; if it be my luck, so : if not, happy man be his dole<sup>4</sup> ! They can tell you how things go, better than I can : You may ask your father ; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, master Slender !—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now ! what does master Fenton here ?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house :

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

riod, signifying *all persons or things of whatever kind* ; but, of course, the allusion is to any kind of horse, cut or long tail. It is amply illustrated by Mr. Nares in his Glossary.

<sup>4</sup> *Happy man be his dole.* This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The general meaning of which is "Let his portion, or lot, be happy." *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the A. S. verb *Dalan*, to deal, divide, distribute. Slender's ungallant expression of indifference means probably "If it be my luck to get you, so ; if not, I shall not be so disappointed as to prevent me from wishing my rival joy." A pretty compliment to the lady !

*Mrs. Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good master Fenton.—

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in.—  
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

*Quick.* Speak to mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,  
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,  
I must advance the colours of my love,  
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,  
And bow'd to death with turnips.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy.  
My daughter will I question how she loves you,  
And as I find her, so am I affected;  
'Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;  
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ANNE.*]

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

*Quick.* This is my doing, now:—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once<sup>5</sup> to-night

<sup>5</sup> Once, i. e. one time, sometime.

Give my sweet Nan this ring : There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*]

*Quick.* Now heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne ; or I would master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three ; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word ; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses : What a beast am I to slack it ? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say !

*Bard.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in't.  
[*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal ; and to be thrown into the Thames ? Well ; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies<sup>1</sup>, fifteen i' the litter : and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking ; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow ; a death that I abhor ; for the water swells a man ; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have *a blind bitch's puppies.*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.*

*Bard.* Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water ; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman.

*Enter MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* By your leave ; I cry you mercy : Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices : Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, sir ?

*Fal.* Simple of itself ; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*—]How now ?

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford ! I have had ford enough : I was thrown into the ford : I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault ; she does so take on with her men ; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine : I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her : Tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou ?



*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir ! [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel, I hear not of master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within ; I like his money well. O here he comes.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir !

*Fal.* Now, master Brook ? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you ; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, sir ?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir ? Did she change her determination ?

*Fal.* No, master Brook ; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there ?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page ; gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction<sup>2</sup>, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

<sup>2</sup> M. Mason proposes to read *direction*, but perhaps the change is not necessary.

*Ford.* A buck-basket!

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with<sup>1</sup> a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compassed like a good bilbo<sup>2</sup>, in the circumference of a pack, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be

<sup>1</sup> *With, by, and of* were used indiscriminately with much licence by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have—

"I never would suspect the sun with cold."

*Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached*. Carewile, in his *Metrical Violins*, has this very phrase—*detected with, for impeached with, or held in suspicion* BY:—

"What is he of our blood that would not be sorry

To leave our names with vile fame so *detected*."

*Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not discovered, but *suspected* BY the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unnecessarily substituted *by* for *with*.

<sup>2</sup> A *Bilbo* is a Spanish blade remarkable for its temper and flexibility. The best were made at Bilbao, a town in Biscay.

stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease : think of that, —a man of my kidney,—think of that ; that am as subject to heat as butter ; a man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that ;—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate ; you'll undertake her no more.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding : I have received from her another embassy of meeting ; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it ? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her : Adieu ! You shall have her, master Brook ; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

*Ford.* Hum ! ha ! is this a vision ? is this a dream ? do I sleep ? Master Ford, awake ! awake, master Ford ! there's a hole made in 'your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets !—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am : I will now take the lecher ; he is at my house : he cannot 'scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box : but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid. yet to be what I would not,

shall not make me tame : if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The Street.*

*Enter* MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

*Mrs. Page.*

**H** S he at master Ford's already, think'st thou ?  
*Quick.* Sure, he is by this ; or will be presently : but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by ; I'll but bring my young man here to school : Look, where his master comes ; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh ? no school to-day ?

*Eva.* No ; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart !

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book ; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William ; hold up your head ; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah ; hold up your head ; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns ?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more ; because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William ?

*Will. Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Poulcats ! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman ; I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William ?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William ?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis* ; I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will. Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles ?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun ; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog ;* pray you, mark : *genitivo, hujus :* Well, what is your *accusative case* ?

*Will. Accusativo, hinc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child ; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William ?

*Will.* O—*vocativo, O.*

*Eva.* Remember, William ; *focative* is *caret.*

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace.

*Eva.* What is your *genitive case plural*, William ?

*Will. Genitive case ?*

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* 'Vengeance of *Jenny's case* ! fie on her !—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words :



he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—hie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *ki*, *kan*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kans*, and your *coda*, you must be preeches<sup>2</sup>. Go your ways, and play, go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag<sup>4</sup> memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A Room in Ford's House.

*Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.*

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious<sup>1</sup> in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but

<sup>2</sup> *Preeches, breeched*, i. e. *flogged*.

<sup>4</sup> *Quick, alert.* The word is *sprack*.

<sup>1</sup> *You are obsequious in your love.* Falstaff uses obsequious in its Latin sense "diligent to do pleasure, compliant, indulgent." This was no unusual acceptation of the word in Shakespeare's time, and even later. Phillips explains it "diligent to please."

in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*within.*] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Enter MRS. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly;—speak louder. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes<sup>2</sup> again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out*<sup>3</sup>! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from

<sup>2</sup> *Lunes*, i. e. *lunacy*, *frenzy*. The quartos have *vein*. The folio has *lines*. The correction is by Theobald. The same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. Sc. 3 in the folio.

<sup>3</sup> Shakspeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:

“Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,  
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.”

their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion : but I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by ; at street end ; he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone !—the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you !—Away with him, away with him : better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket : May I not go out, ere he come ?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make<sup>4</sup> you here ?

*Fal.* What shall I do ? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces : Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it ?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract<sup>5</sup> for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : There is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out then.

<sup>4</sup> This phrase has been already noticed. It occurs again in *As You Like It*, in the sense of *do* :

“ Now, sir, what *make* you here ? ”

It also occurs in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*.

<sup>5</sup> *An abstract*, i. e. a *list*, an *inventory*, or *short note of*.

*Mrs. Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford<sup>6</sup>, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat<sup>7</sup>, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming.

<sup>6</sup> In the early 4to it is: "My maid's aunt *Gillian* of Brentford."

<sup>7</sup> A Hat composed of the weaver's tufts or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.



*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford<sup>6</sup>.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too;

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the droff.*

[Exit.

*Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him, quickly despatch.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. [Exit.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife:—Youth

<sup>6</sup> This old witch Jyl or Gillian of Brentford seems to have been a character well known in popular story at the time. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was printed by Copland long before, and Lauchlan enumerates it as in the collection of Capt. Cox, the mason, now well known to all, from the mention of him in the romance of *Kentworth*. See Mr. Collier's edition of *Doddsley's Old Plays*, vol. ix. p. 16.



in a basket, [come out here<sup>9</sup>! ]—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now, shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passes<sup>10</sup>! master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Enter MRS. FORD.*

*Ford.* Sosay I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why?

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

<sup>9</sup> The words in brackets are from the quarto; *ging* was formerly used for *gang*.

<sup>10</sup> *Passes*, i. e. *surpasses*, or goes beyond all bounds.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford ; this wrongs you <sup>11</sup>.

*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart : this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time ; if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport ; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman <sup>12</sup>. Satisfy me once more ; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What ho ! mistress Page ! come you, and the old woman down ; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman ! What old woman's that ?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have I not forbid her my house ? She comes of errands, does she ? We are simple men ; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such danbery as this is ; beyond our element ; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag <sup>13</sup> you ; come down, I say.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband ;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. " This is below your character, unworthy of you."

<sup>12</sup> *Leman*, i. e. *lover* or *sweetheart* ; it was applied to both sexes, but more frequently to women, as we find in *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

<sup>13</sup> In the first folio, here and in Ford's next speech, we have the misprint, *you Rague*, misunderstanding the similar error of *Nagge* for *Hagge* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act iii. Sc. 8.

*Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by*  
*MRS. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll *prat* her :—Out of my door, you witch !  
 [*beats him*] you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon<sup>14</sup> ! out ! out ! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed ? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it ;—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch !

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed : I like not when a 'oman has a great peard ; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen ? I beseech you, follow ; see but the issue of my jealousy ; if I cry out thus upon no trail<sup>15</sup>, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further : Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar ; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you ? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him ; if the devil have him not in fee-simple,

<sup>14</sup> *Ronyon* means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *Rogneuse*, FR.

<sup>15</sup> Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To open* is to *cry out* or *bark*.

with fine and recovery<sup>16</sup>, he will never, I think, in the way of waste<sup>17</sup>, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period<sup>18</sup> to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir, I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house<sup>19</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Ritson, himself a lawyer, supposes that Shakespeare "had been long enough in an attorney's office to know that *fine and recovery* is the largest estate, and *fine and recovery* the strongest assurance, known to English Law." How Mrs. Page acquired her knowledge of these terms he has not informed us.

<sup>17</sup> This is another forensic expression. Mr. Steevens says that the meaning of the passage is, "he will not make further attempts to ruin us by corrupting our virtue and destroying our reputation."

<sup>18</sup> i. e. right period, or proper catastrophe.

<sup>19</sup> The old copy has *houses*.

a week at command ; I have turned away my other guests : they must come off<sup>20</sup> ; I'll sauce them ; Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and  
SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions or a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant ?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife : Henceforth do what thou wilt ;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold<sup>1</sup>,  
Than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,  
As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more.

Be not as éxtreme in submission,  
As in offence ;

But let our plot go forward : let our wives  
Yet once again, to make us public sport,  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,  
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How ! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight ! fie, fie ; he'll never come.

*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown into the rivers ; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman ; me-

<sup>20</sup> To come off is to pay, to come down (as we now say), with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays.

<sup>1</sup> The reading in the text is Rowe's. The old copies read, "I rather will suspect the sun with gold."



thinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes<sup>2</sup> the cattle;  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:  
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Received, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear  
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak<sup>3</sup>;  
But what of this?

<sup>2</sup> To *take* signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So, in *Lear*, Act ii. Sc. 4:

"Strike her young bones, ye *taking* airs, with lameness.  
And in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 1:

"No planets strike,

No fairy *takes*, no witch has power to charm."

"Of a horse that is *taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false."—C. vii. *Markham on Horses*, 1595. Thus also in *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, "He is *taken*, or benomed; *Attonitus est*."

<sup>3</sup> The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, is said to have been cut down by an inadvertent order of King George the Third in 1795. Mr. Knight has amply discussed the subject.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device ;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
[Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head<sup>4</sup>.]

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
And in this shape : When you have brought him  
thither,

What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon,  
and thus :

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like urchins, ouphes<sup>5</sup>, and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
With some diffused<sup>6</sup> song ; upon their sight,  
We two in great amazedness will fly :  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And, fairy-like, to-pinch<sup>7</sup> the unclean knight ;  
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,  
In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,

<sup>4</sup> This line is from the quarto.

<sup>5</sup> *Ouphes*, i. e. *elves*, *hobgoblins*.

<sup>6</sup> *Some diffused song* appears to mean some *obscure strange* song. In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, the word occurs in this sense : " speak you Welsh to him : I doubt not but thy speech shall be more *diffuse* to him, than his French shall be to thee." Cotgrave explains *diffused* by the French *diffus*, *espars*, OBSCURE, and in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, I find *obscurum* interpreted " obscure, difficult, DIFFUSE, hard to understand." Skelton uses *diffuse* several times for strange or obscure ; for instance, in the *Crown of Laurel* :

" Perseus pressed forth with problems *diffuse*."

<sup>7</sup> *To-pinch* : *to* has here an augmentative sense, like *be* has since had : *all* was generally prefixed, Spenser has all *to-torn*, all *to-rent*, &c. and Milton in *Comus*, all *to-ruffled*.

Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound<sup>8</sup>,  
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,  
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,  
And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.* The children must  
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Eva.* I will teach the children their behaviours;  
and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the  
knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them  
vizards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the  
fairies,  
Finely attired in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy;—and in that trim<sup>9</sup>  
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,  
And marry her at Eton. [*Aside.*] Go, send to Fal-  
staff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:  
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-  
perties<sup>10</sup>,  
And tricking for our fairies.

*Eva.* Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,  
and fery honest knaverica.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Go, mistress Ford,  
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.  
[*Exit MRS. FORD.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

<sup>8</sup> *Sound*, for *soundly*, the adjective used as an adverb.

<sup>9</sup> The old copy has "and in that *time*." Thosbald proposed to read "and in that *tre*;" but *trim* in MS. would easily be mistaken for *time*.

<sup>10</sup> *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre: *tricking* is dress or ornament.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot ;  
 And he my husband best of all affects :  
 The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
 Potent at court ; he, none but he, shall have her,  
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.  
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and SIMPLE.*

*Host.* What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed<sup>1</sup>; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian<sup>2</sup> unto thee: Knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [*above.*] How now, mine host?

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

<sup>1</sup> The usual furniture of chambers, at that time, was a *standing-bed*, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running bed*: from *trochlea* a low wheel or castor. In the standing bed lay the master, in the truckle the servant.

<sup>2</sup> *Anthropophaginian*, i. e. a *cannibal*: mine host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me ; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford ?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell<sup>3</sup> ; What would you with her ?

*Sim.* My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir ?

*Fal.* Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself ; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they ? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come ; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir<sup>4</sup>.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page ; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir ?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no : Go ; say, the woman told me so.

<sup>3</sup> He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

<sup>4</sup> In the old copy this speech is given to Falstaff. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio reads " You may not conceal them ; " not perceiving the erroneous appropriation of the speech, but the whole humour of the passage consists in Simple's mistaking *conceal* for *reveal*.



*Sim.* May I be so bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.]

*Host.* Thou art clerkly<sup>5</sup>, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid<sup>6</sup> for my learning.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses<sup>7</sup>.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you

<sup>5</sup> *Clerkly*, i. e. *scholar-like*.

<sup>6</sup> To *pay*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to *beat*; in which sense it is still not uncommon in familiar language: "Seven of the eleven I *paid*," says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I.

<sup>7</sup> The audience would be familiar with the name of the Necromancer from the popularity of Marlowe's play. We should perhaps read "Run away with *by* the cozeners."

are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [Exit.

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*.

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparations for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Exit.

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *Primero*<sup>6</sup>. Well, if my wind were but long enough [to say my prayers<sup>9</sup>,] I would repent.—

*Enter MRS. QUICKLY.*

Now! whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have

<sup>6</sup> *Primero* was the fashionable game at cards in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>9</sup> The words, "to say my prayers," are from the 4to.

suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FENTON and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,  
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee  
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you  
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;  
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection

(So far forth as herself might be her chooser),  
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her  
Of such contents as you will wonder at ;  
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,  
That neither, singly, can be manifested,  
Without the show of both ;—wherein fat Falstaff  
Hath a great scene<sup>1</sup> : the image of the jest

[*Showing the letter.*

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host :  
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ;  
The purpose why, is here ; in which disguise,  
While other jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton  
Immediately to marry : she hath consented :  
Now, sir,

Her mother, ever<sup>2</sup> strong against that match,  
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds,  
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot  
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath  
Made promise to the doctor ;—Now, thus it rests :  
Her father means she shall be all in white ;  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,  
She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,  
The better to denote her to the doctor  
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded),  
That, quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,

<sup>1</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto 1602 reads "has a great scene," probably a misprint for *share*, which seems to suit the context better than *scene*.

<sup>2</sup> The old copies read *even*.

With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;  
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me :  
 And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar  
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,  
 And, in the lawful name of marrying,  
 To give our hearts united-ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :  
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I ever more be bound to thee ;  
 Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

*Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.*

*Falstaff.*

**P**R'YTHEE, no more prattling ;—go.——  
 I'll hold<sup>1</sup> : This is the third time ; I hope,  
 good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ;  
 they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in  
 nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what  
 I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head  
 and mince<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit MRS. QUICKLY.*]

<sup>1</sup> *I'll hold, i. e. keep to the time.*

<sup>2</sup> *Mince, i. e. walk : to mince signified to walk with affected delicacy.*



*Enter FORD.*

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle<sup>3</sup>. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese<sup>4</sup>, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. Windsor Park.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*

*Page.* Come, come; we'll couch i'the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to the Book of Job, vii. 6.

<sup>4</sup> "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

<sup>4</sup> To strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.

have a nay-word<sup>1</sup> how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum* ; she cries, *budget* ; and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too : But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget* ; the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark ; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport ! No man means evil but the devil<sup>2</sup>, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Street in Windsor.*

*Enter* MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green ; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly : Go before into the park ; we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do ; Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter : but 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies ? and the Welsh devil, Hugh<sup>3</sup> ?

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights ; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

<sup>1</sup> *Nay-word*, i. e. *watchword*. In Ulysses upon Ajax, we have "*mum-budget*, not a word."

<sup>2</sup> Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has erroneously *Herne* ; Theobald altered it to *Hugh*.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked ; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on ; To the oak, to the oak !  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* Fairies.

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies ; come ; and remember your parts : be pold, I pray you ; follow me into the pit ; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you ; Come, come ; trib, trib.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve ; the minute draws on : Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me :—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa ; love set on thy horns—O powerful love ! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man ; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda ;—O, omnipotent love ! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose ?—A fault done first in the form of a beast ;—O Jove, a beastly fault ! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl ; think on't, Jove ; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do ? For me, I am here a Windsor stag ; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest : send me a cool rut-time, Jove,

or who can blame me to piss my tallow<sup>1</sup>? Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation<sup>2</sup>, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a brib'd buck<sup>3</sup>, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow<sup>4</sup> of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your

<sup>1</sup> This is technical. "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace they are then in so vehement heat."—*Turberville's Book of Hunting*, 1575.

<sup>2</sup> The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

<sup>3</sup> A *brib'd buck*; this is the reading of the old copies, which has been unnecessarily changed to a *bribe-buck* by all recent editors. A *brib'd buck* was a *buck cut up* to be given away in portions. *Bribes* in O. F. were portions or fragments of meat which were given away. Hence *bribeur* was a beggar, and the O. E. *bribour*, a petty thief. Mr. Way, in his notes to the Promptorium Parvulor, has cited from the Rot. Parl. Edw. IV. n. 30, a passage in which persons are mentioned "who have stolen and bribed signets" (i. e. cygnets, or young swans).

<sup>4</sup> The fellow of this walk, i. e. the keeper; the shoulders of the buck were his perquisites. The *woodman* was the attendant on the forester, but here used in a wanton sense for one choosing female game for the object of his pursuit. In his assumed character, Falstaff uses the terms of the forest.

husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Alas! What noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.* }

*Mrs. Page.* } Away, away.

[*They run off.*]

*Fal.* I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Queen*<sup>5</sup>. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,  
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,  
You ouphen-heirs<sup>6</sup> of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office, and your quality.——  
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names: Silence! you airy toys.  
*Cricket*, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou, having leapt<sup>7</sup>,  
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:  
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:

<sup>5</sup> *Queen*, i. e. *Anne Page* disguised as the *Fairy Queen*. The old copies have *Qu*, and *Qui*. It is doubtful whether these passages were not intended to be spoken by *Mrs. Quickly*.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy reads *orphan-heirs*. I adopt Warburton's reading, *ouphen*, i. e. fairy, *ouphen* being mentioned before and after-ward.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy "shalt thou leap," but the rhyme requires *leapt*. The verse too should have twelve syllables, and I leave the correction as I had made it long since. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes "when thou'st leapt"



I'll wink and couch : No man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*

*Eva.* Where's *Pead* ?—Go you, and where you find  
a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,  
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,  
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy ;  
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and  
shins.

*Queen.* About, about ;

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out :  
Strew good luck, outhes, on every sacred room ;  
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ;  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.  
The several chairs of order look you scour  
With juice of balm, and every precious flower<sup>8</sup> :  
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !  
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :  
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see  
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white ;  
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee ;  
Fairies use flowers for their charactery<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. So, in the *Baucis and Philemon* of Ovid, Met. viii.

Mensam

æquatam *Mentha* abstersere virenti.

Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

<sup>9</sup> " *Charactery* is a writing by characters, or by strange marks."—*Bullokar's English Expositor*, 12mo. 1656.

Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom, round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eoa.* Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in  
order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
To guide our measure round about the tree.  
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth<sup>10</sup>.

*Fal.* Heaven defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest  
he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd<sup>11</sup> even in  
thy birth.

*Queen.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eoa.* Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their topera.*]

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Quick.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!  
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> By this term is merely meant a *mortal man*, in contradistinction to a *spirit* of the earth or of the air, such as a fairy or gnome. It was in use in the north of Scotland a century since, and appears borrowed from the *Lowland* *Middle* *Land*.

<sup>11</sup> By *o'er-look'd* is here meant *harassed* by an evil eye, the word is used in that sense in *Glavin's Sadducian Triumphatus*, p. 95. See note on the *Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

"Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'er-looked me."

<sup>12</sup> *Eoa.* It is right; indeed he is full of lecherous and iniquity. This speech of Sir Hugh is omitted in the folio. The whole scene varies much in the quartos.

## SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy !  
 Fye on lust and luxury !  
 Lust is but a bloody fire,  
 Kindled with unchaste desire.

Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,  
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;

Pinch him for his villany ;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
 Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

*During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.*

*They lay hold on him.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly : I think, we have watch'd you now ;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher :—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives ?

See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes<sup>13</sup>

Become the forest better than the town ?

<sup>13</sup> The extremities of *yokes* for oxen, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*. In Cotgrave's Dictionary, *voce* JOUELLES, we have "*Arched or yoked vines ; vines so under propped or fashioned that one may go under the middle of them.*" See also Hutton's Latin, Greek, and English Lexicon, 1585, in *voce* JUGUM ; "a thing made with *förkes*, like a gallows, a frame whereon vines are joyned."

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize<sup>14</sup>? 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at

<sup>14</sup> i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welsh materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell; that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications and to taverns, and sack and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel<sup>15</sup>; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me<sup>16</sup>; use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction<sup>17</sup>.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a

<sup>15</sup> The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welsh one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

<sup>16</sup> Ignorance itself weighs me down, and oppresses me.

<sup>17</sup> Here the quartoes add:

"*Mrs. F.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

"*Ford.* Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

"*Fal.* It hath cost me well: I have been well pinched and wash'd."



posset to-night at my house ; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee<sup>18</sup> : Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* Doctors doubt that : If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

*Enter SLENDER.*

*Slen.* Whoo ! ho ! ho ! father Page.

*Page.* Son ! how now ? how now, son ? have you despatched ?

*Slen.* Despatched !—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't ; would I were hanged, la, else.

*Page.* Of what, son ?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life then you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that ? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl : If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments ?

*Slen.* I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed ; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy<sup>19</sup>.

<sup>18</sup> Dr. Johnson remarks, that the two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

<sup>19</sup> Here again the quattoes add :

" *Eva.* Jeshu ! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys ?

" *Page.* O, I am vexed at heart : What shall I do ? "

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry : I knew of your purpose ; turned my daughter into green ; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page ? By gar, I am cozened : I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy ; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy ; it is not Anne Page : by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in green ?

*Caius.* Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy ; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*

*Ford.* This is strange ! Who hath got the right Anne ?

*Page.* My heart misgives me : Here comes master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

How now, master Fenton ?

*Anne.* Pardon, good father ! good my mother, pardon !

*Page.* Now, mistress ? how chance you went not with master Slender ?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid ?

*Fent.* You do amaze<sup>20</sup> her : Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed : And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous guile<sup>21</sup> ;

<sup>20</sup> *Amaze*, i. e. *Confound* her by your questions.

<sup>21</sup> The old copy has *title*. The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio.

Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
 A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
 Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd : here is no remedy :—  
 In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state ;  
 Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special  
 stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy ? Fenton, heaven give  
 thee joy !

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are  
 chas'd<sup>22</sup>.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further :—master  
 Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days !  
 Good husband, let us every one go home,  
 And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ;  
 Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so :—Sir John,  
 To master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;  
 For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>22</sup> Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having *run down* Anne Page. The quartos add :

"*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

## THE PASTORAL BY CH. MARLOWE.

*Referred to Act iii. Sc. 1, of the foregoing Play.*

COME, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals :

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from the pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall on thy ivory table be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight, each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.







MEASURE FOR MEASURE.







## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**S**HAKESPEARE took the fable of this play from the Promos and Cassandra of George Whetstone, published in 1578, of which this is "The Argument."

"In the city of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus King of Hungary and Bohemia), there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos's authority; who convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra. Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos regarding her good behaviour, and fantasizing her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk; and doing good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother: but wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour, ransom for her brother's life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But in fine, won by the importunity of her brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promos: First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise, as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the jailer secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The jailer [touched] with the outcries of Andrugio (abhorring Promos's lewdness), by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head newly executed; who knew it not, being mangled,

from her brother's (who was set at liberty by the jailer). [She] was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos: and devising a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes known to the king. She, executing this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour; which done, for his heinous offence, he should lose his head. This marriage solemnized, Cassandra tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life: the king tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her special case, although he favoured her much, would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, bewrayed his safety, and craved pardon. The king to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare history, in action lively followeth."

Whetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic scenes, between a bawd, a pimp, felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakespeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader may see the old play of Promos and Cassandra among Six old plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c. published by Mr. Steevens, printed for S. Leacroft, Charing Cross. The piece exhibits an almost complete embryo of Measure for Measure; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak. The story originally came from the Hecatomithi of Cinthio. Decad 8, novel 5, and is repeated in the Tragic Histories of Belleforest.

This play was most probably written in 1603, as would appear by the allusions to the war with Spain, and the *sweat*, i. e. the plague called the sweating-sickness. We know from the amount of the expenses of the Revels, published by Mr. Cunningham, that it was represented at court on St. Stephen's night (26 Dec.) 1604. The lines which seem evidently to allude to King James' dislike to being surrounded by crowds of the people, show that they were at least written after his accession.

"And even so

The general subjects to a well-wish'd King,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence."

We may therefore conclude with Malone that it was written about the close of the year 1603, or the commencement of 1604.

It was first printed in the folio of 1623. The text in the folio is very incorrectly printed, abounding with typographical errors and corrupt readings.

Out of this play, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, Sir William Davenant contrived, with some ingenuity, the plot of his *Law Against Lovers*.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the Deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*

Two other like Gentlemen.

VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, servant to the Duke.*

PROVOST.

THOMAS, } *Two Friars.*

PETER, }

A Justice.

ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*

CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*

ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *Sister to CLAUDIO.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*

MISTRESS OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *Vienna.*



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke.*

**E**SCALUS!

*Escal. My lord.*

*Duke. Of government the properties to  
unfold,*

*- Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;  
Since I am put to know, that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you : then no more remains  
But thereto your sufficiency<sup>1</sup>, as your worth is able,*

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads—

*Then no more remains*

*But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.*

On which passage we have three pages of notes in the variorum edition. No emendation or explanation of this passage hitherto offered is satisfactory ; I feel confident that our great poet never wrote "But *that to*," following as it does "Exceeds, *in that*." The remedy lies in the trifling correction of a press error. The word *thereto* was probably written *thrtto*, and was mistaken by the printer for *thtto*. The sense of the passage will then be "Since I am so placed as to know that you are better skilled in the nature

And let them work. The nature of our people,  
 Our city's institutions, and the terms  
 For common justice, you are as pregnant<sup>2</sup> in,  
 As art and practice hath enriched any  
 That we remember : There is our commission,  
 From which we would not have you warp.—Call  
                   hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear ?  
 For you must know, we have with special soul  
 Elected him our absence to supply ;  
 Lent him our terror, drest him with our love ;  
 And given his deputation all the organs  
 Of our own power : What think you of it ?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
 It is lord Angelo.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Duke.* Look, where he comes.

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
 I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,  
 There is a kind of character in thy life,

of government than I am, it would be idle in me to lecture you on the subject. Then nothing more is wanting but *thereto*, your sufficient authority (i. e. to govern) as you have the ability, and let them (your skill and authority) come into operation." *Suf-*  
*ficiency* is sufficient authority, the commission which the Duke just after delivers to Angelo. Shakespeare uses the word *thereto* just in the same sense in *The Winter's Tale*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman, *thereto*  
 Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns  
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
 In whose success we are gentle, &c.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. ready in.

That, to the observer doth thy history  
 Fully unfold : Thyself and thy belongings  
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.<sup>3</sup>  
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;  
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,  
 But to fine issues : nor nature never lends<sup>4</sup>  
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor,  
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
 To one that can my part in him advértese<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Hold therefore.—Angelo ;  
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;  
 Mortality and Mercy in Vienna  
 Live in thy tongue and heart<sup>6</sup>. Old Escalus,  
 Though first in question, is thy secondary :  
 Take thy commission.

*Ang.*                                      Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
 Before so noble and so great a figure  
 Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.*                                      No more evasion :

We have with a leaven'd<sup>7</sup> and prepared choice

<sup>3</sup> The old copy has "*they* on thee."

<sup>4</sup> Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings, so in *Julius Cæsar* :

'*Nor to no Roman else.*'

<sup>5</sup> i. e. to one who is already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office ;—of that *office which I have now delegated to him.*

<sup>6</sup> i. e. I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

<sup>7</sup> A choice *mature, concocted, fermented* ; i. e. not hasty, but considerate.

Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.  
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
 As time and our concernings shall impórtune,  
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know  
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :  
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
 Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,  
 That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it ;  
 Nor need you on mine honour have to do  
 With any scruple : your scope<sup>8</sup> is as mine own ;  
 So to enforce or qualify the laws,  
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;  
 I'll privily away : I love the people,  
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
 Though it do well, I do not relish well  
 Their loud applause, and *aces*<sup>9</sup> vehement ;  
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes !

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

*Duke.* I thank you : Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me  
 To look into the bottom of my place :  
 A power I have ; but of what strength and nature  
 I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me :—Let us withdraw together,  
 And we may soon our satisfaction have  
 Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *Scope* is extent of power.

<sup>9</sup> *Aces* are hailings.



SCENE II.    *A Street.*

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

*1 Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

*2 Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

*2 Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

*1 Gent.* Why?

*Lucio.* 'Twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace<sup>1</sup>.

*2 Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

*2 Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*1 Gent.* What? in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

*1 Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*1 Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us<sup>2</sup>.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

<sup>1</sup> This speech is erroneously given to the *1 Gent.* in the old copies.

<sup>2</sup> This was a common saying, equivalent to *they were both of a piece.*

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet<sup>3</sup>. Do I speak feelingly now ?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted, or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes !

1 *Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—<sup>4</sup>

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year<sup>5</sup>.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound, as things that are hollow ; thy bones are hollow : impiety has made a feast of thee.

<sup>3</sup> "*Pil'd*, for a French velvet."—Velvet was esteemed according to the richness of the *pile* ; three-pil'd was the richest. But *Pil'd* also means *bald*. The jest alludes to the loss of hair in a certain disease. Lucio, finding the Gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it *so feelingly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget to *drink after him*. In old times the cup of an infected person was thought to be contagious.

<sup>4</sup> This speech also forms part of Lucio's in the old copies.

<sup>5</sup> Here a quibble is intended between *dollar* and *dolour*. It occurs again in *The Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 1.

*Enter Bawd.*

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head's<sup>6</sup> to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well; what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *head*.

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Bawd.* Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Clo.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III<sup>1</sup>.    *The same.*

*Enter* Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers;  
LUCIO, *and* two Gentlemen.

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison where I am committed.

<sup>1</sup> In one of the Scotch Laws of James, it is ordered, "that common women be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is." Licensed houses of resort were in some towns of the continent placed in the suburbs.

<sup>1</sup> This is properly not a new scene, as there is no change of place.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authority,  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—  
The words of heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;  
On whom it will not, so : yet still 'tis just<sup>2</sup>.

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty ;  
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue,  
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)  
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die<sup>3</sup>.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,  
I would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to  
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of free-  
dom, as the morality<sup>4</sup> of imprisonment.—What's thy  
offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What, but to speak of would offend again.

*Lucio.* What is it? murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir ; you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend :—Lucio, a word  
with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

<sup>2</sup> Authority being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio, *the demi-god*, whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of heaven*. The poet alludes to a passage in St. Paul's Epist. to the Romans, xi. 15—18 : " I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."

<sup>3</sup> So, in Chapman's *Revenge for Honour* :

" Like poison'd rats, which, when they've swallowed  
The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink*,  
And can rest then much less, until they burst."

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *mortality*. Davenant corrected it in his alteration of the play.



*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—  
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me :—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed ;  
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation lack  
Of outward order : this we came not to,  
Only for propagation<sup>5</sup> of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,  
Till time had made them for us. But it chanches,  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,  
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps ?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—  
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ;  
Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur :

<sup>5</sup> The old sense of the word is "promoting, enlarging, increasing, spreading." It appears that Claudio would say : "for the sake of *promoting* such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage." The verb is as obscurely used by Chapman in the Sixteenth book of the *Odyssey* :

"to try if we

Alone may *propagate* to victory  
Our bold encounters."

Shakespeare uses "*To propagate* their states," for, to improve or promote their conditions, in *Timon of Athens*, Act i. Sc. 1. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *procuration*, and for *denunciation* in the line above reads *pronunciation* ; but to *denounce* and *denounced* are several times used by Shakespeare where we should now perhaps use *pronounce*, and *pronounced*. To change the word would, therefore, be to violate the language peculiar to the poet. Neither of the proposed alterations are admissible.

Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
 I stagger in :—But this new governor  
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
 So long, that nineteen zodiacks<sup>6</sup> have gone round,  
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,  
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
 Freshly on me :—'tis surely, for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so  
 tickle<sup>7</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be  
 in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and  
 appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.  
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :  
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,  
 And there receive her approbation<sup>8</sup> :  
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;  
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;  
 I have great hope in that : for in her youth  
 There is a prone<sup>9</sup> and speechless dialect,  
 Such as moves men ; besides, she hath prosperous art  
 When she will play with reason and discourse,  
 And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray, she may : as well for the encourage-  
 ment of the like, which else would stand under griev-  
 ous imposition ; as for the enjoying of thy life, which<sup>10</sup> I  
 would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game  
 of tick-tack<sup>11</sup>. I'll to her.

<sup>6</sup> *Zodiacs*, i. e. *yearly circles*.

<sup>7</sup> *Tickle*, for *ticklish*.

<sup>8</sup> *Approbation*, i. e. enter on her *noviciate* or *probation*.

<sup>9</sup> *Prone* is *prompt* or *ready*.

<sup>10</sup> The old copies have *who*, an evident typographical error.

<sup>11</sup> *Jouer au tric trac* is used in French in a wanton sense.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours,——

*Claud.* Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Monastery.*

*Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No ; holy Father ; throw away that thought ;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love<sup>1</sup>  
Can pierce a complete bosom<sup>2</sup> : why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Fri.* May your grace speak of it ?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps<sup>3</sup>.  
I have delivered to lord Angelo  
(A man of stricture<sup>4</sup> and firm abstinence),  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd : Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds)<sup>5</sup>,  
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep ;

<sup>1</sup> A *dribbled* or *dribbling* shot was a Toxopholite expression for a weak one falling short of the mark.

<sup>2</sup> "A complete bosom" is a bosom completely armed.

<sup>3</sup> *Bravery* is showy dress. *Keeps*, i. e. *resides*.

<sup>4</sup> *Stricture*, i. e. *strictness*.

<sup>5</sup> "The needful bits and curbs to headstrong *steeds*." The old copy has *weeds*, an evident misprint. Theobald made the necessary correction.

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
 That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers,  
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,  
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,  
 For terror, not to use ; in time the rod's<sup>6</sup>  
 More mock'd than fear'd : so our decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead  
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
 Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your grace  
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :  
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,  
 Than in lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :  
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them  
 For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,  
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;  
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
 And yet my nature never in the fight,  
 To do in slander<sup>7</sup> : And to behold his sway,  
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

<sup>6</sup> The s at the end of *rod's* is wanting in the old copies. It is supplied by the annotator of my copy of the second folio.

<sup>7</sup> This is the reading of the old copy. Since Hanmer's time it has been usual to print

“ And yet my nature never in the *sight*,  
 To do *it* slander.”

The meaning appears to be, And yet my too lenient nature never appearing in the *contest* with crime to do any thing *in* slander of Angelo's severe justice. Perhaps we might read

“ And yet my nature never in the *light*,  
 To do *him* slander.”

i. e. To disparage Angelo by the contrast.

Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,  
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,  
At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;  
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Nunnery.*

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges ?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

*Lucio.* Ho ! Peace be in this place ! [ *Within.* ]

*Isab.* Who's that which calls ?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;  
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,  
But in the presence of the prioress :  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;  
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is 't that calls ?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek-roses  
Proclaim you are no less : Can you so stead me,



As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;  
The rather, for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets  
you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! For what?

*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your sport<sup>1</sup>.

*Lucio.* 'Tis true. I would not,—though 'tis my  
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing<sup>2</sup>, and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;  
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;  
And to be talked with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth<sup>3</sup>, 'tis  
thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:  
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,

<sup>1</sup> The old copy reads "Sir, make me not your *story*." Davenant's reading in the alteration of this play, is *scorn*. But Lucio's reply shows that it should be *sport*.

<sup>2</sup> This bird is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. This was formerly the subject of a proverb, "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," i. e. *tongue far from heart*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"*Adr.* Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

<sup>3</sup> *Fewness and truth*, i. e. *in few and true words*.

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison<sup>4</sup>; even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth<sup>5</sup> and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin  
Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,  
By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O let him marry her!

*Lucio.* This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;  
But doth rebate<sup>6</sup> and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He (to give fear to use<sup>7</sup> and liberty,  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions), hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example: all hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith

<sup>4</sup> *Teeming foison* is abundant produce.

<sup>5</sup> *Tilth* is tillage. See Shakespeare's third Sonnet.

<sup>6</sup> *To rebate* is to make dull: *Aciem ferri hebetare*.—*Baret*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. to intimidate *use*, or practices long countenanced by custom.

Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has censur'd<sup>8</sup> him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas! I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe<sup>9</sup> them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> To *censure* is to *judge*. This is the poet's general meaning for the word, but the editors have given him several others. We have it again in the next scene:

"When I that *censure* him do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death."

<sup>9</sup> To *owe* is to *have*, to *possess*.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,  
Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Angelo.*

**W**E must not make a scare-crow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear<sup>1</sup> the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.*

*Ay, but yet*

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall<sup>2</sup>, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father,  
Let but your honour know,  
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue),  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,  
Err'd in this point which now you censure him<sup>3</sup>,  
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made  
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,

<sup>1</sup> The verb active, to *fear* is to *affright*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *throw down*; to *fall* a tree is still used for to *fell* it.

<sup>3</sup> To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required:—“which now you censure him *for*.” But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

That thieves do pass<sup>4</sup> on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant<sup>5</sup>,  
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,  
 We tread upon, and never think of it.  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For<sup>6</sup> I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:  
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!  
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
 Some run from brakes<sup>7</sup> of vice, and answer none;  
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

<sup>4</sup> An old forensic term, signifying *to pass judgment, or sentence.*

<sup>5</sup> *Full of force or conviction, or full of proof in itself.* So, in *Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 1, "As it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position."

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *Because* I have had such faults.

<sup>7</sup> The first folio here reads—"Some run from *brakes of ice*, and answer none." The correction was made by Rowe. *Brakes* here most probably signify *thorny perplexities*, as in *K. Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 2.

"'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake,  
 That virtue must go through."

A *brake* also signified any engine or instrument, as a flax-brake, a brake for horses, &c. and hence also a trap or snare. Thus Skelton's *Eleinour Rummin*. It was a state to take—the devil in a *brake*. And in *Holland's Leaguer*, a Comedy, by Sh. Mar-mion:

her I'll make

A stale to catch this courtier in a *brake*.

And, in *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, p. 84, "At last, as ye have



*Enter* ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well<sup>a</sup>; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Cl.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes<sup>b</sup> a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

heard here before, how divers of the great estates and Lords of the council lay in await with my lady Anne Boleyn, to cary a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a *brake*." Mr. Knight retains the old reading. Mr. Collier alters it to "*breaks of ice*," and by mistake says, that this is the reading of the old copies.

<sup>a</sup> *This comes off well*, i. e. is well told. The meaning of this phrase, when seriously applied to speech, is, "This is well delivered," "this story is well told." But in the present instance is used ironically.

<sup>b</sup> *Professes a hot-house*, i. e. keeps a bagnio.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.]

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence), for stew'd prunes<sup>10</sup>: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said,

<sup>10</sup> A favourite dish, anciently common in brothels.

and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ;—for, as you know, master Froth, I cou'd not give you three pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well : you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well : I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose,—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of ? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave : And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir ; a man of fourscore pound a year ; whose father died at Hallowmas :—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth ?

*Froth.* All-hallond<sup>11</sup> eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well ; I hope here be truths : He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower<sup>12</sup> chair, sir ;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit : Have you not ?

*Froth.* I have so ; because it is an open room, and good for winter<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> *All-hallond Eve*, the Eve of All Saints' day.

<sup>12</sup> Every house had formerly what was called a *low chair*, designed for the ease of sick people, and occasionally occupied by lazy ones.

<sup>a</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *windows*, which would totally destroy the humour of the passage, and yet Mr. Collier advocates the innovation !

*Clo.* Why, very well then :—I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;  
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less ; Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit* ANGELO.]

Now, sir, come on : What was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

*Clo.* Once, sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir : What did this gentleman do to her ?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face :—Good master Froth, look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good purpose : Doth your honour mark his face ?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him : Good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right : Constable, what say you to it ?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house : next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet : the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity<sup>13</sup>? Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the Clown.*]

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress's name?

*Clo.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. constable or clown. Justice and Iniquity were characters in the old miracle plays and moralities.



*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir?

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order<sup>14</sup> for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

<sup>14</sup> To take order is to take measures, or precautions.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay<sup>15</sup>: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel: but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;  
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your<sup>16</sup> readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They

<sup>15</sup> *A bay* is a principal division in building, as a *barn of three bays* is a barn twice crossed by beams. Coles in his Latin Dictionary defines "a bay of building, *mensura 24 pedum*." Houses appear to have been estimated by the number of bays. This note remains as it was printed in my former edition. Mr. Collier had evidently never seen it, as he acknowledges his obligation to the Rev. Mr. Barry. Mr. C.'s corrected folio would substitute "after threepence a day."

<sup>16</sup> The folios have *the* instead of *your*.

do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir ?

*Escal.* To my house : Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*] What's o'clock, think you ?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;  
But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful :  
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so ;  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.  
But yet,—Poor Claudio !—There's no remedy.  
Come, sir [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Provost and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight.  
I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know  
His pleasure : may be, he will relent. Alas !  
He hath but as offended in a dream !  
All sects, all ages smack of this vice ; and he  
To die for it !—

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost ?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?  
Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash.  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:  
Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.—  
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?  
She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,  
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,  
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,  
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for it.

*Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*

*Prov.* Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice, that most I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;  
 For which I would not plead, but that I must ;  
 For which I must not plead, but that I am  
 At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

*Ang.* Well ; the matter ?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die :  
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
 And not my brother<sup>1</sup>.

*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces !

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !  
 Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :  
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
 To fine<sup>2</sup> the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
 And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just, but severe law !  
 I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !

[*Retiring.*]

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Give't not o'er so : to him again,  
 intreat him :

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;  
 You are too cold : if you should need a pin,  
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :  
 To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die ?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,  
 And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would ?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,  
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
 As mine is to him ?

<sup>1</sup> i. e. let my brother's fault die or be extirpated, but let not him suffer.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. "to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law upon the crime, and let the delinquent escape."



*Ang.* He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* [To *ISAB.*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back<sup>3</sup> again : Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does. If he had been as you,  
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, begone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?  
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* Ay, touch him : there's the vein. [*Aside.*

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;  
And He that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy : How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid ;  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow ? O, that's sudden ! Spare him,  
spare him :

He's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens

<sup>3</sup> The word *back*, necessary to the sense, was added in the second folio.

We kill the fowl of season<sup>4</sup>: shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:  
Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept<sup>5</sup>:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed : now, 'tis awake ;  
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass<sup>6</sup>, that shows what future evils  
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born),  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere<sup>7</sup> they live, to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show justice ;  
For then I pity those I do not know<sup>8</sup>,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;  
Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first, that gives this sentence :

<sup>4</sup> i. e. when mature or fit for death, as Hamlet says of the king—

When he is fit and *season'd* for his passage.

<sup>5</sup> "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*," is a maxim of our law.

<sup>6</sup> This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *here*. I adopt Hanmer's emendation, which gives a clear sense.

<sup>6</sup> One of Judge Hale's "Memorials" is of the same tendency: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

And he, that suffers : O ! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting<sup>9</sup>, petty officer,  
Would use his heaven for thunder ;  
Nothing but thunder.—Merciful heaven !  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled<sup>10</sup> oak,  
Than the soft myrtle<sup>11</sup> :—But man, proud man !  
Drest in a little brief authority :  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal<sup>12</sup>.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] O, to him, to him, wench : he  
will relent ;

He's coming, I perceive 't.

*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Pray heaven, she win him !

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :  
Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;  
But, in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Thou'rt in the right, girl ; more  
o' that.

<sup>9</sup> *Pelting* for *paltry*.

<sup>10</sup> *Gnarled*, i. e. *knotted*.

<sup>11</sup> Mr. Douce has remarked the close affinity between this passage and one in the second satire of Persius. Yet we have no translation of that poet of Shakespeare's age.

"Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyus ilex  
Sulfure discutitur sacro, quam tuque domusque?"

<sup>12</sup> The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Art advis'd o' that? more on 't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top<sup>13</sup>: Go to your bosom;  
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it<sup>14</sup>. [*To Her.*  
Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn  
back.

*Ang.* How! bribe me?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share  
with you.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond<sup>15</sup> shekels<sup>16</sup> of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,  
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare has used this metaphor again in *Hamlet*—"It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."

<sup>14</sup> i. e. Such sense as breeds or produces a consequence in his mind. Malone thought that *sense* here meant *sensual desire*.

<sup>15</sup> *Fond*, in its old signification sometimes meant *foolish*. In its modern sense it evidently implied a doting or extravagant affection; here it signifies *overvalued or prized by folly*.

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have *sickles*, and in the Wickliffite version, as well as in Coverdale's Bible, the word is *sicle* and *sycle*. In Peele's *David and Bethsabe*, it is also *sickles*. In Hebrew *s* and *sh* are the same letter. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would substitute the improbable word *circles*! and Mr. Collier himself says, "Shakespeare's word may have been *Cycles*!"





What dost thou ? or, what art thou, Angelo ?  
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things  
 That make her good ? O, let her brother live !  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What ! do I love her,  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?  
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,  
 With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,  
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how<sup>22</sup> !  
 [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Room in a Prison.*

*Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, Provost ! so, I think you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost : What's your will, good friar ?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,  
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
 Here in the prison : do me the common right  
 To let me see them ; and to make me know  
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
 To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were  
 needful.

served the more to inflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27.

<sup>22</sup> Dr. Johnson thinks the second act should end here.

*Enter JULIET.*

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flames<sup>1</sup> of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child :  
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a young man  
More fit to do another such offence,  
Than die for this.

*Duke.* When must he die ?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you ; stay a while, [*To JULIET.*  
And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

*Juliet.* I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your  
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed ?

*Juliet.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter : But lest<sup>2</sup> you do  
repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven ;  
Showing, we'd not spare<sup>3</sup> heaven as we love it,

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads *flames*. Davenant made the alteration, which Warburton also proposed, not knowing that he had been anticipated.

<sup>2</sup> The folio has *least*, but this is the way in which *lest* was mostly spelt.

<sup>3</sup> This passage appears to me corrupt. At any rate we must

But as we stand in fear,—

*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil ;  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest<sup>4</sup>.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.—

Grace go with you ! *Benedicite !* [*Exit.*

*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow ! O, injurious law<sup>5</sup>,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror !

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and  
pray

To several subjects : heaven hath my empty words ;  
Whilst my invention<sup>1</sup>, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel : Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name ;  
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception : The state, whereon I studied,  
Is like a good thing, being often read,

conceive a violent ellipsis, and understand "we'd not spare to  
offend heaven." But I think we should read

Showing we'd not *appease* heav'n as we love it.

The corrector in Mr. Collier's folio would substitute *serve*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *keep yourself in this frame of mind.*

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have "O injurious *love*." The reading in the text is by Sir Thomas Hanmer ; the words *lawe* and *love* were easily confounded.

<sup>1</sup> *Invention* for *imagination*. So in Shakespeare's 103d Sonnet :

"a face,

That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

And in K. Henry V,

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of *invention*."



Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid ?

*Isab* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better  
please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so ?—Heaven keep your honour !

*[Retiring.]*

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile ; and it may be,  
As long as you, or I : Yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence ?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,  
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha ! Fye, these filthy vices ! It were as good  
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put mettle in restrained means,  
To make a false one<sup>7</sup>.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so ? then I shall pose you quickly.

<sup>6</sup> *The general*, i. e. the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So, in *Hamlet* : "the play pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the *general*." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage and in one before (*Act i. Sc. 2*), intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds which flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

<sup>7</sup> The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication ; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.



<sup>10</sup> The old copy has *crafty*, an evident error.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks<sup>11</sup>  
Proclaim an enshield<sup>12</sup> beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me ;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,  
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question<sup>13</sup>), that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding<sup>14</sup> law ; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;  
What would you do ?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself :  
That is, Were I under the terms of death,

<sup>11</sup> The masks worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant ; *these* may be a misprint for *those*. At the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*, we have a passage of similar import :

“ These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair.”

<sup>12</sup> *enshield*, i. e. *enshielded*, *covered*.

<sup>13</sup> This is the reading of the old copy. It has been conjectured that Shakespeare meant by *loss of question* the *casus quæstionis* of the logicians. This is the suggestion of an ingenious correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. p. 217. I find it, however, altered in my corrected copy of the second folio to “ *loose of question*,” the meaning would then be, “ in the *looseness* of conversation.”

<sup>14</sup> The old copy has *all-building* law ; the necessary correction was made by Theobald. “ The *manacles* of the *all-building* law” is surely not consequential.

The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
 That longing I've<sup>15</sup> been sick for, ere I'd yield  
 My body up to shame.

*Ang.*                                      Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way.  
 Better it were, a brother died at once,  
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
 Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
 That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* Ignomy<sup>16</sup> in ransom, and free pardon,  
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is  
 Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
 A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we  
    mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate.  
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.*                                      Else let my brother die.  
 If not a feodary, but only he,  
 Owe, and succeed this weakness<sup>17</sup>.

<sup>15</sup> I is not in the old copy, which reads merely *have*.

<sup>16</sup> *Ignomy*, i. e. *ignominy*, which is the reading of the second folio.

<sup>17</sup> "If not a *feodary*, but only he  
 Owe and succeed *this* weakness."

Shakespeare uses the word *feodary* for a confederate, associate, in *Cymbeline*, Act iii. Sc. 2. To *owe* is to *own*; to *possess*, and to *succeed* is to *follow*. The word *this* is substituted for the old reading *thy*, on the authority of a MS. correction, found by Mr. Collier, in a copy of the first folio. The meaning of the passage will then be, "If we are not all frail, if my brother have no companion holding by the same tenure of frailty; but he alone possess and follow this weakness, let him die."

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them<sup>18</sup>. Nay, call us ten times frail;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,  
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;—  
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one (as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants), show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,  
That he shall die for it.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others<sup>19</sup>.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-  
ing<sup>20</sup>!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:

<sup>18</sup> The meaning appears to be, that "men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness." She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. "your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me."

<sup>20</sup> *Seeming* is *hypocrisy*.

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world  
Aloud, what man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety, and proluxious blushes<sup>21</sup>,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death<sup>22</sup>,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Exit.*

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approof!  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture<sup>23</sup> of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That had he twenty heads to tender down

<sup>21</sup> *Proluxious blushes* mean what Milton has elegantly called—  
"Sweet reluctant delay."

<sup>22</sup> *The death.* This phrase seems originally to have been a  
mistaken translation of the French *La mort*. Chaucer uses it  
frequently, and it is common to all writers of Shakespeare's age.

<sup>23</sup> *Prompture*, i. e. *temptation, instigation*




On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 To such abhorr'd pollution.  
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :  
 More than our brother is our chastity.  
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.*

*Duke.*

 O, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?  
*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death ; either death or life,  
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,  
 (Servile to all the skiey influences),  
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st<sup>2</sup>,  
 Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool ;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runn'st toward him still : Thou art not noble ;  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,  
 Are nurs'd by baseness<sup>3</sup> : Thou art by no means valiant ;

<sup>2</sup> *Keep'st*, i. e. *dwellst*. So, in *Henry IV. Part i* :

“ 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle *kept*.”

<sup>3</sup> Upon this passage Johnson observes “ that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm<sup>4</sup>: Thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;  
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
 That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;  
 And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange affects<sup>5</sup>,  
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo<sup>6</sup>, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,  
    nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both<sup>7</sup>; for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament from among the damps and darkness of the mine."

<sup>4</sup> *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy reads *effects*. We read *affects*, i. e. affections, passions of the mind. See *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

<sup>6</sup> *Serpigo* is a *leprous eruption*.

<sup>7</sup> This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

Of palsied eld<sup>8</sup>; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,  
 That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.  
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die:  
 And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

*Isab.* [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace  
 and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in; the wish deserves a  
 welcome.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior, here's  
 your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may  
 be conceal'd<sup>9</sup>. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most good, most  
 good indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

<sup>8</sup> *Old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy, he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

<sup>9</sup> The *first folio* reads "Bring them to hear me speak, &c." the *second folio* reads "bring them to speak." The emendation is by Steevens.

Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger<sup>10</sup>;  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed :  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy ?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any ?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live ;  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance ?

*Isab.* Ay, just ; perpetual durance ; a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope<sup>11</sup>.

*Claud.* But in what nature ?

*Isab.* In such a one as (you consenting to't)  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked<sup>12</sup>.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies<sup>13</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> A leiger is a resident ambassador.

<sup>11</sup> To a determined scope. A confinement of your mind to one painful idea : to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.

<sup>12</sup> A metaphor, from stripping trees of their bark.

<sup>13</sup> And the poor beetle, &c. This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line : — "The sense of death is most

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
 Think you I can a resolution fetch  
 From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
 And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my father's  
 grave  
 Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:  
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—  
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
 Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew<sup>14</sup>,  
 As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;  
 His filth within being cast, he would appear  
 A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The primzie<sup>15</sup> Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
 The damned'st body to invest and cover  
 In primzie guards<sup>16</sup>! Dost thou think, Claudio,

in apprehension," without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is:—"Death is less painful in itself than the fear of it. The mental apprehension, not the corporal suffering, is the chief sense; the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle?" The natural history of the passage, as Mr. Hunter observes, taken in either sense is incorrect.

<sup>14</sup> "In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it." To *emmew* is a term in Falconry, signifying to restrain, to keep in a mew or cage either by force or terror.

<sup>15</sup> The folio 1623 reads "The *prenzie* Angelo?" and "In *prenzie* guards." The folio 1632 has substituted *princely*, which has been followed in subsequent editions. *Princely* dress, is surely not "the cunning livery of Hell." *Precise*, suggested by Tieck and adopted by Mr. Knight, spoils the metre. *Primzie*, for *stiff*, *formal*, *demure*, is used by Burns, and there is an old proverb, "A *primzie* damsel makes a laidlie dame." *Prim* is spelt *prin* in a poem by Fletcher:—

"He looks as gaunt and *prin*, as he that spent

A tedious twelve years in an eager lent."

<sup>16</sup> *Guards* are *facings*; and here stands, by synecdoche, for



If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed.

*Claud.* O, heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank  
offence,

So to offend him still<sup>17</sup>: This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O! were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it<sup>18</sup>? Sure it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he, being so wise,  
Why, would he for the momentary trick,  
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:  
This sensible warm motion to become

appearance. See note on *K. Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 1.*  
Mr. Collier's corrected folio would substitute *priestly garb*, but  
Angelo, as vicegerent, would certainly not have *priestly garb*.

<sup>17</sup> i. e. "From the time of my committing this offence, you  
might persist in sinning with safety."

<sup>18</sup> "Has he passions that impel him to transgress the law at the  
very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then  
it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise,  
will venture it? Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human  
nature in the conduct of Claudio."

A kneaded clod ; and the delighted<sup>19</sup> spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice<sup>20</sup> ;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
 And blown with restless violence round about  
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst  
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
 Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
 That age, ache, penury<sup>21</sup>, and imprisonment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas ! alas !

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
 That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O, you beast !

O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !  
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?  
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

<sup>19</sup> *Delighted* is occasionally used by Shakespeare for *delighting*, or causing delight ; delighted in. So, in *Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3 :

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

And *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. 4 :

"Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift  
 The more delayed, *delighted*."

The *delighting spirit* and the *fiery bath*, are a parallel antithesis to *sensible warm motion* and *kneaded clod*. See this passage amply discussed in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. pp. 113, 139, 200, 250, 329.

<sup>20</sup> Jonson, in his *Catiline*, Act ii. Sc. 4, has a similar expression :—"We're spirits bound in *ribs of ice*." Shakespeare returns to the various destinations of the disembodied spirit, in that pathetic speech of *Othello* in the fifth Act. Milton seems to have had Shakespeare before him when he wrote the second book of *Paradise Lost*, v. 595—603.

<sup>21</sup> The first folio has *perjury*. It was corrected to *penury* in the second.

From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
 Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair,  
 For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>22</sup>  
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:  
 Die; perish! might but my bending down  
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
 No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fye, fye, fye!  
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade<sup>23</sup>:  
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would  
 by and by have some speech with you: the satisfac-  
 tion I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must  
 be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a  
 while.

*Duke.* [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard  
 what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo  
 had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath  
 made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment  
 with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth  
 of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial  
 which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to  
 Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore pre-  
 pare yourself to death: Do not satisfy<sup>24</sup> your resolu-

<sup>22</sup> *Wilderness* for *wildness*.

<sup>23</sup> *Trade*, an *established habit*, a *custom*, a *practice*.

<sup>24</sup> Do not *satisfy* yourself with hopes that are fallible. War-

tion with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold<sup>25</sup> you there : Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

*Re-enter* Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father ?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone : Leave me awhile with the maid : my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time<sup>26</sup>. [*Exit* Provost.]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good : the goodness, that is cheap<sup>27</sup> in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke

burton would read, "Do not falsify your hopes" with a very unsatisfactory argument ; but not one succeeding editor adopts that reading. A conjecture of the Hon. Charles Yorke on this passage will be found in Warburton's Letters, p. 500, 8vo. ed.

<sup>25</sup> *Hold you there : continue in that resolution.*

<sup>26</sup> i. e. à la bonne heure, so be it, very well.

<sup>27</sup> When the goodness of a beautiful person is cheap, i. e. easily parted with, it causes the beauty associated with it to be short-lived. But grace, i. e. goodness, being the life and soul of your nature, and like the principle of life preserving a body, shall keep your personal beauty always fresh and fair. An absurd attempt has been made to mar the passage by reading *chief* instead of *cheap*.

deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath<sup>28</sup>, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit<sup>29</sup> of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate<sup>30</sup> husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

<sup>28</sup> The first folio reads defectively "was affianced to her oath," by was supplied in the second folio. She at the commencement of this speech, is the reading of the old copy, we should now write *Her*.

<sup>29</sup> *Limit*, i. e. appointed time.

<sup>30</sup> *Combinate*, i. e. betrothed, contracted.



*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed<sup>31</sup> her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer<sup>32</sup> yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all:<sup>33</sup> We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled<sup>34</sup>. The maid will I frame, and

<sup>31</sup> *Bestowed her on her own lamentation*, gave her up to her sorrows.

<sup>32</sup> *Refer yourself, have recourse to.*

<sup>33</sup> The old copy has *and before* “now follows.”

<sup>34</sup> *Scaled*, i. e. *stripped of his covering or disguise, his affectation of virtue; desquamatus*. A metaphor of a similar nature has be-

make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

*Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard<sup>1</sup>.

*Duke.* O, heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins<sup>2</sup> too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

fore occurred in this play, taken from the barking, peeling, or stripping of trees. I cannot convince myself that it means *weighed*, unless we could imagine that *counterpoised* was intended.

<sup>1</sup> *Bastard*; a sweet wine, raisin wine, according to Minshew, from the Italian *Bastardo*.

<sup>2</sup> It is probable we should read "fox on lambskins," otherwise

*Elb.* Come your way, sir :—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father<sup>3</sup> : What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law ; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock<sup>4</sup>, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fye, sirrah ; a bawd, a wicked bawd !  
The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,  
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array<sup>5</sup> myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but yet, sir, I would prove——

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,  
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ;  
Correction and instruction must both work,  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir ; he has given

craft will not stand for the facing. Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings according to the statute of apparel, 24 Hen. 8, c. 13. So, in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, &c. 1631 :—"An usurer is an old fox clad in lamb-skin."

<sup>3</sup> The Duke humorously calls him *brother father*, because he had called him father friar, which is equivalent to *father brother*, friar being derived from *frère*. Fr.

<sup>4</sup> It is not necessary to take *honest* Pompey for a house-breaker, the *locks* he had occasion to *pick* were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's *Volpone*, Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

<sup>5</sup> The folios have *away*, evidently a typographical error. Theobald made the correction.

him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free<sup>6</sup>!

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a cord<sup>7</sup>, sir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman<sup>8</sup>, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou to't<sup>9</sup>? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus! still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

*Clo.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub<sup>10</sup>.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd

<sup>6</sup> i. e. "As faults are free from or destitute of all comeliness or seeming." *Free* at the commencement of the line is wanting in the old copy, but necessary both to sense and metre.

<sup>7</sup> His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. Have you no new courtesans to recommend to your customers.

<sup>9</sup> The old copies print *trot*, an evident printer's error for "what say'st thou to't?"

<sup>10</sup> The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub*. See the notes on the tub-fast and the diet, in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. in the Variorum Shakespeare.

bawd : An unshunn'd<sup>11</sup> consequence ; it must be so :  
Art going to prison, Pompey ?

*Clo.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey : Farewell :  
Go ; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey ?  
Or how ?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment  
be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right : Bawd is  
he, doubtless, and of antiquity too ; bawd-born. Fare-  
well, good Pompey : Commend me to the prison,  
Pompey ; You will turn good husband now, Pom-  
pey ; you will keep the house<sup>12</sup>.

*Clo.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not  
the wear<sup>13</sup>. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your  
bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle  
is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? Ha !

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir ; come.

*Clo.* You will not bail me then, sir ?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey ? nor now.—What news  
abroad, friar ? What news ?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir ; come.

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers*

What news, friar, of the duke ?

*Duke.* I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia ;  
other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think  
you ?

*Duke.* I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish  
him well.

<sup>11</sup> *Unshunn'd*, i. e. inevitable.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. stay at home, alluding to the etymology of husband.

<sup>13</sup> *The wear*, i. e. fashion.



*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion<sup>14</sup> ungenerative, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected<sup>15</sup> for women; he was not inclined that way.

<sup>14</sup> The old copy has *generative*. Theobald corrected it. *Lucio* again in this scene calls Angelo this *ungenitured* agent. *A motion*, i. e. a puppet, or moving body, without the power of generation.

<sup>15</sup> *Detected* for *suspected*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 272.

*Lucio.* O, sir! you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clackdish<sup>16</sup>: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward<sup>17</sup> of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file<sup>18</sup> of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed<sup>19</sup>, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

<sup>16</sup> A wooden dish with a moveable cover, formerly carried by beggars, which they *clacked* and clattered to show that it was empty. In this they received the alms. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious, originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object. The custom of *clacking* at Easter is not yet quite disused in some counties. Lucio's meaning is too evident to want explanation.

<sup>17</sup> *inward*, i. e. *intimate*.

<sup>18</sup> *The greater file*, i. e. *the majority of his subjects*.

<sup>19</sup> *Helmed*, is *guided*, *steered through*, a metaphor from navigation.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O! you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite<sup>20</sup>. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd<sup>21</sup> agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mut-

<sup>20</sup> *Opposite*, i. e. *opponent*.

<sup>21</sup> *Ungenitur'd*. This word seems to be formed from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs several times in Holland's *Pliny*, vol. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*.

ton<sup>22</sup> on Fridays. He's not past it yet;<sup>a</sup> and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

*Escal.* Go: away with her to prison!

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit<sup>23</sup> in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my

<sup>22</sup> A wench was called a *laced mutton*. In Doctor Faustus, 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of stock-fish." Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. Sc. 2. note 9.

<sup>a</sup> The old copy has He's *now* past it; yet, &c.

<sup>23</sup> *Forfeit, transgress, offend, from forfaitre.* Fr.

brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you !

*Escal.* Of whence are you ?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now  
To use it for my time : I am a brother  
Of gracious order, late come from the See,  
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world ?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and <sup>24</sup> it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure ; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd <sup>25</sup>. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

*Escal.* One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to ?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we

<sup>24</sup> Mr. Collier, finding *as* repeated in the old copy, would read "*as* it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed." I must say with Mr. Knight, that I cannot see any logical connexion in this long period.

<sup>25</sup> The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority, "He that hateth suretiship is sure." Prov. xi. 15.



him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved<sup>26</sup> to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function<sup>27</sup>, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice<sup>28</sup>.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go<sup>29</sup>;

<sup>26</sup> *Resolved*, i. e. *satisfied*; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Collier's corrected folio would read "You have paid the heavens *the due of* your function, &c." The words are not absolutely necessary, but may serve to the elucidation of the passage.

<sup>28</sup> *Summum jus, summa injuria.*

<sup>29</sup> This passage is obscure, nor can it be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than the reader may be willing to allow. "He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe; should be able to discover in himself a pattern

More nor less to others paying,  
 Than by self-offences weighing.  
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
 Kills for faults of his own liking!  
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
 To weed my vice<sup>30</sup>, and let his grow!  
 O, what may man within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side!  
 How may likeness wade in crimes,  
 Making<sup>31</sup> practice on the times,  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!  
 Craft against vice I must apply:  
 With Angelo to-night shall lie  
 His old betrothed, but despised;  
 So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,  
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit,

of such grace as can avoid temptation, and such virtue as may go abroad into the world without danger of seduction." Coleridge observes that, "Grace to stand, virtue to go," would be better English though worse metre.

<sup>30</sup> It is not the *Duke's own vice*, as the commentators have supposed, that he refers to; but to Angelo indulging in a vice for which he cuts off others.

<sup>31</sup> The old copy reads

"How may likeness *made* in crimes,  
*Making* practice on the times."

It has been proposed to read *masking*, and *mocking*, instead of *making*. I have adopted Mr. Halliwell's suggestion, and read *wade* for *made*. The sense of this obscure passage appears to be:—"How may persons assuming the *likeness* or semblance of virtue, while they are guilty of the grossest crimes, by practising upon the world, draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages; such as pleasure, honour, reputation, &c." *Likeness* is *seeming*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room at the Moated Grange.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting ; a Boy singing.*

SONG<sup>1</sup>.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :  
But my kisses bring again,  
bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick  
away ;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

[*Exit Boy.*

*Enter Duke.*

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical :

<sup>1</sup> It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. Mr. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Mr. Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Mr. Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author. Be this as it may, the reader will be pleased to have the second stanza.

“Hide, oh hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that glow  
Are of those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.”

Both stanzas are given as Shakespeare's, in the edition of his Poems printed in 1640. It is also inserted entire in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, Act v. Sc. 2.

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe<sup>2</sup>.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such a charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched<sup>3</sup> gate,  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door,  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise in the heavy  
Middle of the night to call upon him<sup>4</sup>.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;

<sup>2</sup> Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment.

<sup>3</sup> *Planch'd*, i. e. *planked*, *wooden*.

<sup>4</sup> The old copy reads

“upon the

Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.”

The repetition of *upon* is manifestly an error.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;  
And that I have possess'd<sup>5</sup> him, my most stay  
Can be but brief : for I have made him know,  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this :—What, ho ! within ! come forth !

*Re-enter* MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear :  
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA and ISABELLA.

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false eyes  
Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings ! thousand 'scapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies !—

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *informed*. Thus Shylock says—

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose."



*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
*Remember now my brother.*

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:  
He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish<sup>7</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go;  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's<sup>8</sup> to sow.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Provost and Clown.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem

<sup>7</sup> *Flourish*, i. e. *ornament*, embellish an action that would otherwise seem ugly.

<sup>8</sup> *Tilth* here means *land prepared for sowing*. The old copy reads *tithe*; the emendation is Warburton's, v. p. 344, note 5. *ante*.

you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir ?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir ? Fye upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour<sup>1</sup> you have, but that you have a hanging look), do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir ; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof.

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief : If

<sup>1</sup> Favour is countenance.

it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief<sup>2</sup>.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Proc.* Are you agreed ?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Proc.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare<sup>3</sup> ; for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

*Proc.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity ; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :

<sup>2</sup> Warburton says, " This proves the *thief's* trade a mystery, not the hangman's," and therefore supposes that a speech, in which the hangman proved his trade a mystery is lost, part of this last speech being in the old editions given to the clown. But Heath observes, " The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the clown. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores as members of his occupation, and in virtue of their painting would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters ; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves as members of his occupation, and in their right endeavours to rank his brethren the hangmen under the mystery of fitters of apparel, or tailors."

<sup>3</sup> *Yare*, i. e. *ready*.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him ?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise ?

[*Knocking within*  
Heaven give your spirits comfort ! [*Exit CLAUDIO.*  
By and by :—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,  
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelope you, good Provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel ?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio ?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke<sup>4</sup> and line of his great justice ;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his power  
To qualify<sup>5</sup> in others : were he meal'd<sup>6</sup>  
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;  
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—  
[*Knocking within.*—Provost goes out.

<sup>4</sup> *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.

<sup>5</sup> To *qualify* is to *temper*, to *moderate*.

<sup>6</sup> *Meal'd* appears to mean here *sprinkled*, *o'erdusted*, *defiled* ; I cannot think that in this instance it has any relation to the verb to *mell*, *meddle* or *mix* with.





*Duke.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mess.* My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow ; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.

*Duke.* This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin.  
[Aside.

For which the pardoner himself is in :  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority :  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—  
Now, sir, what news ?

*Prov.* I told you : Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on<sup>11</sup> : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear

*Prov.* [Reads.] *Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed ; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir ?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born ; but here nursed up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not

next line to the *Provost*, an evident error. The provost had declared that Angelo would not relent.

<sup>11</sup> *Putting on*, is *spur*, *incitement*.

either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* Is it now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep: careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning<sup>12</sup>, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to

<sup>12</sup> I. e. in confidence of my sagacity.

deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common<sup>13</sup>. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure;

<sup>13</sup> "Shave the head and tie the beard—the course is common." This probably alludes to a practice among Roman Catholics of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not : for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; perchance, of the duke's death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ<sup>14</sup>. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd<sup>15</sup>. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve<sup>16</sup> you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.      *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash<sup>1</sup> ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money<sup>2</sup> : marry, then, ginger was

<sup>14</sup> " *What is writ ;*" we should read " *here writ ;*" the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

<sup>15</sup> So Milton in *Comus* :—

" The star that bids the shepherd fold  
Now the top of heaven doth hold."

<sup>16</sup> *Resolve*, i. e. *convince you*.

<sup>1</sup> This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats : all the names are characteristic.

<sup>2</sup> It was the practice of money lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and

not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake<sup>3</sup>.

partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. This custom is illustrated by numerous extracts from cotemporary writers, in the Variorum Shakespeare. In Greene's Defence of Coney-catching, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares; as lute strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*," &c. "Which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred beside the usury."—*Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620.

<sup>3</sup> It appears from Davies's Epigrams, 1611, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers:—

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,*  
Like *Ludgate prisoners*, lo, I, begging, make  
My mone."

And in Nashe's Peirce Pennilesse, 1593, "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window." A very curious passage in confirmation of this has occurred to me in Baret's Alvearie, 1573, under the word "*Interest*, or the borrowing of usurie money wherewith to pay my debt."—"And therefore methinke it is prettily sayd in Grammar that *Interest* will be joyned with *Mea, Tua, Sua, Nostra, Vestra*, and *Cuia*, only in the ablative case, because they are pronounes possessives. For how great so ever his possessions, goodes, or lands be that haunteth the company of this impersonall, if now perchance he be able to kepe three persons, at length he shall not be able to kepe one: yea he himselfe shall shortly become such an impersonall, that he shall be counted as nobody, without any countenance, credit, person, or estimation among men. And when



*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready, sir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

he hath thus filched, and fleeced his *possessive* so long till he hath made him as rich as a new shorn sheepe, then will he turn him to commons into *Ludgate*: where for his ablative case he shall have a dative cage, *crying and crying at the grate, your worships' charity FOR THE LORD'S SAKE.*"

*Enter Duke.*

*Abhor.* Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father ; Do we jest now, think you ?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I ; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir you must : and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,——

*Barnar.* Not a word ; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die : O, gravel heart<sup>4</sup> !—  
After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;  
And, to transport<sup>5</sup> him in the mind he is,  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head,  
Just of his colour : What if we do omit  
This reprobate, till he were well inclined ;

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Collier's folio substitutes " O, grovelling beast ! "

<sup>5</sup> *Transport*, i. e. to remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense.

And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come,  
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done:—Put them in secret holds,  
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice  
The sun hath made his journal greeting  
To yonder generation<sup>6</sup>, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, despatch, and  
send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents  
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound  
To enter publickly: him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
A league below the city; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanced<sup>7</sup> form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *yond*. Malone and Steevens read—  
“ Ere twice

The sun has made his journal greeting to  
The under generation.”

I adopt Mr. Knight's reading, as nearer to the old copy, and better sense. “ To yonder generation ” is, to the world without the walls of the prison where the words are spoken.

<sup>7</sup> The old copies have *weal-balanced*, of which I cannot conceive the meaning.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things,  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho! by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious  
daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world :  
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other :  
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes !

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !  
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot :  
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.  
Mark what I say, which you shall find  
By every syllable a faithful verity.  
The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;  
One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried  
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo,  
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
 There to give up their power. If you can pace your  
                   wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,  
 And you shall have your bosom<sup>a</sup> on this wretch,  
 Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
 And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar Peter give?  
 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
 Say, by this token, I desire his company  
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,  
 I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
 Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
 Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,  
 I am combined<sup>b</sup> by a sacred vow,  
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;  
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
 With a light heart: trust not my holy order,  
 If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.*

Good even!

Friar, where is the Provost?

*Duke.*

Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,  
 to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am  
 fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not  
 for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would  
 set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-

<sup>a</sup> Your *bosom*, is your *heart's desire*, your *wish*.

<sup>b</sup> Shakespeare uses *combined* for *bound by a pact, affianced*; so he calls Angelo the *combinat*e husband of Mariana. Yet Mr. Collier's corrected folio would substitute *confined*!



morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother : if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. *[Exit ISABELLA.]*

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding<sup>10</sup> to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them<sup>11</sup>.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman<sup>12</sup> than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee ; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing ?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I ; but was fain to forswear it ; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest : Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it : Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>10</sup> Thus the old copy, *beholding* for *beholden*, according to the constant usage of the time.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *he depends not on them.*

<sup>12</sup> A *woodman* was an attendant on the forester ; his great employment was hunting. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks Mrs. Ford in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :—

“ Am I a woodman ? Ha ! ”

And in *The Chances*, A. i. Sc. 9—

“ Well, well, son John,

I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose  
Your *deer*, though it be dark.”

SCENE IV. *A Room in Angelo's House.**Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd<sup>1</sup> other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us<sup>2</sup>.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit<sup>3</sup>, As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ang.* Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant<sup>4</sup>,  
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!  
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd  
The law against it!—But that her tender shame

<sup>1</sup> *Disvouched* is *con radicted*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Collier exhibits the preceding speeches in a metrical form, but such metre as neither satisfies the ear, nor contents the mind of the least fastidious reader of dramatic blank verse. In the old copies they are properly printed as prose, for which it was doubtless intended.

<sup>3</sup> *Sort and suit*, i. e. *figure and rank*.

*Unpregnant*, i. e. *unready, unprepared*; the contrary to *pregnant*, in its sense of ready, apprehensive.

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
 How might she tongue me ! Yet Reason dares<sup>5</sup> her  
 no :

For my authority here's of a credent bulk,  
 That no particular scandal once can touch,  
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,  
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,  
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd '  
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
 Nothing goes right : we would, and we would not.  
 [Exit<sup>6</sup>.

SCENE V. *Fields without the Town.*

*Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.  
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

<sup>5</sup> The old copy has—"For my authority *bears* of a credent bulk," which it is difficult to reconcile to sense. The printer had mistaken the word *here's* for *bears*. This slight correction makes the whole passage intelligible. "Yet reason *dares* or *overawes* her from doing it, and cries *no* to her whenever she finds herself prompted to tongue Angelo." *Dare* is often used in this sense by Shakespeare; and the word *no* is used in a similar way in *The Chances*:—

"I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

And in *A Wife for a Month*:—

"I'm sure he did not, for I charged him *no*."

*Credent* is *creditable*, not *questionable*. *Particular* is *private*, a French sense of the word.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Johnson thought the fourth Act should end here, "for here is properly a cessation of action, a night intervenes, and the place is changed between the passages of this scene and those of the next. The fifth Act, beginning with the following scene, would proceed without any interruption of time or place."

And hold you ever to our special drift ;  
 Though sometimes you do blench<sup>1</sup> from this to that,  
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
 And tell him where I stay : give the like notice  
 To Valentinus<sup>2</sup>, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;  
 But send me Flavius first.

*F. Peter.*

It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit* Friar.]

*Enter* VARRIUS.

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good  
 haste :  
 Come, we will walk : There's other of our friends  
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter* ISABELLA and MARIANA.

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loath ;  
 I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,  
 That is your part : Yet I'm advis'd to do it ;  
 He says, to 'vailfull purpose.<sup>3</sup>

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure  
 He speak against me on the adverse side,  
 I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic,  
 That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace ! the friar is come.

<sup>1</sup> To blench, to start off, to fly off.

<sup>2</sup> Valentinus in the folios. Flavius is misprinted *Flavia's* in the preceding line.

<sup>3</sup> The folio prints this *vaile-full*, but *availful* is most probably meant.

*Enter Friar PETER*<sup>1</sup>.

*F. Peter.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets  
sounded ;

The generous<sup>2</sup> and gravest citizens  
Have hent<sup>3</sup> the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring ; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veil'd*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.* *Enter at opposite doors,* Duke, VARRIUS, Lords ; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

*Duke.*

**M**Y very worthy cousin, fairly met :—  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to  
see you.

*Ang. and Escal.* Happy return be to your royal  
grace !

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

<sup>1</sup> He is called Friar Thomas in the first Act.

<sup>2</sup> Generous, for most noble, or those of rank. *Generosi*, Lat.

<sup>3</sup> Hent, i. e. seized, laid hold on, from the Saxon hentan.





*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :  
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;  
Is it not strange, and strange ?

*Duke.*                                      Nay, [it is] ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,  
Than this is all as true as it is strange :  
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.*                                      Away with her :—Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness : make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,  
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings<sup>3</sup>, characts<sup>4</sup>, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince,  
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.*                                      By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
(Such a dependency of thing on thing,)  
As e'er I heard in madness<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *habiliments of office*.

<sup>4</sup> *Characts* are *distinctive marks* or *characters*. A statute of Edward VI. directs the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms for the knowledge of the diocess."

<sup>5</sup> "As e'er I heard in madness." I can hardly think Shakespeare wrote *as*, but if he did, it stands for *that*,—and like in-

*Isab.* O, gracious duke !  
 Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason  
 For inequality<sup>6</sup> : but let your reason serve  
 To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;  
 And hide the false seems-true<sup>7</sup>.

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,  
 Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you  
 say ?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
 Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
 To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :  
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
 Was sent to by my brother : One Lucio  
 As then the messenger ;—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace :  
 I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
 To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,  
 For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he, indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord ;  
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now then ;  
 Pray you, take note of it : and when you have  
 A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
 Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

stances are frequent in his cotemporaries. See Nares, v. *as*, or Todd's Johnson.

<sup>6</sup> The meaning appears to be, "do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *And hide the false seems true*, i. e. the *trai-semblable*, or "*true seeming false*;" the hyphen seems required to mark the sense of this passage, which without it would be obscure.

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right ; but you are in the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

*Isab.*

I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.*

Pardon it :

\* The phrase is to the matter<sup>8</sup>.

*Duke.* Mended again : the matter ?—Proceed.

*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd<sup>9</sup> me, and how I reply'd ;  
(For this was of much length), the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse<sup>10</sup> confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.*

This is most likely !

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true<sup>11</sup> !

*Duke.* By heaven, fond<sup>12</sup> wretch, thou know'st not  
what thou speak'st ;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,  
In hateful practice<sup>13</sup> : First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish :—next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue

<sup>8</sup> i. e. *suit*ed to the matter ; as in *Hamlet* : “ The phrase would be more german to the matter.”

<sup>9</sup> *Refell'd* is *refuted*.

<sup>10</sup> *Remorse* here is *pity*.

<sup>11</sup> The meaning appears to be “ O that it had as much of the likeness or appearance, as it has of the reality of truth.”

<sup>12</sup> *Fond*, i. e. *foolish*.

<sup>13</sup> *Practice* was used by the old writers for any *insidious stratagem* or *treachery*.

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
 And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;  
 Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
 Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.*

And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,  
 Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,  
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
 In countenance<sup>14</sup>!—Heaven shield your grace from  
 woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!  
 To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit  
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
 On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.  
 —Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that  
 Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;  
 I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,  
 For certain words he spake against your grace  
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me? This a good friar belike!  
 And to set on this wretched woman here  
 Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar  
 I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,  
 A very scurvy fellow.

*F. Peter.*

Blessed be your royal grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
 Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman,  
 Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;

<sup>14</sup> In countenance, i. e. false appearance.



Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.*

We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy ;  
Not scurvy nor a temporary medler<sup>15</sup>,  
As he's reported by this gentleman :  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever : Upon his mere<sup>16</sup> request  
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented<sup>17</sup>. First, for this woman  
(To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>18</sup> and personally accused) ;  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.*

Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded ; and*

*MARIANA comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo !—  
O heaven ! the vanity of wretched fools !—  
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo ;  
In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge

<sup>15</sup> It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary meddler*, perhaps it was intended to signify "one who introduced himself as often as he could find opportunity into other men's concerns."

<sup>16</sup> *Mere* here means *absolute*.

<sup>17</sup> *Convented*, i. e. *cited*, *summoned*.

<sup>18</sup> *Vulgarly*, i. e. *publicly*.

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?  
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you

Are nothing then :—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of  
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow; I would he had some  
cause

To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;  
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid;  
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,  
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no  
better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert  
so too.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,  
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,  
With all the effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say, your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows, he thinks, that he knew<sup>a</sup> Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse<sup>19</sup>:—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:  
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house<sup>20</sup>,  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;  
And, five years since, there was some speech of  
marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke on,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition<sup>21</sup>; but, in chief,  
For that her reputation was disvalued

<sup>a</sup> The old copy repeats *knows* here by mistake.

<sup>19</sup> *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*:

“My strange and self *abuse*,”

means this *strange deception* of myself.

<sup>20</sup> *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London. See Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 57, 4to. 1597; or Reed's *Old Plays*, Vol. v. p. 84.

<sup>21</sup> Her fortune which was promised *proportionate* to mine fell short of the *composition*, i. e. *contract* or *bargain*.



Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
There is another friar that set them on ;  
Let him be sent for.

*F. Peter.* Would he were here, my lord ; for he,  
indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint :  
Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement : I for a while  
Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well  
Determined upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.— [*Exit Duke.*]  
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew  
that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in  
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke  
most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he  
come, and enforce them against him : we shall find  
this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again ;  
[*To an Attendant.*] I would speak with her : Pray  
you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall  
see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you ?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-  
vately, she would sooner confess ; perchance, publicly,  
she'll be ashamed.



*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the Duke, in the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light<sup>25</sup> at midnight.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress: [*To ISABELLA.*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—  
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak;

Look, you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?  
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to retort<sup>26</sup> your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

<sup>25</sup> This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*,

"Let me give light, but let me not be light."

<sup>26</sup> *To retort* is here used for *to turn away*, *to refer back*. Mr. Collier's folio would substitute without necessity *to reject*.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar !  
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man ; but, in foul mouth,  
And in the witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain ? and then to glance from him  
To the duke himself ; to tax him with injustice ?  
Take him hence ; to the rack with him :—We'll  
    touze you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose<sup>27</sup> :  
What ! unjust ?

*Duke.* Be not so hot ; the duke dare  
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he  
Dare rack his own ; his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial<sup>28</sup>. My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,  
Till it o'errun the stew : laws, for all faults ;  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark<sup>29</sup>.

*Escal.* Slander to the state ! Away with him to  
prison.

<sup>27</sup> The old copy reads "*his* purpose," which has been unnecessarily changed to *this*. Boswell remarks, that after having threatened the supposed friar, "We'll touze you joint by joint," Escalus addresses the close of the sentence to the bystanders.

<sup>28</sup> "His subject am I not ; nor here *provincial*?" *Provincial* is pertaining to a province ; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the *provincial* to whom alone the members of that order were accountable.

<sup>29</sup> Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps, at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits* ; which were as *much in mock as mark*, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark! how the villain would glose<sup>a</sup> now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him:—Let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots<sup>b</sup> too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay a while.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir;

<sup>a</sup> The old copy has *close*, which must have been a mistake of the printer for *glose* to use flattering words.

<sup>b</sup> *Giglots* are wantons.—

"Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pailage of a giglot wench."

Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour<sup>31</sup>! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers  
the Duke.

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.-----

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—  
Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the friar and  
you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you  
down.— [To ESCALUS.]

We'll borrow place of him :—Sir, by your leave :

[*To* ANGELO.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes<sup>32</sup>: Then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession;

<sup>31</sup> "What Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, we have

"Leave the bottle behind you, *and be curst awhile.*"

In short, they are petty and familiar maledictions rightly explained "a plague or a mischief on you."

<sup>32</sup> *Passes* probably put for *trespasses*; or it may mean *courses* from *passées*, Fr. *Les passées d'un cerf* is the track or passages of a stag, his *courses*. I cannot think the word has any relation to the forced explanation of *artful devices, deceitful contrivance*; from "*tours de passe-passes*."

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Mariana :—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,  
Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER,  
and Provost.

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,  
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince : As I was then  
Advertising, and holy<sup>33</sup> to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.*

O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employed and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty.

*Duke.*

You are pardon'd, Isabel :

And now, dear maid, be you as free<sup>34</sup> to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;  
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power<sup>35</sup>  
Than let him so be lost : O, most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose<sup>36</sup> : But, peace be with him !

<sup>33</sup> *Advertising and holy*, i. e. *attentive and faithful*.

<sup>34</sup> *Free*, i. e. *generous* ;—pardon us as we have pardoned you.

<sup>35</sup> *Rash remonstrance* ; that is, " a premature display of it," perhaps we should read *demonstration* ; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer*, French—*to show again*.

<sup>36</sup> *That brain'd my purpose*. We still use in conversation a like phrase—"that knocked my design on the head."



That life is better life, past fearing death,  
 Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,  
 So happy is your brother.

*Re-enter* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,  
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
 Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
 For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother  
 (Being criminal, in double violation  
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,  
 Thereon dependent for your brother's life),  
 The very mercy of the law cries out  
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
*An Angelo for Claudio, death for death,*  
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*<sup>37</sup>?  
 Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;  
 Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee van-  
 tage<sup>38</sup>:

We do condemn thee to the very block  
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—  
 Away with him.

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord,  
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-  
 band:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

<sup>37</sup> *Measure* still for *measure*. This appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. Equivalent to *like for like*. So, in the 3rd part of Henry VI.

"*Measure* for *measure* must be answered."

<sup>38</sup> i. e. to deny which will avail thee nothing.

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,  
 Although by confiscation<sup>39</sup> they are ours,  
 We do instate and widow you withal,  
 To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.*

O, my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him ; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle, my liege,—

[*Kneeling.*]

*Duke.*

You do but lose your labour ;

Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To Lucio.*] to  
 you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my  
 part ;

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,  
 Ill lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense<sup>40</sup> you do importune her :  
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,  
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
 And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.*

Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;  
 Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.  
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;  
 And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad : so may my husband.  
 O, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.*

Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
 As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,  
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
 Till he did look on me : since it is so,

<sup>39</sup> The first folio has erroneously *confutation* ; *confiscation* is the reading of the second.

<sup>40</sup> *Against all sense*, i. e. *against reason and affection.*

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died :  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ?  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way<sup>41</sup> : thoughts are no subjects ;  
Intentions but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—  
I have bethought me of another fault :—  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour ?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

*Prov.* No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office :  
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord :  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice<sup>42</sup> :  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he ?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—  
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

<sup>41</sup> i. e. like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obscurely interred, and thought of no more :

"*Illum expirantem*

*Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linqunt.*"

<sup>42</sup> *More advice*, i. e. *better consideration.* K. Henry V. Act ii.  
Sc. 2.

As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure :  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine ?

*Proe.*

This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man :—  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd ;  
But, for those earthly<sup>43</sup> faults, I quit them all ;  
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come :—Friar, advise him ;  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's  
that ?

*Proe.* This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,  
That should have died when Claudio lost his head ;  
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[ *Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA.*]  
for his sake

Is he pardoned ; And, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too : But fitter time for that.  
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;  
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :

<sup>43</sup> i. e. so far as they are punishable on earth.

Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth  
yours<sup>44</sup>—

I find an apt remission in myself :

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ;—

You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool, a  
coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;

Wherein have I so deserved of you,

That you extol me thus ?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to  
the trick<sup>45</sup> : If you will hang me for it, you may, but  
I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city ;  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one  
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,  
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finished,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me  
to a whore ! Your highness said even now, I made  
you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompense me in  
making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive : and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits<sup>46</sup> :—Take him to prison :  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to  
death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo ;

<sup>44</sup> *Her worth worth yours ; that is, her value is equal to yours, the match is not unworthy of you.*

<sup>45</sup> *According to the trick, i. e. thoughtless practice.*

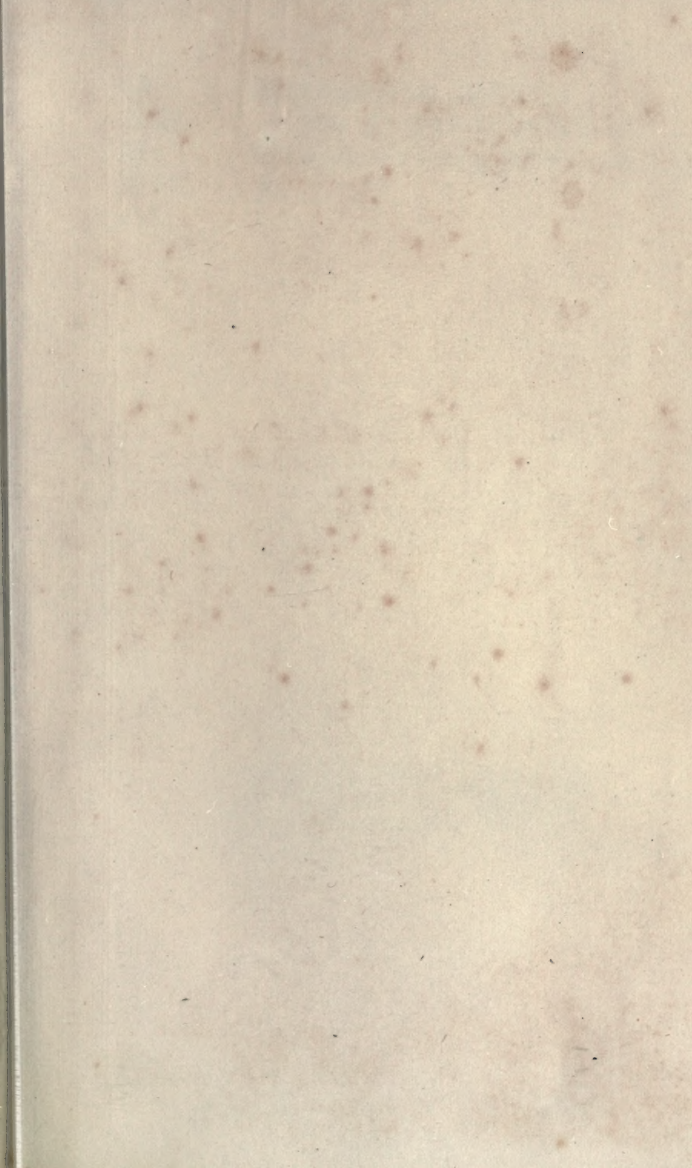
<sup>46</sup> *Remit thy other forfeits, i. e. punishments.*



I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :  
 There's more behind, that is more grateulate.<sup>47</sup>  
 Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;  
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—  
 Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;  
 The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
 I have a motion much imports your good ;  
 Where'to if you'll a willing ear incline,  
 What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.  
 So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show  
 What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.  
 [Exit.

<sup>47</sup> *More grateulate*, that is, *more to be rejoiced in* ; as Steevens rightly explained it. Dr. Johnson's proposed arrangement of the text is very plausible ; but it is evident, from the context, that this *grateulate* which is put behind relates to Isabel, and not to Escalus, as Mason had imagined. In the Dedication to Lambard's *Archæion*, which is dated 1591, the word occurs in this sense, "to grateulate unto you that honourable place wherunto you are right worthily advanced." And in Thomas Heywood's *History of the bloudy Angles*, 1633, p. 240, "When his *Chancie* came about him to grateulate his unexpected safety, &c." In Hutton's Dictionary, 1583, "Rejoycing in ones behalfe; *gratulation*, thanks giving."

END OF VOL. I.





PR  
2753  
S6  
1875  
v.1

Shakespeare, William  
The dramatic works of  
William Shakespeare. Aldine  
ed.

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
LIBRARY**



